

y 73 03
1/2 1/2

The Morning Star;

OR, THE

Divine Poems

OF

Mr. REES PRICHARD,

SOMETIME

Vicar of LLANDOVERY, in *Carmarthenshire*.

Translated into ENGLISH Verse.



LONDON:

Printed and Sold by J. JOHNSON, Whitechapel-Road-Side;

I. PRIDDEN, Bookseller, Fleet-street; and

T. BALDWIN, Pater-noster-Row.

MDCCLXXXV.

THE
PREFACE

THE Divine Poems, an English Translation of which is now offered to the Perusal of the candid Public, were wrote considerably above a Century ago, in the Welsh Language, by a Native of the Principality, for the Use and Instruction of his Countrymen; And no Book, perhaps, of human Composition, ever better answered the good Intentions of its Author; for it was no longer printed, than it was in the Hands and Mouths of almost every Person it was received; what uncommon Pleasure and Avidity it was received, read, and repeated by them. Instead of idle Ballads, satirical Lampoons, and such like wretched Performances of the sacred Art of Poetry, (which the Welsh were before extravagantly fond of) scarce any thing else was to be heard in any House, Street, or Field, but those godly Songs or Carols; they soon made an almost entire Change in the Manners and Behaviour of the whole Country;—inasmuch that the truly good and just celebrated Bishop Barrow became so charmed with the Author's Character, for the unspcakable Good he found he had done by his Divine Poems in Welsh, that he had a Mind to be buried near him at Llanabwery;—and probably the Reason, why he was not buried there, was because his Grave could not be found; as there is not any told, the least monumental Inscription, or even a common Tombstone, to ascertain the Place of his Interment. Though the Effects of these Poems have been to great yet the Reader is not to expect any high Rhetorical Imagery.

A 2



T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE DIVINE POEMS, an *English* Translation of which is now offered to the Perusal of the candid Public, were wrote considerably above a Century ago; in the WELSH Language, by a Native of the Principality, for the Use and Instruction of his Countrymen: And no Book, perhaps, of human Composition, ever better answer'd the good Intentions of it's Author; for it was no sooner printed, than it was immediately in the Hands and Mouths of almost all;—and it is scarce credible with what uncommon Pleasure and Avidity it was received, read, and repeated by them. Instead of idle Ballads, satyrical Lampoons, and such like wretched Perversions of the sacred Art of Poetry, (which the WELSH were before extravagantly fond of) scarce any thing else was to be heard in any House, Street, or Field, but those godly Songs or Carols; they soon made an almost entire Change in the Morals and Behaviour of the whole Country;—insomuch that the truly-good and justly-celebrated Bishop *Bull* became so charmed with the Author's Character, for the unspeakable Good he found he had done by his DIVINE POEMS IN WELSH, that he had a Mind to be buried near him at *Llandoverly*;—and probably the Reason, why he was not buried there, was, because his Grave could not be found; as there is not, I am told, the least monumental Inscription, or even a common Tombstone, to ascertain the Place of his Interment.

Though the Effects of these Poems have been so great, yet the Reader is not to expect any high Flights of
A 2 Imagination,

Imagination, or any of the elaborate Refinements and Embellishments of modern Poetry in them, as they were not originally intended for the polite, or the learned, the gay, or the great, but were professedly composed for the Edification of the Vulgar; not but that the former may chance to find several Things among them worthy of their Notice and Attention.

As the Work contains about 480 Pages, and an almost countless Number of Verses, the Translator once thought of contracting several of the Poems, by pruning away many Tautologies, wherein the Author abounds; owing, it may be presumed, to his great Desire of inculcating a valuable Sentiment, or important Precept; so as to impress it more forcibly, and more durably on the Minds of his Readers, that it might be, at all Events, retained by them in one Form or another.—He likewise designed to have omitted some Thoughts and Expressions evidently calculated for the conception and taste of the lower Classes of Mankind only; which would undoubtedly have added Strength and Beauty to the Work, as the Rays of the Sun operate more powerfully when concent'ed in a Focus:—But he thought himself obliged to drop that Design, as soon as he considered that the far greater part of the *Welsh* would have deem'd it a high Piece of Presumption, at least, in him, if not a Sacrilege, to have either alter'd or diminish'd any Part of their beloved Author's Work; and perhaps it might not then have been so extensively useful among them. He has however taken the Liberty of changing the Metre in many of the Poems at his Pleasure, in order to make them more agreeable to the *English* Reader, and to avoid too great a Monotony, which is generally disgustful and fatiguing to a nice poetical Ear.

The fair Manuscript of this Work, prepared for the Press by the Author, was unfortunately lost in the Time of the Civil Wars; so that many of the Poems are now apparently imperfect and defective, being only (as his first Editor Mr. *Stephen Hughes* confesses) Fragments

out of his rough Draughts and foul Papers. It is clear, from his Epistle Dedicatory in Verse, that he intended to have had this Work printed, had he lived;—which wou'd have been a very desirable Circumstance, as every Poem wou'd then have been thoroughly finish'd, and receiv'd it's last Polish from his own Hand.

As the Translator assumes no more Merit to himself from this Performance than that it is the only Translation of Mr. *Prichard's* Poems, hitherto published, so he thinks himself accountable for the Errors of *that* alone. As to the original Faults and Imperfections of the Work itself, or the erroneous Doctrines it may contain, if any, he does not think himself responsible for them;—but shall leave the Author (as Mr. *Pope* says) to answer for them himself;—and that he may very well do,—since, like *Abel*, tho' dead, “He yet speaketh,” in this his Work which he has left behind him. I would therefore advise the minor Critics, both in Poetry and Divinity, to take heed how they attack him,—at least, 'till they shall have, first of all, frequently and carefully read over their Bibles; for I can assure them that they will find him, like *Apollo*, strong and “mighty in the Scriptures;”—and, indeed if I may be allow'd to speak, I look upon this whole work of our Author's, to be an assemblage of many of the most instructive and didactic Parts of Scripture.

As the few authentic Memoirs, now to be found, of the venerable Author's Life, follow this Preface, the Translator will not attempt to say any thing farther of him here; he shall only add some Observations, relative to the Method Mr. *Prichard* has taken, of conveying Instruction to his Countrymen: A Person, that was to take but a little Pains, might easily trace it down from the earliest Antiquity, even to our Nation, and to our own Times; witness the Song of *Moses*, of *Deborah* and *Barak*, and the Divine Compositions of the Royal Psalmist, which, together with many other of the most sublime Parts of the sacred Pages, were it seems, wrote in *Hebrew* Verse.

Verse :——That it has proved effectual in our own Country, the Story of *Adelmus* sufficiently evinces,—who a little before *Edward* the Confessors Time, by his excellent Faculty in Poetry, and Singing, (we may presume his own Compositions) wrought such wonderful Effects upon the People, for the civilizing their Manners, and for their Instruction in the Duties of their Religion, that *Lanfrank*, by his own Authority, thought good to make him a Saint.

Even the rigid *Calvin* tells us “ That remarkable and illustrious Transactions used to be described in Verse, so that they might be in the Mouths of all ; and that a perpetual Memorial of them might be established; for, by these Means *says he*, a Point of Doctrine becomes better known, than if it was to be delivered in a more simple Manner.”——“ *Res insignes & præclaræ carmine describi solebant, ut omnium ore circumferentur,— sic enim celebrior fit doctrina, quam si simplicius traderetur.*” *Calvin* in *Isaiah* v. 1.

I am farther informed, that in the Protestant Countries in *Germany*, instead of loose Ballads, as in other Countries, they recreate their Minds, at their Work, on the Road, in the Fields, and in the Gardens with the Divine Carols or Hymns composed by *Lutber*, or other good Authors, for that Purpose. See *Jenkin Thomas Philips's Life of Ernestus the Pious*, p. 46.

But the best Example which I can possibly adduce in Favor of our worthy Author's Mode of Instruction is that of *Grotius*, who, as *Dr. Patrick* tells us in his Preface to his Translation of the most excellent Treatise *De Veritate Christianæ Religionis*, wrote it in his own Language, and in Verse ;—which Way, I suppose he chose (continues the Doctor) because it was the ancient Manner of delivering the most useful Things, as he himself observes in his Prolegomena to *Stobæus's Florilegium*, where, as a Proof of it, he alledges that of *Homer*, who says *Chitemnestra* did
not

not incline to Vice, 'till she had lost him, who was wont to sing to her. For Precepts of Wisdom, so taught, are exceeding charming to the Minds of Youth,—being not only more easily imprinted on the Memory, but touching the Affections more powerfully, and more to the quick, than when otherwise more spoken at large;—and therefore the public Laws were in the more ancient Times thus written, as *Aristotle* informs us;—and that true Religion might be more easily convey'd into peoples Minds, and fix'd there, *Apollinarius* translated all the works of *Moses* (as *Sozoman* tells us) and the rest of the Holy Bible, as far as the Reign of *Saul*, into heroic Verse, in Imitation of *Homer's* Poems. *Suidas* says, He put the whole Old Testament into such Verse;—and it is not improbable, as what he did on the Psalms is still remaining. *Dr. Watts* will be for ever remember'd for his useful Compositions of this Nature.

But I shall say no more upon the Advantages of this Mode of propagating Christian Knowledge, used by our Author, and many other eminent Writers, than just to remark, that, as many more read for Amusement than Instruction, they will frequently take a Book of Poems into their Hands, who wou'd be quite terrify'd at the Sight of a large System of Divinity, or a long Treatise in Prose on any religious Subject;—so just and true are those often quoted Lines:

“ A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
“ And turn a Pleasure to a Sacrifice.”

(viii)

T H E

L I F E

O F

Mr. REES PRICHARD;

O U T O F

W O O D ' s *Athenæ Oxoniensis.*

REES PRICHARD was born, as it seems, at *Llanymddyfri*, in *Caermarthenshire*, and being educated in those Parts, he was sent to *Jesus* College, in 1597, (aged 18 Years, or thereabouts) ordained Priest at *Witham* or *Whytham*, in *Essex*, by *John*, Suffragan Bishop of *Colchester*, on Sunday, the 25th of April, 1602, took the Degree of Batchelor of Arts in June following; and on the 6th of August, the same Year, had the Vicarage of *Llanymddyfri*, (before mentioned) commonly called *Llandoverly*, collated on him by *Anthony*, Bishop of *St. David*.

On the 19th of November, 1613, he was instituted Rector of *Llaneay*, in the Diocese of *St. David* (presented thereunto by the KING) which he held with the other Living, by Dispensation from the Archbishop, 28th of October, 1613, confirmed by the Great Seal on the 29th of the same Month, and qualified by being Chaplain to *Robert Earl of Essex*.

In 1614, May 17th, he was made Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of *Brecknock*, by the aforesaid *Anthony*, Bishop of *St. David*; and by the Title of Master of Arts (which Degree he was persuaded to take by *Dr. Laud*, his Diocesan) he was made
Chancellor

Chancellor of St. *David* (to which the Prebend of *Llowhadden* is annexed) on the 14th of *September*, 1626, upon the Resignation of *Richard Baylie*, Bachelor of Divinity, of St. *John's* College.

In *Wales* is a Book of his Composition that is common among the People there, and bears this Title.

Gwaith Mr. REES PRICHARD, gynt Ficer, &c.

The Works of Mr. REES PRICHARD, sometime Vicar of *Llandover*, in *Carmarthenshire*, printed before in three Books, but now printed together in one Book, &c. with an Addition in many Things out of MSS. not seen before by the Publisher; besides a fourth Part, now the first Time imprinted, *Long.* 1672; in a thick Octavo.

It contains four Parts; and the Whole consists of several Poems and pious Carols in *Welsh*, which some of the Author's Countrymen commit to Memory, and are wont to sing.

He also translated divers Books into *Welsh*, and wrote something upon the Thirty-nine Articles, which, whether printed I know not; some of it I have seen in MSS.

He died at *Llanymddyfri*, about the Month of *November*, in Sixteen-hundred and Forty-four; and was, as I presume, buried in the Church there. In his Life-time he gave Lands worth 20*l.* per *Ann.* for the settling a Free School at *Llanymddyfri*, together with an House to keep it in.



T H E

MORNING STAR.

An EPISTLE to the READER.

- 1 **T**HE glory of the Lord!—my country's gain,—
The suit of friends—the poor's affecting strain—
Caus'd me to print this little work of mine,
For my compatriots of the Cambrian line.
- 2 Because they take in Sermons no delight,
But idle songs with eagerness recite,
I, for their good, have thus employ'd my time,
And put the doctrines, that ensue, in rhyme.
- 3 For as I saw fam'd *Sal'sb'ry's* labour'd stile
Neglected by the unlearned of our isle,
I therefore took a metre short and plain,
Easy to read, and easy to retain.
- 4 And this my book, *The MORNING STAR* is nam'd;
Because therein I've most sincerely aim'd
Each ignorant and darkling mind to light,
And taught him, how to serve his God aright.
- 5 To give the unletter'd an assisting hand,
Who, at the best, but little understand,
These Poems I compos'd with pleasing care:
The rest, I ween, have better Pastors far!
- 6 God grant the WELSH sufficient light to know,
And serve him, whilst they sojourn here below—
God grant this MORNING STAR, as was design'd,
May give unerring light e'en to the blind!

An EPISTLE from the AUTHOR to a certain LORD*, to whom, it is imagined, he intended to dedicate his Book.

- 1 *** Y gracious LORD! —
 M Be not surpriz'd to see
 *** An humble Clergyman, of mean degree,
 With such a simple Book the Man accost,
 Who is by all esteem'd his country's boast!
- 2 The Zeal you for the Church of GOD have shown,
 Your service to your country, and the crown,
 The favour you've for WELSHMEN still express'd,
 Must fill with gratitude each WELSHMAN's breast.
- 3 Though thousands strive your character to raise
 With countless fums of tributary praise;
 Permit e'en me, my Lord! however low,
 Amongst the rest, my worthless mite to throw.
- 4 The LORD OF HOSTS himself did meekly deign
 To take the widow's mite, without disdain;
 Nor proudly deem'd the well-meant gift, too small,
 Or of no worth; because she gave—her all.
- 5 Do you, my dearest Lord! the like receive
 From one, who has no better thing to give;
 Yet with a better present would be glad
 To honor You—if He a better had.
- 6 But You, our country's glory! merit more,
 And more shou'd have—if more was in my pow'r;
 Yet weigh'd according to it's kind intent,
 This gift yields not to those by princes sent.

* Supposed to be Robert Earl of Essex, whose chaplain he was.

ADVICE

ADVICE to hear, and to read, the Word of G O D.

- 1 **W**Hoe'er of any sex or age,
To heav'n above wou'd learn the way,
His guide must be the Sacred Page—
Or else he needs must go astray:
- 2 The way is difficult and long;
And few the tedious journey go,
Vast crosses round each trav'ler throng,
And strait the gate he must pass thro'.
- 3 Above the sun and moon heav'n lies,
And strange and arduous is the road—
Thy ladder's Christ, to scale the skies—
His word, thy lamp; to shew thee God:
- 4 Of sensual joys full many a rock,
And many a sea of worldly woe,
The passage with obstructions block,
E'er one can to these regions go,
- 5 Full many a winding thou may'st count;
Or be in sloughs and desarts lost,
E'er unto heaven thou canst mount,
Without God's word; they can't be cross'd.
- 6 Unto the dreary realms of woe,
A man may sink, without a guide,
But none to heaven e'er did go,
Without the Gospel, to reside.
- 7 'Tis not the sun's or moon's so bright,
'Tis not the stars' that gleam on high,
But the sweet Word and Gospel's light,
That can direct thee to the sky.
- 8 Take thou the lantern of thy God,
To light thy falt'ring steps along—
Tread the straight path thy Saviour trod;
Thou soon shalt be, the saints among:

- 9 The Word's a candle, to give light,
The Word will shew thee, where to tread,
The Word will guide thy airy flight,
The Word to heaven will thee lead.
- 10 The Word's far beaming light pursue—
Whate'er thou'rt bid by Jesus, do—
Whatever He forbade eschew—
And thou shalt straight to heaven go.
- 11 The Gospel is the lucid STAR—
That darts it's cheerful gleam abroad,
He, who pursues it's rays—tho' far
Needs never fear to miss his road.
- 12 The Bread of Life, each there may meet,
To feed the body and the mind—
A lamp, to light his stumbling feet—
A bridle his loose tongue to bind.
- 13 Thence milk, to nurse the weakling, flows—
Thence manna, hungry souls to feed—
Thence wine, to soften human woes,
And comfort give, to all that need!
- 14 An oil that can the pangs assuage
Of conscience, and o'er sin prevail—
A balsam is the sacred page—
An antidote, ne'er known to fail!
- 15 A maul, to beat each knob full low—
A rule, the erroneous to conduct—
An ax, to lop each straggling bough—
A master, children to instruct.
- 16 The Word's a trump, that summons all
To judgement—and a bell's the same,
That men does to repentance call—
A herald 'tis, peace to proclaim—
- 17 The Word's a mirror, that displays
Our vices and our latent strains;

And

And bids us all amend our ways,
 Whilst the clear light of day remains:

- 18 The Word's the Seed divine, whence some
 Possessors of heaven's happy coast,
 CHRIST's brethren and God's sons, become——
 And temples of the HOLY GHOST.
- 19 Without the Word, there's no relief,
 None can be rescu'd from the grave——
 For of all means it is the chief,
 That CHRIST ordain'd, our souls to save.
- 20 Without the Word, no mortals can
 About God's attributes agree;
 Nor well the awful myst'ry scan
 Of Three-in-one, and One-in-three.
- 21 Without the Gospel, none God's Will
 Can know, or worship him aright——
 None can his sacred laws fulfil,
 Until the gospel gives him light.
- 22 None e'er can learn, without the Word,
 The fall of man,—or e'er explain,
 How he, thro' Jesus was restor'd
 To his lost righteousness again:
- 23 Without the Word, none can believe——
 None can believe, unless they hear,
 Or unto CHRIST due homage give,
 For Faith gains entrance through the ear.
- 24 GOD ne'er was known without the Word,
 To turn a single soul from sin:
 But, through the Gospel of our LORD,
 To save th' elect he oft is seen.
- 25 The Apostles in the days of yore,
 And Gentiles were converted—none
 Without its efficacious power,
 Cou'd e'er approach God's sacred throne.

- 26 St. Peter, by the Gospel's aid,
At once among the Jewish train,
Above three Thousand converts made,
After that they had Jesus slain.
- 27 'Tis by the sowing of the Word,
And thro' the holy Spirits aid,
The worst of sinners are restor'd,
God's sons and CHRIST's own brethren made!
- 28 What'e'r man wants, God's Word supplies;
Then search it with a critic's care——
'Twill make thee to salvation wise——
For, lo! eternal life is there
- 29 CHRIST for the Gospel bids thee strive,
With all thy might and all thy main,
More than for all this world can give——
If thou wou'dst endless life attain.
- 30 As for the breast, a child implores——
As the' hart lows for the springs when dry——
As sun-bake'd call out for show'rs——
So for the Gospel doctrines cry.
- 31 Sell all thy goods—sell all thy land——
Sell e'en the shirt upon thy back——
Sell all thou hast at thy command——
Rather than thou God's Word shou'dst lack.
- 32 Much better 'tis, that thou shou'dst roam,
Without the cheerful light of day,
Without meat, drink, fire, bed, or, home,
Than that God's Word should be away.
- 33 'Tis sad to live in such a place,
Where the sun shines not all the year——
But much more dismal is their case
To whom God's light does ne'er appear.
- 34 Ne'er in a clime, where there's no day——
Nor in a land, where there's no rain——

Nor

- Nor ship, without a compass, stay——
 Ne'er, where there is no priest, remain.
- 35 Quit thou the parish, town, and ground——
 Quit father, mother, friends, and kin——
 Quit house and home—if the sweet sound
 Of God's Word can't be heard therein.
- 36 'Tis better in some cave to hide,
 And sometimes hear the gospel there—
 Than in the richest vale reside,
 Where one can ne'er the Gospel hear.
- 37 'Tis hard in darkness to remain
 Where comfort never yet appear'd—
 But harder 'tis to stay in vain,
 Where the bless'd Word was never heard.
- 38 To Turkey, 'tis not worse to go,
 Where none our God, or know, or fear,
 Than 'tis to dwell, where thou canst no
 Instruction have—no Gospel hear.
- 39 To London go, o'er Britain roam,
 The ocean cross, the globe surround—
 But never think of coming home,
 Until thou hast the Gospel found.
- 40 'Tis hard to see the sun and rain,
 In all the hamlets 'round appear;
 Whilst that wherein thou dost remain,
 Has neither of them all the year.
- 41 If there's no sermon to be found,
 Which thou in thine own church mayst hear,
 Go to the churches all around,
 And hear one ev'ry Sabbath there.
- 42 Whene'er thy stomach meat requires,
 Thou to the pantry wilt repair,
 But when thy soul its food desires,
 Thou for it's cravings dost not care.
- 43 What

- 43 What boots the body's full repast,
If thy poor soul for hunger dies?
Can One the least enjoyment taste,
If in distress the Other lies?
- 44 'Tis bad, quite bad, upon the whole,
When these our bodies are not fed:
But worse by much to starve the soul,
For want of it's celestial bread.
- 45 Then to the Clergy cry amain,
Due food unto thy soul to give;
Since thou dost them with tithes maintain,
Bid them thy famish'd soul relieve.
- 46 From the priest's lips receive the Word,
As if from CHRIST's own mouth it came—
He was commission'd by the LORD
To warn thee, and from sin reclaim.
- 47 Should some poor Curate, mean in dress,
As CHRIST commands, reprove thy ways,
Tho' he his thoughts shou'd ill express,
Thou'rt bound to do whate'er he says.
- 48 Although the Gospel of our LORD
Judas himself shou'd come to preach;
Yet it may save thee, tho' the Word
He might, involv'd in error, teach.
- 49 To vices, shou'd thy Pastor run,
Yet if his doctrine shou'd be true,
His lessons learn, his manners shun—
E'en Paul and Peter's faults eschew.
- 50 Mind not his person, or address—
If well, or meanly clad, ne'er note—
The Gospel's merit is not less,
Shou'd he be cloath'd in homespun coat.
- 51 Take pearls from toads, with venom fill'd—
Take gold from hands, that are not clean—

- Nor ship, without a compass, stay—
 Ne'er, where there is no priest, remain.
- 35 Quit thou the parish, town, and ground—
 Quit father, mother, friends, and kin—
 Quit house and home—if the sweet sound
 Of God's Word can't be heard therein.
- 36 'Tis better in some cave to hide,
 And sometimes hear the gospel there—
 Than in the richest vale reside,
 Where one can ne'er the Gospel hear.
- 37 'Tis hard in darkness to remain
 Where comfort never yet appear'd—
 But harder 'tis to stay in vain,
 Where the bless'd Word was never heard.
- 38 To Turkey, 'tis not worse to go,
 Where none our God, or know, or fear,
 Than 'tis to dwell, where thou canst no
 Instruction have—no Gospel hear.
- 39 To London go, o'er Britain roam,
 The ocean cross, the globe surround—
 But never think of coming home,
 Until thou hast the Gospel found.
- 40 'Tis hard to see the sun and rain,
 In all the hamlets 'round appear;
 Whilst that wherein thou dost remain,
 Has neither of them all the year.
- 41 If there's no sermon to be found,
 Which thou in thine own church mayst hear,
 Go to the churches all around,
 And hear one ev'ry Sabbath there.
- 42 Whene'er thy stomach meat requires,
 Thou to the pantry wilt repair,
 But when thy soul its food desires,
 Thou for it's cravings dost not care.

- 43 What boots the body's full repast,
If thy poor soul for hunger dies?
Can One the least enjoyment taste,
If in distress the Other lies?
- 44 'Tis bad, quite bad, upon the whole,
When these our bodies are not fed:
But worse by much to starve the soul,
For want of it's celestial bread,
- 45 Then to the Clergy cry amain,
Due food unto thy soul to give;
Since thou dost them with tithes maintain,
Bid them thy famish'd soul relieve.
- 46 From the priest's lips receive the Word,
As if from CHRIST's own mouth it came—
He was commission'd by the LORD
To warn thee, and from sin reclaim.
- 47 Should some poor Curate, mean in dress,
As CHRIST commands, reprove thy ways,
Tho' he his thoughts shou'd ill express,
Thou'rt bound to do whate'er he says.
- 48 Although the Gospel of our LORD
Judas himself shou'd come to preach;
Yet it may save thee, tho' the Word
He might, involv'd in error, teach.
- 49 To vices, shou'd thy Pastor run,
Yet if his doctrine shou'd be true,
His lessons learn, his manners shun—
E'en Paul and Peter's faults eschew.
- 50 Mind not his person, or address—
If well, or meanly clad, ne'er note—
The Gospel's merit is not less,
Shou'd he be cloath'd in homespun coat.
- 51 Take pearls from toads, with venom fill'd—
Take gold from hands, that are not clean—

- Take wine from casks, with dust defil'd—
 Take knowledge e'en from lips obscene,
- 52 The Gospel of thy Saviour hear,
 However poor the preacher be—
 The Word, if not the person, bear,
 'Twas CHRIST himself that sent it thee.
- 53 Deep in thy mind his dictates sow,
 Nor let the fiends steal thence a part—
 The Word's a seed, that there will grow,
 If thou wilt plant it in thy heart.
- 54 Search then the Scripture, night and day,
 And read it with observing eyes,
 It's dictates punctua'lly obey,
 So shalt thou prove extremely wise.
- 55 Keep it at all times next thy heart—
 At work, at play, at home, abroad,
 Unto thy Sons it's sense impart,—
 And ground them in the Word of God.
- 56 Still let that chain adorn thy neck—
 Still let that frontlet grace thy brow—
 Still let that ring thy finger deck—
 And ne'er a step without it go.
- 57 Make it thy comrade on the way—
 Make it thy bedfellow by night—
 Make it thy study all the day—
 Do all it bids thee, with delight.
- 58 Make it thy counsellor and friend,
 And more thou'lt learn from ev'ry page,
 So it thy footsteps shall attend,
 Than from the most enlighten'd Sage.
- 59 Leave it not in the church, behind
 With him, who did the subject treat—
 But bear it homewards in thy mind,
 And to thy family repeat,

- 60 Make thou God's Word thy highest treat—
 Be it the prime of food to thee—
 And when thou'rt cloy'd with other meat,
 Thy choice desert then let it be.
- 61 This wholesome Food, each morning, taste—
 Be it, each noon, thy constant fare—
 And, ev'ry night, a sweet repast
 Of this celestial Bread, prepare.
- 62 As thou the body dost preserve
 With meat—thy soul with manna feed—
 Let not the One, with hunger starve,
 Whilst thou suppliest t' Other's need.
- 63 The Bible, in thy native tongue,
 May now e'en for a crown be got,
 Sell then thy all, and be not long,
 E'er thou the precious book hast bought.
- 64 No chattels with it equal are—
 No goods are of such real use—
 No treasures can with it compare—
 Nor any thing thou canst produce—
- 65 'Twill comfort give, and 'twill advise—
 'Twill give thee pleasure, and success—
 'Twill make thee to Salvation wise—
 'Twill give thee endless happiness—
- 66 'Twill give thee bread, to sate thy soul—
 'Twill give thee milk, to feed the poor—
 'Twill give thee wine, to fill thy bowl—
 'Twill give a salve for ev'ry sore—
- 67 Who wou'd not then the Bible buy,
 Which does all other goods excel?
 To purchase it, who wou'd not try?
 His house, his all, who wou'd not sell?
- 68 This is the pearl, which Jesus told
 All them, that heeded his advice,

- To buy—like him, who wisely sold
His all, that he might reach it's price.
- 69 Since GOD has deign'd to give each page,
That does his holy Word contain,
To WALES—let's join, at ev'ry age,
To study it with might and main.
- 70 O let us then be all agreed,
Women and men, with one accord,
To buy a book,—that each may read
In his own tongue, the blessed Word!
- 71 Since GOD has now vouchsafed the same
In our own tongue—O let's not waste
Our time, but all attempt, for shame,
To read it, with the utmost haste.
- 72 Let not the labour fruitless prove,
Which cost in England such a sum—
Lest we shou'd not account above
For such a crime, the day of doom.
- 73 O let's, of ev'ry sex and age,
In our good neighbours footsteps tread,
Who can with ease the sacred page
In their own native language read.
- 74 'Twill be for us a burning shame,
If we do not attempt, e'er long,
To master and to learn the same,
Since now 'tis in our mother's tongue.
- 75 More than a crown, now 'twill not cost,
The value of a single sheep,
Which in some ditch may soon be lost,
Whilst nightly storms the mountains sweep.
- 76 If, in a family, but one
Is with the useful talent blest,
To read the scriptures—he alone
May easily instruct the rest.

- 77 Each WELSHMAN in a month, or so,
May learn, if he'll the study mind
To read all that he needs to know :
What's that?—if One be well-inclin'd.
- 78 Ah me! that christians cannot give
One crown, of all that they possess,
Or one month's time, whilst here they live,
To learn the doctrines they profess!
- 79 Women and men of low degree,
The very abjects of the land,
You always may in England see
Each with his Bible in his hand.
- 80 With us, ('mongst those, who most abound,
And sumptuously their tables spread)
Scarce can a prayer-book be found,
Or One, who can his Bible read.
- 81 Alas! that they, in wealth who roll,
Shou'd be, by coblers in their stalls,
Surpass'd, in what concerns the soul,
And best will decorate their hall.
- 82 Will they not, in the day of doom,
Against the rich in judgment rise,
And to condemn their folly come,
Who their salvation thus despise?
- 83 They teach each tradesman's daughter, there,
To read the books that most excell—
Whereas the Gentry's daughters, here,
Can scarce the *Pater noster* spell.
- 84 'Tis to the WELSH a foul disgrace,
They're in religion still so young,
That not the tithe of all the race
The Scriptures read in their own tongue.
- 85 Let's then, for shame, together join
To learn, from the heav'n-inspired code,
- The

The ground-work of our Faith divine,
And strive to read the Word of God.

86 So shall we know, and truly fear
Our great Creator, whilst we live—
And if we know and fear him here,
We all shall endless life receive.

87 God grant the WELSH sufficient grace
Rightly to know and dread the LORD,
And God enable all the race
In our own tongue, to read his Word!

To the SONS of BRUTUS.

1 YE sons of Brute, of Trojan blood,
A lively, lovely, loving brood,
Attend in haste, and to my strains draw nigh,
With an obedient heart appear,
And with a fixt attention hear,
My doleful plaint, and heart-affecting cry.

2 Th' unceasing wheel of restless fate,
Early each morn, each ev'ning late,
'Till Death, still whirls about the fatal ball
Of life—yet thoughtless on we run,
Untill the whole is fairly spun,
And we to endless torments headlong fall.

3 For, like a ship that proudly gay,
Still glides along its wat'ry way,
Whilst on the deck the sailors dance, or sleep,
Our time here passes swift away,
And will not for it's owner stay,
Whatever coil or clutter he may keep.

4 Pale Death still follows at our heels
And like a silent felon steals
Along, with trembling pace, and footsteps slow,
Still ready, with unerring dart
To pierce each unsuspecting heart,
And give, amidst our vain pursuits, his blow:

5 For, like a bubble on the stream,
E'er we of any danger dream,
The ærial particle of life is flown ;
And yet, so thoughtless still are we,
We don't the gaping pit-fall see,
'Till to perdition we all tumble down.

6 This world's a dotard, sick all o'er,
E'en just now knocking at Death's door,
And tending to the grave with th'utmost haste,
His head turns round, he bows, he faints,
His heart with apprehension pants,
His gall, and all his vitals strangely waste.

7 Yet void of awe, or conscious fear,
The thoughtless sons of men appear,
To constitution they too much confide ;
As seamen trust (when danger press,
And they are all in deep distress)
The found'ring bark, 'till bury'd in the tide.

8 O ! let not us who are but dust,
To a deceitful world still trust,
That breaks, like ice o'er the fallacious stream,
And drops us, at our fate uncare'd,
To the dread judgement unprepare'd,
E'er we can well of it's intention dream.

9 But let us all with anxious care,
For the great festival prepare,
(The hour CHRIST comes, no man on earth can say)
And to our SAVIOUR's presence press,
In trim array and proper dress,
And vestments suited to that solemn day.

10 And let us never be surpriz'd
In sin, nor be in drink disguis'd
At our last hour (least we the feast retard)
Our lamps without or oil, or light—
Our talents not employ'd aright ;
But all our reck'ning just, and well prepar'd.

- 11 The ax (ye sinners be affraid !)
 Has to the copse long since been laid—
 Soon from the floor shall the light chaff be blown—
 The angel threatens, even now,
 The brambles with his scythe to mow,
 And then the trash shall to the flames be thrown.
- 12 A dreadful doom hangs o'er our heads,
 And at our doors old Time now treads,
 The trumpet longs the shrilly blast to sound—
 The sea, the church-yard, and the field,
 And Hell itself, now yearn to yield
 The dead in their repositories found.
- 13 The Judge himself is quite prepar'd,
 Escorted by a fainted guard—
 The day is nigh, this globe shall be destroy'd—
 When God shall all the sons of men,
 Before his righteous throne convene,
 There to account for all they've here enjoy'd.
- 14 Yet still we madly venture in,
 To gorge ourselves on filth and sin,
 Not thinking of our reck'ning or our doom :
 We still our talents misapply,
 And ev'ry passion gratify ;
 Let death and vengeance come, when they will come.
- 15 Like the ancients e'er the deluge came,
 Like Sodom, e'er the o'erwhelming flame,
 (Not worse the case of Pharoah and his crew)
 We sin with all our might and main,
 And still go on to sin again,
 Nor the least sign of reformation shew.
- 16 As filthy swine can feed on draff,
 As thirsty oxen water quaff,
 We swill and drench ourselves with heady drink ;
 We wallow in each foul desire,
 As hogs delight to roll in mire,
 And never of the consequences think.

17 Presumptuously we curse and swear,
And CHRIST himself in pieces tear,
And for a straw, or any trifle, fight;
Without the least remorse, or awe,
(Till beggar'd quite) we go to law,
But leave the poor in a most piteous plight.

18 The sun and moon, with wat'ry eye,
Our vicious conversations 'spy——
The earth too groans, because so ill we live——
Angels are pain'd at heart the while;
Because we Christians are so vile,
And for our manifold transgressions grieve.

19 The priest, the farmer, and the hind——
With artificers of ev'ry kind,
* The Bailiff, Judge, and Gentleman, each strives
With most amazing insolence,
Which shall the Godhead most incense;
Nor can I say, who worst, amongst them, lives.

20 In indolence, the Clergy live,
The venal Judges bribes receive,
The Gentry tittle in each paltry inn;
The Farmer, but as yesterday
Unus'd to drink, now topos away,
And smokes his tube as if it were no sin.

21 The sins which Sodom overthrew,
The vile excesses Parthia knew,
The thefts, which erst disgrac'd the Cretian strand,
The frauds, wherein the Greeks excell'd,
The idolatries Samaria held,
Are risè in ev'ry district of the land.

22 I blush, the vices to display,
We WELSHMEN act in open day,
And grieve our immoralities to shew:

* The chief Magistrate of a corporation,—I suppose the Author meant in this place.

- 11 The ax (ye sinners be affraid !)
Has to the copse long since been laid —
Soon from the floor shall the light chaff be blown —
The angel threatens, even now,
The brambles with his scythe to mow,
And then the trash shall to the flames be thrown.
- 12 A dreadful doom hangs o'er our heads,
And at our doors old Time now treads,
The trumpet longs the shrilly blast to sound —
The sea, the church-yard, and the field,
And Hell itself, now yearn to yield
The dead in their repositories found.
- 13 The Judge himself is quite prepar'd,
Escorted by a fainted guard —
The day is nigh, this globe shall be destroy'd —
When God shall all the sons of men,
Before his righteous throne convene,
There to account for all they've here enjoy'd.
- 14 Yet still we madly venture in,
To gorge ourselves on filth and sin,
Not thinking of our reck'ning or our doom :
We still our talents misapply,
And ev'ry passion gratify ;
Let death and vengeance come, when they will come.
- 15 Like the ancients e'er the deluge came,
Like Sodom, e'er the o'erwhelming flame,
(Not worse the case of Pharoah and his crew)
We sin with all our might and main,
And still go on to sin again,
Nor the least sign of reformation shew.
- 16 As filthy swine can feed on druff,
As thirsty oxen water quaff,
We swill and drench ourselves with heady drink ;
We wallow in each foul desire,
As hogs delight to roll in mire,
And never of the consequences think.

17 Presumptuously we curse and swear,
And CHRIST himself in pieces tear,
And for a straw, or any trifle, fight;
Without the least remorse, or awe,
(Till beggar'd quite) we go to law,
But leave the poor in a most piteous plight.

18 The sun and moon, with wat'ry eye,
Our vicious conversations 'spy——
The earth too groans, because so ill we live——
Angels are pain'd at heart the while;
Because we Christians are so vile,
And for our manifold transgressions grieve.

19 The priest, the farmer, and the hind——
With artificers of ev'ry kind,
* The Bailiff, Judge, and Gentleman, each strives
With most amazing insolence,
Which shall the Godhead most incense;
Nor can I say, who worst, amongst them, lives.

20 In indolence, the Clergy live,
The venal Judges bribes receive,
The Gentry tittle in each paltry inn;
The Farmer, but as yesterday
Unus'd to drink, now topes away,
And smokes his tube as if it were no sin.

21 The sins which Sodom overthrew,
The vile excesses Parthia knew,
The thefts, which erst disgrac'd the Cretian strand,
The frauds, wherein the Greeks excell'd,
The idolatries Samaria held,
Are risè in ev'ry district of the land.

22 I blush, the vices to display,
We WELSHMEN act in open day,
And grieve our immoralities to shew:

* The chief Magistrate of a corporation,—I suppose the Author meant in this place.

Yet 'tis my duty to reflect,
 Shou'd I th' unwelcome task reject,
 That God will bring them all to public view.

23 Besides it better is by far,
 That I shou'd now those sins declare,
 To make us now repent, whilst here below
 E'er in the dungeon's dismal gloom,
 We all receive our joyless doom,
 Since here no marks of penitence we show.

24 Therefore, my countrymen, I wou'd
 Fully persuade you, if I cou'd,
 To pray for pardon, to avert your fate,
 And here on earth your morals mend,
 Before your lives draw to an end,
 And you wou'd fain reform, when 'tis too late.

25 For 'tis in vain to sob and sigh,——
 In vain to tremble and to cry,
 When once we at the Judge's bar are cast:
 However loud we cry, there's nought
 But strictest Justice to be got,
 When once the time of reformation's past.

26 Then let us all resolve this hour
 (E'er Jesus comes in all his pow'r
 From Heaven, to judge each good and evil soul!)
 His favour to implore in haste,
 E'er we be into prison cast,
 And forc'd in floods of flaming fire to roll.

The SECOND PART.

27 **E**NRAG'D with his angelic host,
 He'll come—and come unto our cost,
 Upon our heads his vengeance to begin;
 And with his light'ning's dreadful blaze,
 He will the guilty souls amaze
 Of those, who now are so alert to sin.

28 Then,

- 28 Then, all our terrors to complete,
Because his anger is so great,
His friends and servants whom he lov'd so dear,
(When he in all his wrath shall come,
To execute his final doom)
Nay, e'en the angels too, shall quake for fear.
- 29 The sun's bright rays shall turn to night,
The moon shall not give forth her light,
The heavens themselves shall tremble with dismay,
The stoutest of the sons of men
Shall shrink for fear and terror then,
And shriek aloud through horror of that day.
- 30 Each flinty rock shall rive in twain,
Each mountain sink into a plain,
The seas themselves shall, on that day, grow dry—
The worms that in the waters creep,
The fish and monsters of the deep,
Shall in the bottom of the ocean die.
- 31 Each fort and strong-built castle, shall
To its foundation, piece-meal fall,
And ev'ry building in the world be burn'd—
The firmaments shall melt on high,
The stars shall tumble from the sky,
And all this globe be to a cinder turn'd.
- 32 When JESUS CHRIST, with glory great,
And ev'ry kind of pow'r replete,
To Judge us sev'rally, shall quit the sky—
What human face shall not turn white?
What heart not shudder with affright,
When he CHRIST's sign in heav'n aloft shall spy.
- 33 What horror, and what deep distress,
Must ev'ry guilty mind oppress?
What comfort can the crest-fall'n culprit know,
When he beholds such woe and dread,
The whole creation overspread,
And thinks 'tis for his sins alone they flow?

- 34 Monarchs, and leaders of the fight,
 And giants once of matchless might,
 The proud, th' oppressors, shall bewail their fate,
 And to the cloven mountains call,
 That they upon their heads shou'd fall,
 And screen them from their righteous Judge's hate,
- 35 Then, after all this vast ado,
 The archangel shall his trumpet blow.
 How very loud, and very clear the blast!—
 So very loud, and very clear,
 The dead the piercing sound shall hear,
 That calls them to account for all that's past.
- 36 The dead shall then ascend the sky,
 E'en in the twinkling of an eye,
 From dust and rottenness, where low they lay,—
 The living too shall then be chang'd,
 And ev'ry soul in order rang'd
 On high, where they shall for their vices pay.
- 37 And there their JUDGE and sovereign LORD,
 Unsheathe'd his keen and glitt'ring sword,
 Impartially their actions shall observe,
 And, in his balance weigh'd with care,
 To all he will assign his share,
 Of good and evil, just as they deserve.
- 38 He will not look into the eyes
 Of emperors—nor abbots prize
 For their gay robes, their state, or hoarded treasure;
 But equal justice he'll dispense,
 Both to the peasant, and the prince,
 And neither dread their pow'r, nor their displeasure.
- 39 When once he opens his books, he'll rive
 The heart of ev'ry man alive;
 And all their faults expose to open view;
 And for each deed deserving blame,
 He will reproach them with the same,
 And make injustice his vast fortune rue.

40 He'll not with one loose word dispense,
Nor with a farthing's vain expence,
Nor moment spent, without due weight and heed—
No vanity, nor waste of time,
Nor act obscene, nor heinous crime;
But all must then be answer'd for with speed.

41 The fornications of the great,
And gentlewomen of estate,
Who use the servant, when the husband's gone—
The crimes, the murders now abroad;
Each daring theft, and private fraud,
Shall then to ev'ry prying eye be shown.

42 What aspects full of ghastly woe
What aching hearts shall mortals know?
What gloom and grief shall on each brow be seen,
And on those guilty bosoms prey?—
Who now, alas! this very day,
So forward are, so very fond of sin!

43 But not a mouthful shall be lost,
Nor bit nor drop of all the cost,
That to the poor, for Jesus' sake is given;
With int'rest it shall be repaid—
While misers rue the crumbs of bread
Refus'd to such—by being banish'd Heaven.

44 Then shall th' ALMIGHTY SHEPHERD, keep
The goats divided from the sheep,
And each be try'd for his own sins alone;
These shall in PARADISE be plac'd,
With ev'ry bliss and honour grac'd,
Whilst those shall to th' abyss of HELL be thrown.

45 The righteous, at the pref'rence glad,
In robes of dazzling whiteness clad,
Shall soar directly to the sacred domes,
A firm possession to secure,
Of realms that ever shall endure,—
Assign'd by God for their eternal homes.

46 Then

46 Then shall the reprobated flock,
 And all the folks that make a mock
 At present, of their JUDGE — and that great day, —
 In cluster'd heaps be hurried down
 To Hell, and into chains be thrown,
 Where endless torments on their souls shall prey.

47 In Hell, on Abraham, they shall roar,
 (So fierce the fire ! — their pain so sore !)
 And for a drop of water sue in vain : —
 But though they shou'd for ever roar,
 They ne'er shall have one mouthful more,
 Nor the least portion of relief obtain.

48 For falsehood ever shall remain
 In prison there, and racking pain,
 Nor even hope for respite from his woe ;
 He there shall gnash his teeth for rage ;
 But nothing shall his pangs assuage,
 Nor shall his suff'rings e'er cessation know.

49 And there shall we assur'dly go,
 Hanging our lips and foreheads low,
 Because our time we so absurdly spend,
 Because we do not watch and pray,
 And do not (e'er that awful day
 Of vengeance comes) our vicious lives amend.

50 Let us unfeign'd repentance show,
 Whilst Time does of the change allow :
 To-morrow never was by any caught !
 Let us, this very Now, begin
 To quit all vanity and sin,
 E'er we are to our final reck'ning brought.

51 Thou SAVIOUR GOD, who of thy grace
 Hast brought salvation to our race,
 And from infernal flames thy servants freed,
 O, save us in the day of doom,
 When we to thy tribunal come,
 And to the blissful seats of EDEN lead !

52 Shou'd

32 Shou'd any of the CAMBRIAN land,
In SOUTH or NORTH WALES, here demand,
Who sung those strains, that warn them to surmount
Their danger,—say, 'twas one whose aim
Was to preserve them free from blame,
And to remind them of their dread account.

The wretched Condition of MAN by NATURE.

- 1 **R**ASH Adam to the fiend of old,
Mankind for one dear apple sold;
And none can from his fangs get free,
'Till JESUS gives him liberty.
- 2 The Devil in a dreary gloom
Keeps ev'ry soul, 'till CHRIST shall come,
To make him his condition see,
To break his chains, and set him free.
- 3 This dungeon is so very dark.
That we can't see a single spark,
Nor ought of our own wretched plight;
'Till JESUS comes to give us light.
- 4 What days and nights pass o'er our head,
With pitchy darkness are o'erspread,
And none his woeful state can view,
'Till CHRIST does his condition shew.
- 5 We in our sins unweeting die——
We think not our perdition nigh——
Our lives in dismal gloom we spend——
Yet seek not our sad state to mend.
- 6 Thou to the Devil's camp dost go——
Thou art unto thyself a foe——
Thou more and more astray dost roam;
'Till JESUS come to fetch thee home.
- 7 Thou e'er thy birth was try'd and cast,
And thy tremendous doom is past,

And

And, if CHRIST's aid thou canst not gain,
Thou ever shalt condemn'd remain.

- 8 The serpent's sting has pierc'd thy heart,
Thy very soul groans with the smart;
Then, for a cure, to CHRIST apply,
Or else, without his aid, thou'lt die.
- 9 Thy soul by Satan was bereav'd
Of all the gifts from GOD receiv'd;
CHRIST only can restore the same,
And hide thy nakedness and shame.
- 10 Fell Satan with his fiery dart,
With poison fraught, has pierc'd thy heart,
Intreat of CHRIST to ease thy pain,
Or thou with Satan must remain.
- 11 Thy soul like a meek lamb appears,
Among fierce lions, wolves, and bears:
Then soon to CHRIST for succour pray,
Or thou'lt become their certain prey.
- 12 The Devil has thy soul beset,
And hamper'd in his strong-mesh'd net,
And nought on earth can rescue thee,
'Till JESUS comes to set thee free.
- 13 A faithful slave to vice thou'lt been,
And wallow'd ev'ry day in sin;
Then sue to CHRIST, and he will give
Thee grace, a righteous life to live.
- 14 Thou art by nature born in sin,
The child of wrath, like all thy kin,
Ask CHRIST then, to be born again,
Lest thou shou'dst ever so remain.
- 15 Thou dost the Devil's laws obey!—
Thou art quite subject to his sway—
Beg then of CHRIST to rescue thee
Out of his paws, and set thee free.

- 16 In thee the strong One keeps his court,
Like those, who garrison a fort;
'Till Jesus comes his arms to seize,
Thy bosom ne'er will be at peace.
- 17 Thou wast an useless branch before,
That nought but acid fruitage bore;
And, if CHRIST alters not its kind,
'Twill be to Hell's fierce flames consign'd.
- 18 Satan, to God made thee a foe——
To make thy peace, to Jesus go,
By whom thou must be reconcil'd,
E'er thou canst be, once more, his child.
- 19 Thou, like a little chick, dost play
Amongst the rav'nous birds of prey;
And, if CHRIST screens thee not beneath
His wings——thou must be torn to death.
- 20 Thou, through a dreary vale dost go——
The paths of peace thou dost not know——
And if thy steps CHRIST shou'd not light,
Thou'lt headlong seek the realms of night.
- 21 Thou dost deserve all kinds of woe,
(Doom'd, e'er thy birth, to Hell to go)
And, if his aid, CHRIST does not deign,
For ever damn'd thou must remain.
- 22 Thou art a foe to thy best friend,
Thou art a slave unto the fiend,
Thou'rt shut up in his sty obscene,
'Till Jesus comes to wash thee clean.
- 23 Thou dost in ev'ry point transgress——
Thou'rt liable to each distress,——
Thou'rt to each pain and woe a prey,
'Till Jesus laves thy sins away.
- 24 Thou'rt bad, without—and bad, within——
Thou'rt void of grace, but full of sin——

- Thou'rt foul, impure, and foolish quite,
'Till CHRIST—the finner bleaches white.—
- 25 Such is, 'tis plain, each person's case,
(If we the sacred Scriptures trace)
Until again the finner's born,
And CHRIST reforms his state forlorn.
- 26 If not assisted by the LORD,
And to his pristine state restor'd,
No man, (no more than the foul fiend)
Can, of himself, his life amend.
- 27 Not *Peter*, *Paul*, nor any One,
(But JESUS CHRIST our LORD alone)
Supernal, or infernal, can
Preserve the sin-polluted man.
- 28 Search heav'n, search earth, and search the air,
The sea, and all therein with care—
And thou shalt find it true, that none
Can save a soul, but CHRIST alone.
- 29 If thou dost not his aid implore,
Thy fallen nature to restore,
Thou shalt in Hell's abyss be laid,
Because thou didst not beg his aid.
- 30 No man on earth his soul shall save,
But he, who shall that favour crave,
For CHRIST, his bless'd Redeemer's sake;
Whatever bustle he may make.
- 31 Nor will the LORD salvation give,
But to the man that shall believe
In him (however loud his pray'r)
With a faith, lively and sincere.
- 32 Whoe'er in CHRIST believeth well,
Shall surely save his soul from Hell;
But he, who does not—ne'er shall save
His soul, nor any favour have.

The LIFE and DEATH of CHRIST.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry Christian who desires to know,
What to his SAVIOUR happen'd here below,
Draw near——whilst I his Incarnation tell,
And what, 'till death, unto our LORD befel.
- 2 The Word was GOD e'er heav'n and earth was made,
(Or the foundation of the world were laid.)
The Second Person of the sacred Thtee,
And the Creator of all things that be.
- 3 He was the LORD, before he left the sky,
Cœqual to his SIRE in dignity,
And o'er the countless host of angels reign'd,
E'er he to visit sinful mortals deign'd:
- 4 He was a GOD—of matchless pow'r and might,—
He was a LORD—of glory infinite——
He was a KING—than ev'ry sov'reign high'r——
He was in all things equal to his SIRE:
- 5 When, to redeem us, he the skies forsook,
Our form and fashion on himself he took;
Nay, e'en our flesh from *Mary* did assume——
A spotless virgin from her mother's womb!
- 6 Who by a wond'rous pow'r, yet well believ'd,
The holy Spirit's gracious pow'r! conceiv'd——
And, tho' betroth'd, when marriageable grown,
She, 'till his birth, by man was never known.
- 7 Thus did the SON of GOD a man become,
By Grace divine, in *Mary's* virgin womb;
And, though her nature only form'd the child,
Yet it was ne'er by any sin defil'd.
- 8 Two natures in our blest Redeemer join,
That is to say—the human and divine:
This does the mother, that the Sire, declare;
They're both distinct, and yet both perfect are.

- 9 The SON of GOD, and yet a mortal's son,
And though thus complex — yet he is, but One;
The SON of MAN, without a father, made —
The SON of GOD, without a mother's aid!
- 10 As to his manhood, in his human state,
'Tis my design at present to relate
The form and manner of his wond'rous birth,
When, to redeem us, he came down on earth.
- 11 When to fair *Bethl'em*, *Mary* had arriv'd,
(Where *David* and his ancestors erst liv'd)
To be enroll'd, and CÆSAR's tax to pay,
Her reck'ning was fulfil'd that very day.
- 12 But as large companies had throng'd each inn,
There was no place for her to lodge within;
So in an out-house she, for want of room,
Was forc'd to drop the burden of her womb.
- 13 There, without state or any vain parade,
The meek-eye'd virgin, on the litter laid,
Amongst the cattle, our Redeemer bore,
On *Christmas-Day* — a day not fam'd before!
- 14 Thus born, without a single groan or throe,
(Which all her sex are doom'd to undergo)
In swaddling clothes, with a young mother's joy,
She bound, tho' Heaven's King, the beauteous boy.
- 15 And, when with care she had the infant drest,
She in the manger laid him down to rest:
Though in mean circumstances, yet content
With whate'er Providence had kindly sent.
- 16 A train of guileless shepherds GOD dispatch'd,
Who in the field that night their flock had watch'd,
To worship him before the break of day,
As in the manger the sweet infant lay.
- 17 Warn'd by a band of angels from the skies,
And fill'd with heart-felt pleasure and surprize,

To happy *Betle'm* (with the sole intent
Of seeing the MESSIAH) glad they went.

18 They were commission'd by divine command
To let th' expecting people understand,
That CHRIST was come—the promis'd Seed of old,
From the begining of the world foretold—

19 And tell to all—that with united voice
They at the gladsome tidings shou'd rejoice ;
Because that, on that same auspicious morn,
The glorious SAVIOUR of mankind was born.

20 The angels then their tuneful voices rais'd,
And in sweet hymns their great CREATOR prais'd,
Ascribing glory unto GOD above,
Who to mankind vouchsaf'd such wond'rous love !

21 Soon after this was seen a radiant STAR,
Excessive clear, and visible afar,
Whose beamy lustre bright'ning all the air,
Was thought the Birth of JESUS to declare.

22 Three hoary sages, from the distant East,
Who had the meaning of the portent guess'd,
Led by the guidance of the friendly flame,
In search of JESUS, to *Judea* came :

23 'To *Herod* they apply'd when they arriv'd,
The greatest tyrant that had ever liv'd !
To know where CHRIST the Jews expected King,
Was to be born, and from what stem to spring.

24 The Rabbi all, with one accord agreed,
That CHRIST was to be born of *David's* seed,
In *Betle'm-judah*, as it was of old
By *Micah* in his sacred page foretold.

25 Thus advertis'd, the sages took their way,
'Till guided by the STAR's refulgent ray,
They came to *Betle'm*, where, tho' sorely tir'd,
With earnest zeal for JESUS they enquir'd.

26 But

- 26 But when they just had to the house arriv'd,
Where the blest Infant with his parents liv'd,
The STAR, which led them from their native land,
Seem'd o'er the stateless door to make a stand.
- 27 They enter'd to the homely cot with joy,
And saw the Virgin with her lovely Boy,
Then on their bended knees upon the floor
They fell—the gracious Sov'reign to adore.
- 28 There various gifts they offered at his feet——
Gifts that to CHRIST, in all respects, were meet——
Gold, the pure product of the East——
With od'rous myrrh—and incense, of the best.
- 29 When *Herod* the unwelcome tidings heard,
That CHRIST, the true MESSIAH had appear'd,
Whilst in his swathes as yet the Babe was drest,
He sought to slay him at his mother's breast.
- 30 A bloody, butchering, and murd'rous crew,
Whom void of all humanity he knew,
He sent the children all around to slay,
Rather than CHRIST shou'd not become his prey.
- 31 The cruel soldiers, to their orders true,
Inhumanly the hopes of Bethle'm slew:
All, about two years' old, alike did fare;
Even the Tyrant's son they did not spare.
- 32 But *Mary*, warn'd this Massacree to shun,
At midnight rose, and with her Infant Son
To *Egypt* travell'd, by divine command,
Oblig'd to flee, and quit her native land.
- 33 There CHRIST sometime among th' *Egyptians* past,
Until his parents heard the news at last,
That *Herod*, (from whose cruelty they fled,
Who sought to' assassinate the Child) was dead.
- 34 On *Herod's* death, who had the infants slain,
Unto *Judea* CHRIST return'd again,

Where

Where to his mother due respect He pay'd,
And even *Joseph* cheerfully obey'd.

35 At twelve years old, a Wonder to relate !
He with the Rabbies enter'd to debate,
Until those sages wonder'd how a Child
Cou'd be with such prodigious Knowledge fill'd.

36 When He, at thirty, to the Baptist came,
And was baptis'd by him in *Jordan's* stream,
The HOLY GHOST descended from above,
And hov'ring, perch'd upon him, like a dove.

37 Mean-while the FATHER from on high declar'd,
His will aloud, whilst all the people heard —
“ This is my only SON, my best belov'd,
“ Who is by me, in all respects approv'd.”

38 And, after this miraculous descent,
He to the desert, to be tempted, went ;
Where, though he by the fiend was fore assail'd,
In each assault the baffled tempter fail'd.

39 This conflict o'er, He travell'd all around,
To spread the glorious Gospel's gladsome sound,
And his stupendous miracles to do,
In ev'ry place where He thought fit to go.

40 He, first of all, turn'd water into wine —
Then heal'd all, whom he saw with sickness pine ;
The blind, He caus'd to see — and the deaf ear,
Distinctly, ev'ry Word He spoke, to hear.

41 He made the crippled Lazar nimbly go,
‘ And leap exulting, like the bounding roe ;’
He made the woman, who had many days
Been bent, her back as strait as ever, raise.

42 Upon the boist'rous Billows, far from shore,
He walk'd erect, and still'd it's noisy roar,
And by a single Word, whene'er He pleas'd,
When most it rag'd, the tempest He appeas'd.

- 43 To prove, that He was God — three diff'rent men
He rais'd from death, and bade them live agen,
Laz'rus, tho' he'd been three days dead, was one —
Jairus' daughter — and the Widow's Son.
- 44 With five small loaves five thousand men He fed,
How great his pow'r! — how filling was the bread!
Two ships he freighted at one wond'rous draught,
Tho they, who tri'd before, had nothing caught.
- 45 Many a furious fiend He dispossess'd,
And gave each miserable *Maniac* rest:
Malchus' ear shorn off by *Peter's* sword,
Without a salve, He with a Word restor'd.
- 46 Many a miracle besides he wrought,
To prove the sacred doctrines that he taught,
E'er *Judas* to destroy him lent his aid,
And for a bribe his blessed LORD betray'd.
- 47 He ne'er was tax'd with guile at any time,
And none cou'd justly charge him with a crime;
He, like a lamb with innocence replete,
Was little honour'd, tho' his pains were great.
- 48 But when the hour, ordain'd by God, drew nigh,
When he, for our offences, was to die,
The traitor came, in seeming virtue bold,
And for a trivial sum his master sold.
- 49 Scarce half a crown was to the villain paid,
When to the Jews his SAVIOUR he betray'd,
Whom they to *Caiaphas* tight-pinion'd bore,
Altho' by *Annas* question'd much before.
- 50 When they to *Caiaphas* had led him bound,
False witnesses encompass'd him around,
Who to his charge unnumber'd falshoods laid,
And things, that he had never done, nor said.
- 51 The Pontiff then examin'd him full hard,
About a thousand stories he had heard,

And

- And bound him by an Oath to let him know,
Whether he was the Son of God or No.
- 52 And yet because he publicly confess'd
That he was CHRIST the son of God—the rest
Wou'd fain have murder'd him, altho' untry'd,
Or ston'd him on the spot until he di'd.
- 53 Some on his face their filthy spittle threw—
Some o'er his eyes in sport a cov'ring drew—
Others with rods his sacred Person bruise'd,
And with insulting buffetings abus'd.
- 54 Next morn, the Chief of the assembled tribes,
The populace, the Levites, and the scribes,
Brought Jesus bound unto the Judgement-hall,
There to be tri'd and judg'd before them all.
- 55 When *Pilate* had examin'd him a while,
And found him in no fault, nor any guile,
His hands he wash'd before them—and, at last,
Though with regret, the fatal sentence pass'd.
- 56 He first of all condemn'd him to be stripp'd,
And after that to be severely whipp'd;
He then was sentenc'd to be crucify'd,
Like a base slave or felon, 'till he di'd.
- 57 Thus CHRIST was us'd by that inhuman throng,
And sorely scourg'd from street to street along,
Nor was there left an inch from head to heel,
Whereon the blood-stain'd lash he did not feel.
- 58 Then *Pilate's* soldiers, fiercest of his foes,
Advanc'd, and robb'd the sufferer of his cloaths,
And in their stead the vile insulting crew,
A robe of scarlet o'er his shoulders threw.
- 59 They platted next a new-invented crown
Of thorns, and o'er his temple press'd it down,
Until the blood well'd from each spouting wound,
And streaming down his cheeks enrich'd the ground.

- 60 In his right hand an ample reed they plac'd,
And with feign'd homage the procession grac'd,
Mocking him with sarcastical abuse,
And crying, "Hail thou sov'reign of the Jews."
- 61 Robb'd of his cloaths, which he was us'd to wear,
On his bare back, his cross they made Him bear;
Tow'rds *Calvary* he dragg'd it on with pain,
Where, on its brow, the guiltless Lamb was slain.
- 62 But as they went to crucify the Lord,
His hands and feet they barbarously bor'd,
And fasten'd each (a shocking sight to see!)
With three strong nails of iron to the tree.
- 63 Yet, though so great his woes, so fierce his pain,
His mouth he never op'ned to complain,
Nor spoke a word unto the savage band,
More than a sheep beneath the shearer's hand:
- 64 But, on the cross, (when most acute his pains)
His soul, and all the blood that fill'd his veins,
He offer'd as a sacrifice for sin——
For all the sins of all the sons of men!
- 65 His soul he recommended to his SIRE,
The JUDGE, whose justice all men must admire,
Whom he besought, with his departing breath
To pardon the inhuman Jews his death.
- 66 Thus on the cross the blessed JESUS di'd——
Who, his heart's blood forth gushing from his side,
With love unutterable, freely gave,
The souls of his true votaries to save!
- 67 And thus God gave his best-beloved Son,
When he a thousand woes had undergone,
To suffer on the cross, that we might live,
And from hell-torments our lost souls reprieve!
- 68 Then let us praise Him, both by night and day,
And never fail our bounden thanks to pay,

For

For the vast love and mercy He did show,
When to redeem us, He did stoop so low.

- 69 All thanks and laud unto the God of Heaven,
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST, be given,
Who bought the souls of men, at such a rate,
And led to bliss from such a wretched state!

A Rehearsal of CHRIST's Love towards the World.

- 1 COME, hear me relate our REDEEMER's vast love,
When to purchase our souls he first came from above;
That love bear in mind which then cost him so dear,
And still, whilst you live, his blest mem'ry revere.
- 2 When Satan essay'd with success to deceive
(Transform'd to a Serpent) our Grandmother Eve;
We then for an apple were sold ev'ry one,
And none cou'd redeem us, but Jesus alone:
- 3 Who, when he our woeful condition did spy,
Expressly forsook the pure regions on high,
Disdain'd not to enter the pure Virgin's womb;
But, to save us from Hell, did our nature assume.
- 4 So Mary grew pregnant of Him we adore,
(How wond'rous a thing!) by the Spirit's great pow'r;
Though a maid scarce to yeats of maturity grown,
And though, all her life, she a man ne'er had known.
- 5 When her reck'ning was up, e'er the dawning of day,
Her Son she brought forth on a bundle of hay,
In a stable at *Bethle'm*;—in swaddling clothes drest,
In a manger she afterwards laid him to rest.
- 6 At his birth there were angels from heav'n employ'd;
(Who at their commission were quite overjoy'd)
To proclaim to the world, that on that very morn,
CHRIST JESUS, their blessed REDEEMER, was born.
- 7 When the three Eastern Magi first lift up their eyes,
And saw the new STAR, that illumin'd the skies,

They

- 60 In his right hand an ample reed they plac'd,
And with feign'd homage the procession grac'd,
Mocking him with sarcastical abuse,
And crying, "Hail thou sov'reign of the Jews."
- 61 Robb'd of his cloaths, which he was us'd to wear,
On his bare back, his cross they made Him bear;
Tow'rds *Calvary* he dragg'd it on with pain,
Where, on its brow, the guiltless Lamb was slain.
- 62 But as they went to crucify the LORD,
His hands and feet they barbarously bor'd,
And fasten'd each (a shocking sight to see!)
With three strong nails of iron to the tree.
- 63 Yet, though so great his woes, so fierce his pain,
His mouth he never op'n'd to complain,
Nor spoke a word unto the savage band,
More than a sheep beneath the shearer's hand:
- 64 But, on the cross, (when most acute his pains)
His soul, and all the blood that fill'd his veins,
He offer'd as a sacrifice for sin——
For all the sins of all the sons of men!
- 65 His soul he recommended to his SIRE,
The JUDGE, whose justice all men must admire,
Whom he besought, with his departing breath
To pardon the inhuman Jews his death.
- 66 Thus on the cross the blessed JESUS di'd——
Who, his heart's blood forth gushing from his side,
With love unutterable, freely gave,
The souls of his true votaries to save!
- 67 And thus God gave his best-beloved SON,
When he a thousand woes had undergone,
To suffer on the cross, that we might live,
And from hell-torments our lost souls reprieve!
- 68 Then let us praise Him, both by night and day,
And never fail our bounden thanks to pay,

For

For the vast love and mercy He did show,
When to redeem us, He did stoop so low.

- 69 All thanks and laud unto the God of Heaven,
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST, be given,
Who bought the souls of men, at such a rate,
And led to bliss from such a wretched state!

A Rehearsal of CHRIST's Love towards the World.

- 1 **C**OME, hear me relate our REDEEMER's vast love,
When to purchase our souls he first came from above;
That love bear in mind which then cost him so dear,
And still, whilst you live, his blest mem'ry revere.
- 2 When Satan essay'd with success to deceive
(Transform'd to a Serpent) our Grandmother *Eve*;
We then for an apple were sold ev'ry one,
And none cou'd redeem us, but JESUS alone.
- 3 Who, when he our woeful condition did 'spy,
Expressly forsook the pure regions on high,
Disdain'd not to enter the pure Virgin's womb;
But, to save us from Hell, did our nature assume.
- 4 So *Mary* grew pregnant of Him we adore,
(How wond'rous a thing!) by the Spirit's great pow'r;
Though a maid scarce to yeats of maturity grown,
And though, all her life, she a man ne'er had known.
- 5 When her reck'ning was up, e'er the dawning of day,
Her Son she brought forth on a bundle of hay,
In a stable at *Bethle'm*;—in swaddling clothes drest,
In a manger she afterwards laid him to rest.
- 6 At his birth there were angels from heav'n employ'd;
(Who at their commission were quite overjoy'd)
To proclaim to the world, that on that very morn,
CHRIST JESUS, their blessed REDEEMER, was born.
- 7 When the three Eastern Magi first lift up their eyes,
And saw the new STAR, that illumin'd the skies,
They

- They left their own country, and travell'd from thence
To Worship the Babe, not regarding expence.
- 8 When *Herod* the birth of our SAVIOUR first knew,
To slay him, he sent out his butchering crew,
And, lest CHRIST shou'd 'scape, he destroy'd ev'ry one
Of the Infants at *Bethle'm*, nor spar'd his own son.
- 9 But *Mary*, she silently 'rose in the night,
And to *Egypt* retir'd with her Child in a fright——
And there she resid'd—how long can't be said——
'Till *Herod* howe'er, and his butchers were dead.
- 10 CHRIST came back again on vile *Herod*'s demise,
To a nation excessively dull and unwise,
Where the Gospel he preach'd to a wrong-headed throng
Who lov'd not the truth, for—I can't tell how long!
- 11 He deign'd most extr'ordin'ary wonders to do,
That he was the promis'd MESSIAH, to show:
Yet the *Jews*, nor the truth, nor his wonders, believ'd,
But sought to destroy him, as long as he liv'd.
- 12 Mark'd out from the rest by a trait'rous embrace,
He by *Judas* was sold to that reprobate race,
Whose avarice drove him (so wretched was he!)
To end by a halter his days on a tree.
- 13 The night CHRIST was seiz'd, an effusion of blood,
Sweated down from his head to his heels in a flood,
On thinking how bitter the pains! how severe!
Which he for the sins of each age was to bear.
- 14 With torches and staves, he a pris'ner was made,
As late after supper devoutly he pray'd:——
With cords he was bound, and then hurry'd along
Before the high-priests by the loud-shouting throng.
- 15 *Pilate* question'd him afterwards closely a while,
But cou'd not find in him transgression, or guile;
Yet wrongfully sentenc'd the guiltless to die,
Tho' his hands he had wash'd—and, he cou'd not tell why.

- 16 He order'd him, first, to be whipp'd, 'till the blood
From his head to his heels his blest body o'erflow'd,
Then (that CHRIST might be fix'd to the Cross) he commands
Strong nails to be drove thro' his feet and his hands.
- 17 A large crown of thorns on his head, next, was plac'd,
And he with a robe of fine scarlet was grac'd,
On the knee, with mock homage, he then was ador'd;
With blows and grimace they insulted the LORD.
- 18 With the cross on his shoulders they forc'd him to go
Towards *Golgotha*, (never consid'ring his woe !)
To which they affix'd him alive, in great pain:
Thus CHRIST on the cross was most cruelly slain !
- 19 And, yet tho his grief and his pains were so vast,
When the nails, thro' his hands & his feet, they drove fast;
As sheep when they're shorn seldom murmur or bleat,
His lips he ne'er ope'd, tho' his wrongs were so great!
- 20 But with pitiful accent his FATHER besought,
To pardon the Jews this detestable fault,
Because that they were not then conscious of guilt,
Nor knew 'twas the blood of their SAVIOUR they spilt.
- 21 And thus from this life did our SAVIOUR depart,
When he on the cross had first suffer'd the smart,
The woes, and the penance, and vengeance entire,
Which God for the sins of the world did require.
- 22 At the price of his blood, by a death full of pain,
He reconcil'd man to his FATHER again,
And the favor of God to us sinners restor'd;
Then still, whilst we live, let us all praise the LORD !
- 23 On the cross, he the sins of us all did sustain,
And wash'd in his blood, 'till not one did remain—
He made us all, kings, and all priests unto God:
Then still, whilst we live let us Jesus applaud !
- 24 The law he fulfill'd, and his SIRE fully pleas'd,
Our pardon he bought with his blood, and releas'd

- Our souls from hell's dungeon—our sentence he fore-
Then little, and great, let us JESUS adore !
- 25 Like *Sampson*, he conquer'd the powers beneath,
And our brethren's accuser the old Dragon, by death:
By bruising his head, he the victory gain'd :
Then let us praise CHRIST, who the palm has obtain'd !
- 26 The wrath of his SIRE he did fully efface—
He made us his sons by adoption and grace—
He gave us a share in the kingdom of God—
Then still whilst we live, let us JESUS applaud !
- 27 For us crowns of gold, (to encircle each brow)
And elegant robes of the whiteness of snow,
He purchas'd—and also the kingdom of God :
Then still, whilst we breathe, let us JESUS applaud !
- 28 All possible glory, thanksgiving, and pow'r,
Be scrib'd to the Trinity now, and each hour—
All praise and applause, to our SAVIOUR and Head:
And, to this, let *Amen* by each Christian be said !
-

Let us go to BETHLEHEM.

- 1 **L**ET's to *Bethlehem* all advance,
With song, with merriment and dance,
And see the blest REDEEMER, born
To us, on this auspicious morn.
- 2 In *Bethl'm* he is to be seen,
In the stable of an inn,
Let us there our gifts bestow—
Let us all to see him go.
- 3 This is the SAVIOUR GOD above
Sent, out of his paternal love,
To save us from Death, grisly king !
And with him our salvation bring
- 4 Let us go there to see, this morn,
How, when, and where, the babe was born ;
That

- That we may view his blessed face,
And worship him upon the place.
- 5 A radiant STAR our way will light,
And serve to guide our footsteps right,
'Till to the happy spot we come,
Which he has chosen for his home.
- 6 The shepherd-train is gone before
With joy, their SAVIOUR to adore;
Let us with haste those swains pursue,
And pay our homage to him too.
- 7 The child is in the stable laid.
And in his swaddling-cloaths array'd;
Where in a manger he, between
An ox and *Joseph* may be seen.
- 8 The Magi now are on their way,
Their off'rings at his feet to lay —
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense, the best
Of all the produce of the East.
- 9 Let us these sages overtake,
And hear the speeches that they make,
And learn from them what gifts to bring,
And how we best his praise may sing.
- 10 For gold — let us aright believe —
For myrrh — let's true repentance give —
For frankincense — let's praises leave,
And CHRIST our presents will receive.
- 11 The angels all rejoice on high,
And pleasure brightens all the sky,
The host of heav'n hymn their King;
Why shou'd not men his praises sing?
- 12 Let's to *Betlehem* all repair,
To see the princ of wonders there,
The GODHEAD human nature take,
And suffer for his people's sake!

13 Let's

- 13 Let's th' Eternal, go and see,
Who made the skies, the earth, the sea,
The ancient Alpha, source of light,
Become an Infant in our sight!
- 14 Let's go visit God the Word
On *Mary's* lap—the heav'n's LORD
In human flesh and nature drest,
And hanging at his mother's breast!
- 15 A Babe, above his mother's years,
And fully equal to his SIRE'S!—
His mother's father—daughter's child—
Though speechless, amiable and mild!
- 16 Let's to *Betle'm* go, and see
The SON of GOD on *Mary's* knee;
Or *Mary* dandling in her hands
The Babe, who all the world commands.—
- 17 Let's go see, Death's Victor, bound
In folds of swaddling-cloaths around;
And Him who'll pull down Satan's throne,
Quite helpless to a manger thrown!
- 18 Let's the MESSIAH go and see,
The Founder of Christianity,
Our SAVIOUR, glory, grace, and rest,
Now sucking at his mother's breast!
- 19 Let's go see the woman's Seed,
Ordain'd to make the serpent bleed,
And bruise his baneful head, who first
Taught man to eat the fruit accurst.
- 20 Let's go see the wond'rous Son,
Form'd of his mother's flesh alone——
A mother, scarce yet fully grown!
A mother, yet by man not known!
- 21 Let's this mother go to see——
This mother, from pollution free!——

The daughter, lull her SIRE to rest! —
The FATHER at his daughter's breast!

- 22 Let's see the architect divine,
Who made the sun and planets shine,
And form'd the firmament's vast plain,
Let's see him in a stable lain!
- 23 Let's see the God, in glory great,
Wont with his span the skies to mete,
Now bedless in a manger laid,
And in a sorry dress array'd!
- 24 Let's go see the blessed Lamb,
(Such ne'er before a shepherd came)
The Lamb of God, sent down in time,
To free the world from ev'ry crime!
- 25 Let's go see our SAVIOUR dread,
Ordain'd to judge the quick and dead,
Who will convey us all on high,
On angels pinions to the sky.
- 26 See, struck with awful rev'rence dumb,
Omnipotence, now weak become!
The God, man—and the man, God, see!
Who sees Him so—thrice bless'd is He.

C H R I S T is All in All.

1 'TIS Christ, 'tis Christ himself, that's all in all;
Without Him, man must to perdition fall:
No thing, no person, besides Christ alone,
Can for the sins of human kind atone.

2 The serpent with an apple man deceiv'd —
The serpent man of Paradise bereav'd —
The serpent poison'd all the race with sin —
The serpent to Hell's horrors hurl'd them in.

3 Each man on earth as certainly must go
Into the dungeon of infernal woe,

D

As

- As if he there had been already got;
 If Christ from that sad doom preserves him not,
- 4 Christ left (to buy us) the angelic host—
 Christ sav'd us, when we ev'ry one were lost—
 Christ from all kind of woes our bosoms fre'd—
 Christ to celestial bliss our souls will lead.
- 5 From the fell dragon's mouth—the lion's paws—
 The toils of Satan,—and the tyger's claws—
 Christ snatch'd us ev'ry one—and what is more,
 From hell's deep dungeon, and the Devil's pow'r.
- 6 Satan can not destroy and murder more,
 Than JESUS can with ease to life restore:
 All that the serpent's pois'nous sting has slain,
 Shall by the Lamb's own blood be heal'd again.
- 7 Christ is the woman's Seed, ordain'd of yore
 By God, to trample on the serpent's pow'r,
 To crush his skull, to overturn his sway,
 And from his fangs to snatch the destin'd prey.
- 8 To conquer Satan, none can e'er succeed,
 Unless assisted by the woman's Seed:
 None can escape from his tyrannic sway,
 Unless by JESUS he be fetch'd away.
- 9 Christ only, is the Seed, th' Almighty pow'r
 Promis'd to *Abraham* in the days of yore,
 To free us from the curse, wherein we live,
 And give us all the Blessings, heav'n can give.
- 10 Christ, is the *Shiloh* sent us from above,
 Our Slavery and Bondage to remove,
 From vice our erring footsteps to reclaim,
 And teach us to adore the sacred Name.
- 11 Christ is the Tree, whence ev'ry one that lives
 On earth, his food, and nourishment receives:
 No one shall death's eternal sorrows meet,
 Who shall of it's immortal fruitage eat,

- 2 Christ is the Ark, which from th' o'erwhelming deep,
Did Noah erst, and all his household, keep:
Christ likewise is the only Ark can save
The present age, from sin's all-cov'ring wave.
- 3 Christ is the Ladder, Jacob did behold,
Which reach'd from heaven down to earth, of old:
Up this, all must ascend, who fain wou'd rise,
And scale the steepy summit of the skies.
- 4 Christ is the mighty Seer, sent from the sky,
And his own bosom, by the Lord most high,
His sacred will and pleasure to declare;
Let us, on pain of death, his mandates hear.
- 5 Christ is the brazen Serpent, who is found
Alone to cure the fie'ry serpent's wound:
Let us to Him our ev'ry ail make known,
And He will heal us with a look alone.
- 6 Christ's the high-priest, who offer'd up his blood,
His heart's warm treasure, for his church's good,
Upon the cross to his eternal SIRE,
To save the world from everlasting fire.
- 7 Christ is a King, endu'd with might and grace,
Who wisely governs his elected race,
Who plucks their haughty adversaries down,
That each may win and wear a glorious crown.
- 8 Christ is the watchful Shepherd, who does keep
From ev'ry ill his ne'er-neglected sheep;
So that no lion, wolf, or beast of prey,
Can from his flock one lambkin steal away.
- 9 Christ, and Christ only, is the Prince of Peace,
Who caus'd his FATHER's furious wrath to cease,
And by his blood, shed on the cursed tree,
Made God and Man, before at odds, agree.
- 10 Christ is the Rose, in Sharon's wilds that blooms,
And fills the desert with it's sweet perfumes,

That

- That by it's colour elevates our hearts,
And to our fainty spirits life imparts.
- 21 Christ is the Balm of Gilead, only found
Of force to close each widely-gaping wound,
Which Satan gives, with his sin-pointed dart,
To each bad conscience, and polluted heart.
- 22 Christ is the Manna, sent us from above
By God himself, out of his wond'rous love:
Whoe'er, with faith, shall on this banquet feast,
Shall never more by hunger be distressed.
- 23 Christ is the Paschal Lamb, that erst was slain
For sin, when on the cross He suffer'd pain;
Who, by his blood, each soul so well does keep,
That Satan from his fold can't steal a sheep.
- 24 Christ is the Altar, whereon night and day,
Prayer and praise, sweet incense! all thou'd lay—
Sweet incense, lighted by devotion's fire,
For their CREATOR, light's immortal SIRE.
- 25 Christ's the Physician, whose most precious blood
Alone, can do the sinful Christian good,
And heal those Pains which vile transgressors feel—
Those rankling pains which nothing else can heal.
- 26 'Tis Christ, and Christ alone can intercede
For us with God, and with our MAKER plead:
'Tis Christ, and Christ himself alone, that can
Make up the deadly breach, 'twixt God and man.
- 27 Christ is our Advocate—'tis he alone
Can plead our cause, before th' ALMIGHTY's throne,
When Satan, ever our accusing foe,
Wou'd fain obtain our final overthrow.
- 28 Christ is our sov'reign Lord—Christ is our Priest—
Christ is our Prophet—our Protector's Christ—
Christ is our Shepherd—Christ's our Judge, so dread,
Christ is our Saviour—Christ's our chief and head.

- 29 Christ is the Alpha, e'er the ages past—
 Christ is th' Omega, which must always last—
 Christ is salvation's source, as well as end—
 Christ is our patron, and ne'er-failing friend!
- 30 Christ has th' usurping tyrant Death o'erthrown—
 Christ's death has spoil'd, and made his arms his own;
 Christ has devour'd the ghastly-visag'd king—
 Christ has bereav'd him of his pointed sting.
- 31 Christ all the keys of Death does closely keep,
 As well as those of Hell's tremendous deep;
 So that no Fiend or Angel e'er can hope
 Without his leave, their close-barr'd valves to ope.
- 32 Christ is the Pelican, so kindly good,
 That heals his young-ones with his flowing blood,
 And brings them back to light and life again,
 When they were by the wily serpent slain.
- 33 Christ is the Pelican, so kindly good,
 That heals his brethren with his heart's dear blood,
 And brings them safely back to life again,
 When they, thro' sin, had been by Satan slain.
- 34 There is no salve, that ever yet was found,
 Nor medicine, can heal sin's deadly wound,
 Besides our blessed SAVIOUR's precious blood,
 The sole specific that can do us good.
- 35 Christ is the Pearl, which we should all explore,
 The man, who has it, never can be poor!
 To find it, over lands and oceans haste—
 To purchase it, when found, sell all thou hast.
- 36 Christ is himself the whole that's requisite,
 (To save our souls) in the ALMIGHTY's fight:
 For nought can to the Deity atone
 For the lost souls of men, but Christ alone.
- 37 'Tis Christ himself, and it is Christ alone,
 Christ unassisted, and Christ leagu'd with none—

Christ

- Christ, without ought but Christ himself, can keep
The souls of men from Hell's unfathom'd deep.
- 38 Christ is the ransom, for transgression paid—
Christ is our off'ring, sacrifice, and aid—
Christ is our treasure—Christ our only gain—
Christ is the SAVIOUR of the faithful train.
- 39 Christ is with ev'ry useful gift replete,
Which for the souls of sinful men is meet—
In Christ alone is found each saving grace,
Expedient to preserve a wretched race.
- 40 Christ is himself our perfect Righteousness—
Christ is our Wisdom, and our Holiness—
Christ sav'd us, and Christ bought us with a price—
Christ is our comfort—Christ our SAVIOUR is.
- 41 'Tis Christ, and Christ alone, that can assuage,
And totally remove his FATHER'S rage—
'Tis Christ himself, and none but Christ, that can
Restore, and justify, corrupted man.
- 42 Christ, without help from either man, or maid—
Christ, without either saint's, or saintess' aid—
Christ, and nought else but Christ alone, can keep
The souls of men from the wide-yawning deep.
- 43 Christ, and Christ only, felt the racking pain,
Whilst on the Cross He did for us remain;
And none assisted Him, to save us, then—
Not even one of all the sons of men.
- 44 *Peter*, thro' fear, his suff'ring LORD deny'd,
Th' Apostles either fled, or turn'd aside,
And timid *Mary* nothing did but weep,
Whilst *Jesus* only di'd to save the sheep.
- 45 No one but Christ himself has ever been
Beneath the cumb'rous weight of all our sin:
None ever sweated drops of Blood before,
But Christ, when He our foul transgressions bore.

- 46 None for our sins, but Christ, was crucify'd,
Nor to redeem his chosen people di'd;
No one, but Christ, his FATHER fully pleas'd—
No one, but Christ, our wounds' vast anguish eas'd.
- 47 No one, but Christ, cou'd pluck our souls away,
When they were otherwise the Devil's prey;
No one, but Christ, the tyrant Death o'erpow'r'd,
And the Devourer, none but He, devour'd.
- 48 Christ only has Death, grimfac'd monarch! foil'd,
Christ only has all pow'rs that are, despoil'd—
Christ has the bond, that ti'd us down, repeal'd—
Christ paid our ransom, Christ our pardon seal'd.
- 49 'Twas Christ, our peace with the ALMIGHTY wrought,
'Twas Christ, our bliss and our Salvation bought,
'Twas Christ, that all of us God's children made—
'Twas Christ that sav'd us by his potent aid.
- 50 'Twas Christ, and Christ alone, that did the whole,
And from distress drew each devoted soul:
Nothing but Christ alone, thro' God, can save
Our souls from hell, our bodies from the grave.
- 51 Ne'er was there Angel, Prophet, Saint of yore,
Nor any man, that woman ever bore,
Nor any one but Christ himself, who e'er
Did as the SAVIOUR of mankind appear.
- 52 Our God to save a Race forlorn, thinks fit
No angel's mediation to admit,
No mortal's merits, or no martyr's blood,
Nought but Christ's own, can do a Christian good.
- 53 Christ is for sin the prop' rest recompence,
There can't a better be for man's offence,
A smaller recompence can't be allow'd,
(So vile is sin!) than the beloved's blood.
- 54 Put no man's blood with Christ's upon a par,
And no one's merit's e'er with Christ's compare:

The

- The blood of sinful wretches, such as we,
Can never with our SAVIOUR'S blood agree.
- 55 The blood of Christ, his covenanted blood
Alone, can cleanse transgression's fetid flood:
For not the blood of all the martyrs slain
Can wash away thy very flightest stain.
- 56 'Tis not a work by saints, or angels, done,
But 'tis the Work of JESUS CHRIST alone,
Th' endanger'd souls of sinful men to save
From Satan's wiles, from hell, and from the graves.
- 57 Two sev'ral natures must in one unite,
E'er man can shun the gloomy realms of night;
Before our ever-blest REDEEMER can
Preserve one soul, he must be God and man.
- 58 The Work of God or man alone, can't keep
A single sinner from hell's hideous deep:
But God and Man, united both in one,
Can for the sins of all the World atone.
- 59 Mankind's REDEEMER must be God and man,
E'er He (consider well the wond'rous plan!)
Can save thy soul, and set it wholly free
From penal fire, and endless misery.
- 60 He must be God, and for his might ador'd,
E'er he can stay the fury of the LORD,
And rescue thee from Satan, and the foes
Of ev'ry fort, that wou'd thy bliss oppose.
- 61 E'er He for man can suffer, — He must be
A Man, from ev'ry vice and error free,
Whose death must be equivalent to all
The deaths of those on this terrestrial ball.
- 62 In all the earth beneath, or skies above,
There's not a SAVIOUR so replete with love,
As the incarnate Word — nor such another
As JESUS CHRIST, our God, and yet our brother.

- 63 There's not a creature of all those that dwell
On earth, can save a single soul from hell ;
That is a task, no other power can
Perform, but our REDEEMER, GOD and MAN.
- 64 There is no sure Salvation to be found,
Tho' you shou'd search the universe around,
But that which is thro' JESUS CHRIST attain'd,
Whom GOD, to rescue us from death, ordain'd.
- 65 There is no name beneath the copes of heaven,
No other name to sinful mortals given,
Whereby they may be sav'd from death, but One ;
And that's the name of JESUS CHRIST alone.
- 66 GOD will of none, but JESUS CHRIST admit,
To be his partner—none besides is fit
To be with Him in the great Work conjoin'd,
Which is to save the souls of all mankind.
- 67 The Son of GOD himself is not inclin'd,
That any creature should with him be join'd,
The world's Salvation fully to secure !
For who like Him, is perfect ? who is pure ?
- 68 He, of Himself, will save his chosen race,
Or else He never will in any case,
(So inconsistent's the conjunction !) deign
With any creature in the Work to join.
- 69 Christ will not give (how good soe'er they are)
To saint or angel, any part or share,
To man, or idol form'd of gold or stone,
Of th' adoration due to Him alone.
- 70 Shou'd any be of so insane a mind,
As to attempt another guard to find,
Let him, who lifts, the pow'rless guard pursue ;
But let him nothing have, with CHRIST, to do.
- 71 To Saints, or Images—let some apply,
And on their impotent support rely ;

But my poor soul will never seek for one
To give it aid, but JESUS CHRIST alone.

- 72 Give me, O GOD ! thy well-beloved SON,
'Tis Christ, 'tis Jesus Christ, I beg alone ;
Whate'er, besides, thou addest to my store,
Give me but Christ, and I shall ask no more.
- 73 Give me, O GOD ! for my Protector, Christ —
Give me Christ for my King, and for my Priest,
My Prophet, my Redeemer, and Support,
To whom I may in each distress resort !
- 74 'Though nought but Christ shou'd to my share be given
By our immortal SIRE, that dwells in Heaven,
I have enough——I have the whole I crave,
If I have Christ——though nothing else I have.
- 75 If I have Christ, He'll change my nature quite,
And make the child of hell, a child of light —
From Satan's slave, and from a man undone,
I then shall be Christ's member, and GOD's son.
- 76 'Though I shou'd gold and silver have in store,
With houses, and wide manors in my pow'r,
What boots it, ev'ry thing I want, to have,
Unless I've Christ, my sinful soul to save ?
- 77 Take out my heart——take out my precious eyes——
Take all my wealth, my friends, whom most I prize ;
Take all, in short, I have,——but don't, I pray,
Take my Redeemer, JESUS CHRIST away.
- 78 Let Soldiers talk of wars, and battles fought ——
Let Sailors talk of wealth from *India* brought ——
Let misers talk of chests with gold well stor'd ——
But let the Christian's talk be of the LORD.

A D A M ' s Race.

- 1 **A** D A M and *Eve's* unhappy, sinful Race,
Late heirs apparent of the fiery lake,
To you, great joy is come——your sorrows chase,
And from your stupid lethargy awake !

- 2 To-day (says th' angel *Gabriel*, ever-true,
The faithful bearer of *JEHOVAH*'s will)
Was *JESUS CHRIST*, the SAVIOUR, born to you,
Your chief support in each incumbent ill.
- 3 Then let us shout aloud, rejoice, and sing,
And with *Hosannahs* make the skies resound ;
For now, to earth, th' *ALMIGHTY* peace did bring,
And his Good-will did tow'rs mankind abound.
- 4 This is the prop, the branch, the woman's Seed,
For *Adam*'s comfort, by God's promise, given,
To crush beneath his heel the serpent's head,
When he from *Eden*'s blissful groves was driven.
- 5 This is old *Sarah*'s Seed, *JEHOVAH* deign'd
To promise *Abraham*, all his race to bless,
From Age to Age, 'till Royal *David* reign'd,
The noblest branch sprung from the root of *Jesse*!
- 6 This is the *Shiloh*, *Jacob* erst foretold,
To be the solace of the mournful Jews,
When they the crown, their monarchs wore of old,
Shou'd to an *Idumean* stranger lose!
- 7 This is the Prince, th' *Emmanuel* benign,
The virgin-mother's long-expected boy,
Promis'd to *Abaz* by the Word divine,
To lead us to the realms of endless joy!
- 8 This is the Judge, foretold in *Micah*'s page,
From *Bethlem*'s little city to arise! —
This is th' eternal Chief, from age to age
Ordain'd to lead his vot'ries to the skies!
- 9 This is the Prophet and the promis'd King!
This is the Priest, decreed to quell the foe!
This is the Victim offer'd for our sin,
And doom'd the works of Satan to o'erthrow!
- 10 You've heard how Satan erst, with wiles replete,
Old mother *Eve* in *Paradise* deceiv'd,

Rashly

- Rashly of the forbidden fruit to eat,
And how her husband part from her receiv'd !
- 11 When thus the Fiend our Parents overcame,
And taught them God's commandment to transgress,
Subject to death, both they and we, became,
And to each form and species of distress.
- 12 From Death and Hell no person cou'd be found
Our souls, by his own suff'rings to relieve,
But God's own SON, for Justice most renown'd —
That God, whom by our sins so oft we grieve !
- 13 This very SON of GOD most high was doom'd
The worst of deaths to suffer on the tree :
When He our flesh had readily assum'd,
To set us from his Sire displeasure free :
- 14 And had not God out of his mercy deign'd
This SON to give — to save us all from hell ;
All there, without exception, had remain'd,
For ever forc'd in endless pains to dwell,
- 15 God soon did at our wretched state relent,
With tender pity and compassion mov'd ;
And, as he promis'd, to redeem us sent
His only SON, whom more than all He lov'd,
- 16 To earth, from the delightful realms above,
When he perceiv'd the proper time was come,
God sent the object of his dearest love,
Our flesh and human nature to assume,
- 17 A human body, in a happy hour,
Our SAVIOUR took from *Mary*, still a maid,
Who, by a marvellous and sacred pow'r
Conceiv'd — without a thought of fleshly aid,
- 18 Wonder of wonders ! — without sin, or blame,
Our LORD was born, from one to man unknown —
A perfect man, whom th' HOLY GHOST did frame
Without man's help, by pow'r divine alone !

- 19 *Mary*, when she conceiv'd our SAVIOUR first,
Was still a maid — a maid e'en at his birth —
When marry'd, still a maid — and when she nurs'd —
And still a maid, e'en when she left the earth.
- 20 But as our guilt Christ undertook to bear,
His very birth was subject to distress;
A wretched stable was his palace, here —
A swathe, and some poor cloaths, his richest dress.
- 21 Yet, howe'er humble his appearance here,
That all to Him might proper homage show,
God caus'd a STAR in heaven to appear,
Bright as the sun, to wait on Him below.
- 22 Three royal Sages, from the distant East,
E'en from *Chaldea*, came to seek the LORD,
Who, on their knees, the swaddled Babe address'd,
And as their Sov'reign King and God ador'd.
- 23 With three rich presents, they the Babe did greet,
Which to CHRIST's offices did all belong,
And humbly laid them at His sacred feet —
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense, of fragrance strong.
- 24 Descending angels also came, and told
That He was the MESSIAH, promis'd man
To be his Saviour from the days of old,
By God himself, just as the world began.
- 25 Heav'n ope'd, earth shone, at this stupendous birth,
And th' angel cry'd, on that auspicious morn,
“ Glory to GOD above, and peace on earth,
“ This Day the SAVIOUR of the World is born.”
- 26 Whate'er, thro' her neglect, old *Eve* once lost,
When, she at first the law divine transgress'd,
We now (as we most happily may boast)
By the MESSIAH's birth, have repossess'd.
- 27 Our SAVIOUR left the glorious realms of bliss,
On purpose to defeat our wily foe,

- To thwart his views, to save us from th' abyſs,
And to preſerve us from all pain and woe.
- 28 So great was the Almighty Father's love
For us, old *Eve's* vile, fin-polluted race,
That He diſpatch'd our SAVIOUR from above,
Out of mere pity to our woeful caſe
- 29 So anxious too was CHRIST our ſouls to ſave,
Which now obnoxious to damnation lie,
That his own life and ſoul He freely gave,
And for his flock the ſhepherd deign'd to die,
- 30 The Death, which we deſerv'd, for us He bore,
And clear'd our debts, which unaccounted ſtood,
He paid the forfeit, and the writing tore,
And dearly bought our pardon with his blood——
- 31 His hearts beſt Blood He for an offering laid,
And for our ſake reproach and ſhame endur'd
So GOD was reconcil'd, our ranſom paid,
And our Salvation perfectly ſecur'd——
- 32 That pardon, which with his own Life He bought,
When to releaſe loſt finners from their chains,
He laid it down, tho' void of any fault,
And ſav'd the world from everlaſting pains.
- 33 If then on Him our confidence be laid,
Certain remiſſion ſhall for us be found,
Nor need we of thoſe torments be afraid,
With which the yelling vaults of hell reſound,
- 34 For Satan is deſtroy'd, and Death ſubdu'd,
And Hell of it's aſſured prey deſpoil'd ;
The ſouls of men by mercy are renew'd,
And all the fiends by the MESSIAH foil'd.
- 35 Old *Adam* hurl'd us to the deep abyſs,
From Paradife with ev'ry pleaſure bleſt :
But CHRIST reſtor'd us to the ſeats of bliſs,
Where we ſhall ever with th' Almighty reſt.

- 36 He is the guiltless LAMB, which in their ire
The Jews erst slew, JEHOVAH's gracious Heir !
The wish of nations, and the world's desire !
Our only joy and solace in despair !
- 37 He is the reprobate Corner-stone,
The Rock, ordain'd to give the Jews offence ;
But precious as a pearl, to us that own
Him, for our true MESSIAH and our Prince.
- 38 Though, beyond measure, our foul sins extend,
And like *Gomorrab's* citizens, we live ;
If we believe, and our bad lives amend,
He'll get us all a free and full reprieve.
- 39 One sacred drop, of the blest Blood He shed,
Can wash away our vile offences quite,
Tho' as the purple deep—as scarlet, red——
And make them than the drifted snow more white.
- 40 If then we place our trust in CHRIST alone,
And humbly serve Him—He our souls will bring
To Heav'n's blest mansions, near his sacred throne,
To chant the praises of th' eternal King——
- 41 Those mansions, where sweet pleasure and delight,
Where peace and joy in such excess abound,
As ear ne'er heard of—nor e'er blest the sight——
Nor e'er in thought in any heart were found.
- 42 Then let us laud, with all our might and main,
Our SAVIOUR CHRIST, to us for ever dear,
Who, thro' Death's bitter pangs, our souls from pain
Reliev'd and from Hell's dungeons dark and drear.
- 43 O let us still each blessed Person praise,
Which in the sacred Trinity is found,
So ready, ever since old *Adam's* days,
To bring men's souls to heav'n from hell profound.

Advice to a Sinner, to come to C H R I S T.

- 1 COME, thou vile wretch, thou veteran in sin,
With faith and tears, come to the Son of God !

- 'Tis He, the Son of God, that calls thee in,
If thou art weary of thy cumb'rous load.
- 2 'Tis CHRIST himself, that calls thee from above,
'Tis CHRIST commands, and who can disobey?
'Tis CHRIST, that deigns thy troubles to remove,
If thou to Him, thro' faith, will come away!
- 3 Come thou to CHRIST, however great thy crimes,
Come thou, thy life however vile and ill,
Come thou, and beg his needful aid betimes;
For he can save thee, whensoever he will.
- 4 Though thou in *Adam* once wert ruin'd quite,
Though thou wert snar'd by the insidious Fiend,
Though thou hast so incens'd the God of might,
Believe in CHRIST, He'll save thee in the end.
- 5 Though thou wert in Iniquity conceiv'd,
Though thou so very lewd a life hast led,
When thou hast once CHRIST covenant receiv'd,
He'll cleanse thy filth, and raise thee from the dead.
- 6 Though thou by nature art to God a foe,
Though thou wert born of a corrupted line,
Believe in CHRIST—thou shalt no more be so—
But a great fav'rite of thy SIRE divine.
- 7 Though thou to Satan art become a slave,
Though to his wiles thou hast been made a prey,
Believe in Christ— from Satan's den He'll save
Thy soul, and bring thee up to perfect day.
- 8 Though thou damnation dost deserve in hell,
And all the tortures that the Devil's bear;
Believe in CHRIST—in heaven thou shalt dwell,
And thy CREATOR laud for ever there.
- 9 Though thou art now a headstrong rebel grown,
And turn'd a fiend, who wast a saint before;
Believe in CHRIST—he'll take thee for his own,
And make thee, from a fiend, a saint once more.

- 10 Tho' thou'rt condemn'd, thro' ancient *Adam's* fault
Who poison'd and infected all his race;
Believe in *CHRIST*, and thou shalt yet be brought
To heav'n in spite of *Adam's* foul disgrace.
- 11 Though Satan seiz'd thy bosom, as his prey,
And took possession of the fenceless seat;
Believe in *CHRIST*, he'll take his arms away,
And out of doors the fell intruder beat.
- 12 Though thieves, of ev'ry virtue robb'd thy soul,
And wounded thee with a felonious rage;
The true *Samaritan* will make thee whole,
And thy deep wound's excessive pain assuage.
- 13 Altho' the fiery Serpent stung thy heart,
And shot his venom thro' each rankling pore;
Believe in *CHRIST*, and he'll allay the smart,
And bathe thy wounds in his all-cleansing gore.
- 14 Though thou hast often wander'd far from home,
Like a stray'd sheep, just perish'd in the cold;
Believe in *CHRIST*, He speedily will come,
And from the desert drive thee to his fold.
- 15 Tho' thou more than a thousand times have sinn'd,
And tho' those sins as many stripes require,
Believe in *CHRIST*, thou shalt remission find
For ev'ry crime and ev'ry loose desire.
- 16 Altho' thy sins are, as the scarlet, red,
Or, like the deeper crimson, though they glow;
Believe in *CHRIST*, and with the blood he shed,
He'll bleach thee white as any driven snow.
- 17 Altho' thy vices, than thy hairs were more,
And did unto a countless sum amount;
Thy blest *REDEEMER*, *GOD* and *MAN*, adore,
And He'll forgive thee the immense account.
- 18 Take comfort, thy desponding spirits raise,
Believe in *JESUS*, thy *REDEEMER* dear,

- 'Tis He, the Son of God, that calls thee in,
If thou art weary of thy cumb'rous load.
- 2 'Tis CHRIST himself, that calls thee from above,
'Tis CHRIST commands, and who can disobey?
'Tis CHRIST, that deigns thy troubles to remove,
If thou to Him, thro' faith, will come away!
- 3 Come thou to CHRIST, however great thy crimes,
Come thou, thy life however vile and ill,
Come thou, and beg his needful aid betimes;
For he can save thee, whensoever he will.
- 4 Though thou in *Adam* once wert ruin'd quite,
Though thou wert snar'd by the insidious Fiend,
Though thou hast so incens'd the God of might,
Believe in CHRIST, He'll save thee in the end.
- 5 Though thou wert in Iniquity conceiv'd,
Though thou so very lewd a life hast led,
When thou hast once CHRIST covenant receiv'd,
He'll cleanse thy filth, and raise thee from the dead.
- 6 Though thou by nature art to God a foe,
Though thou wert born of a corrupted line,
Believe in CHRIST—thou shalt no more be so—
But a great fav'rite of thy SIRE divine.
- 7 Though thou to Satan art become a slave,
Though to his wiles thou hast been made a prey,
Believe in Christ—from Satan's den He'll save
Thy soul, and bring thee up to perfect day.
- 8 Though thou damnation dost deserve in hell,
And all the tortures that the Devil's bear;
Believe in CHRIST—in heaven thou shalt dwell,
And thy CREATOR laud for ever there.
- 9 Though thou art now a headstrong rebel grown,
And turn'd a fiend, who wast a saint before;
Believe in CHRIST—he'll take thee for his own,
And make thee, from a fiend, a saint once more.

- 10 Tho' thou'rt condemn'd, thro' ancient *Adam's* fault
Who poison'd and infected all his race;
Believe in *CHRIST*, and thou shalt yet be brought
To heav'n in spite of *Adam's* foul disgrace.
- 11 Though Satan seiz'd thy bosom, as his prey,
And took possession of the fenceless seat;
Believe in *CHRIST*, he'll take his arms away,
And out of doors the fell intruder beat.
- 12 Though thieves, of ev'ry virtue robb'd thy soul,
And wounded thee with a felonious rage;
The true *Samaritan* will make thee whole,
And thy deep wound's excessive pain assuage.
- 13 Altho' the fiery Serpent stung thy heart,
And shot his venom thro' each rankling pore;
Believe in *CHRIST*, and he'll allay the smart,
And bathe thy wounds in his all-cleansing gore.
- 14 Though thou hast often wander'd far from home,
Like a stray'd sheep, just perish'd in the cold;
Believe in *CHRIST*, He speedily will come,
And from the desert drive thee to his fold.
- 15 Tho' thou more than a thousand times have sinn'd,
And tho' those sins as many stripes require,
Believe in *CHRIST*, thou shalt remission find
For ev'ry crime and ev'ry loose desire.
- 16 Altho' thy sins are, as the scarlet, red,
Or, like the deeper crimson, though they glow;
Believe in *CHRIST*, and with the blood he shed,
He'll bleach thee white as any driven snow.
- 17 Altho' thy vices, than thy hairs were more,
And did unto a countless sum amount;
Thy blest *REDEEMER*, *GOD* and *MAN*, adore,
And He'll forgive thee the immense account.
- 18 Take comfort, thy desponding spirits raise,
Believe in *JESUS*, thy *REDEEMER* dear,

Amend thy morals, quit thy wicked ways,
And he from ev'ry ill will keep thee clear.

- 19 CHRIST calls—CHRIST summons thee above the sky,
Nay, CHRIST invites thee to a blisful home;
Why wilt thou therefore obstinately die,
Because thou wilt not to thy SAVIOUR come?
- 20 CHRIST to the world, from the bright realms of joy,
Expresly came, transgressors vile to keep;
His care, His business, and His sole employ,
To gather, and to fold His straggling sheep.
- 21 Thou long, as all have done, hast gone astray,
Thou art, like us, without his aid undone:
Why wilt thou not the gracious Call obey,
And for protection to thy SAVIOUR run?
- 22 The sins, which now o'erwhelm thy soul with shame,
Are not than *Saul's*, or any other's, more;
Yet *Saul* receiv'd remission for the same;
And so shalt thou—if thou wilt CHRIST adore.
- 23 Thy sins do not above his mercies soar,
Nor are they such as CHRIST can not efface,
Nor can the errors of thy life be more,
Than he can wash away by his free grace.
- 24 Satan can ne'er contaminate thee so
That JESUS cannot his assistance lend,
Nor so pollute, tho' he his worst should do,
But JESUS can thy wicked ways amend.
- 25 CHRIST, man's perverseness can with ease subdue,
And to a lamb the wolf, a saint the fiend,
Convert—the veteran in vice, renew,
And cause GOD's foe, to be again His friend.
- 26 CHRIST only call'd *Zaccheus* from the tree,
And alter'd by the Call his nature quite:
So, at his pleasure, He can alter thee,
And change thy colour soon from black to white.

- 27 CHRIST is a deity of wond'rous might,
Who pardons ev'ry contrite sinner's vice,
Who our degenerate nature sets to right,
Who ruins Satan's labour in a trice
- 28 Omnipotent He is, who bought thy soul,
He can the breaches, Satan made, repair,
And from thy breast, with his corruptions foul,
Eject the pow'rful sovereign of the air.
- 29 Though seven Devils revell'd in thy heart,
Nay, though a Legion that retreat possess'd,
CHRIST, with a word, can make them all depart,
Like flies before a tempest, from thy breast.
- 30 No creature has the power to deface
The Work, by his divine CREATOR done;
Nor man, nor fiend, can rob thee of his grace;
If thou wilt put thy trust in him alone.
- 31 There's not a soul, who does in CHRIST believe,
That to amend his life and errors past,
Does not sufficient grace from him receive;
'Till he becomes another man at last.
- 32 No one for grace to JESUS ever came,
No one for help to JESUS ever cry'd,
Who did not speedily receive the same,
And was not both with grace and help supply'd:
- 33 Come then, and earnestly his favour crave,
Nor let thy weighty sins retard thy soul:
CHRIST never came the sinless folks to save,
But such as are contaminate and foul.
- 34 CHRIST ne'er on purpose left the realms of joy,
But to preserve the sheep that went astray;
It is his bus'ness and his chief employ,
To bring the stragglers back to the right way.
- 35 Come therefore, come to him with th' utmost speed;
He spurs, he goads thee on, to mend thy pace:

Believe in CHRIST—be that thy constant creed,
And he'll preserve thee by his saving grace.

- 36 God give thee grace this summons to attend;
O may the gracious Call not prove in vain!
God give thee faith, thy morals to amend:
So thou from CHRIST shall grace and peace obtain?

Another Piece of *Advice* to Sinners to come to *Christ*.

- 1 **C**OME all that are laden with vice, and with sin,
Come to your REDEEMER, who bids you all in,
Come all to be eas'd of your fears, and your crimes,
He'll give you all rest, if you'll come but betimes.
- 2 Come all to your Keeper, Redeemer, and Chief,
Your King, Priest and Prophet, he'll bring you relief,
Your Doctor, your Pastor, your Rock and your Tow'r,
Your SAVIOUR, who conquer'd the dragon of yore!
- 3 Come all unto CHRIST, without any restraint,
Who kindly invites each to make his complaint:
Be it great, be it small, do but show him your grief,
And ask his assistance, he'll give you relief.
- 4 He'll make you all free, and your sorrows allay,
He'll lend you his aid, and your debts he will pay,
He'll lighten your burdens, your tears he will dry,
He'll heal all your wounds, and you never shall die.
- 5 He'll peace from your Judge, and your Father obtain;
By means of his Blood, he your pardon will gain,
He'll bring you in favour with God, that's above,
And long as you live, he'll preserve you his love.
- 6 Your sins in his Blood, he will wash all away,
His spirit in each of your hearts he will lay,
He'll make you God's daughters and sons, of mere love,
And co-heirs with him of his kingdom above.
- 7 He'll tread down the fiend, and his efforts defeat,
He'll rifle his arms, and his conquest complete,

- His strength he will blast, and his forts overthrow,
And make you subdue the inveterate foe.
- 8 Did you mortals but know, how tremendous your case,
How desperate your state when depriv'd of God's grace,
'Till to JESUS you came (you'd not eat nor yet rest),
To better your state, and to cheer your sad breast!
- 9 What are we by nature, and kind—e'en the best—
But the children of wrath if by JESUS not blest,
But servants of sin, and the slaves of the fiend,
And the victims of hell, and of death without end?
- 10 All, alas! by their sins are defil'd, every soul!
Like Negroes we're black, and like hogs we are foul,
To CHRIST we must hasten, to alter our grain,
And scour all our filth, e'er we whiteness can gain.
- 11 With our Maker, old *Adam* at odds did us set,
Entirely unable to pay our vast debt,
E'er we can be friends, we to CHRIST must repair,
Who, thro' grace and adoption will make each his heir.
- 12 The Foe in his net ev'ry mortal has caught,
Decoy'd by the fruit, thro' our Grandmother's fault;
The snare can't be broke, nor releas'd can we be,
'Till CHRIST by his might and his grace sets us free.
- 13 The wolf holds our souls, like a sheep in his jaws,
Nor can we, nor dare we, get loose from his paws.
Our shepherd must rescue us out of the scrape,
Or else not a soul from his fangs can escape.
- 14 The angel hangs over each house on the wing,
(So enormous our sins!) prompt destruction to bring:
With the blood of the Lamb, we our lintels must smear,
That the fiend may pass on, and our families spare.
- 15 All mortals are under the power of the Fiend,
In a dark dreary comfortless dungeon confin'd,
Chain'd down by their vices, 'till JESUS shall come,
To rescue them out of their horrible gloom.

16 From

- 16 From the pow'r of the Fiend, none can rescue a man,
Or the bondage of sin, let them do what they can,
'Till Christ by main force the Destroyer has bound,
And plac'd us all, out of the slough, on dry ground.
- 17 By nature we lie, ev'ry man that has breath,
Without knowledge of God, in the shadow of death;
CHRIST JESUS our hearts by his grace must illumine,
E'er we can be drawn from that comfortless gloom.
- 18 All sin is so odious, so fetid, so foul,
It spoils, it defiles, it infects ev'ry soul;
Nor can it's deep stains be discharg'd by any means,
'Till CHRIST with his blood shall our filthiness cleanse.
- 19 Like a mountain of lead, on our necks, sin depends,
It strains all our sinews, our backs down it bends,
Our souls, thro' the centre, to hell 'twou'd depress,
Didn't we fly to CHRIST, for to make our loads less.
- 20 The Fiend, like a man in strong panoply bold,
Of the hearts of each mortal has taken fast hold,
Nor can the whole world thence th' invader expel,
'Till Christ comes, and hurls him down headlong to hell.
- 21 We all have been grievously stung by the foe,
Our sores, without ceasing, eternally flow,
Nor can any leach upon earth do us good,
'Till Christ comes, and cleanses our wounds with his blood.
- 22 The foe, of our ornaments, has us bereft,
And of ev'ry virtue quite naked has left;
To Jesus, our brother, then let us all go,
And He his own garments will over us throw.
- 23 We all have been dead in iniquity quite,
Nor have we the pow'r to do any thing right,
'Till Jesus, the giver of life, does arrive,
To raise us from sin, and our spirits revive.
- 24 When the serpent has stung you with lust thro' and thro',
To the brazen One come, and your malady show;
Look

Look intent upon Christ, and you soon shall have ease,
The venom will drop, and the anguish will cease.

25 Show, void of all dread, to your Saviour your sore !
For such a Physician was ne'er seen before !
Each wound and complaint, ev'ry sin and each wheal,
With his heart's precious blood He will thoroughly heal.

26 No med'cine, no plaister, no phyfic, no salve,
No herbs, no emollients, you ever can have,
No nostrum, but Jesus's blood, can be found
To heal sin's wide-gaping, and anguishous wound.

27 Full many there are, who all tumours can cure,
With most of the ails, which poor mortals endure :
But there's no physician on earth can be found
But Jesus alone, that can cure sin's deep wound.

28 No angel above, though their number's so great,
Though with strength and honour so very replete,
Can save one poor soul, that from virtue has stray'd,
'Till our Saviour himself comes to give us his aid.

29 Though the saints of each sex were to join all their pow'r,
Since *Adam* was form'd, till the world be no more,
They cannot preserve, though so much they excel,
Without Jesu's aid, one poor mortal from hell.

30 Though thou all the beasts in the forests that live,
And thy substance entire, for an off'ring shou'dst give,
Whole rivers of oil, thy son, life, and blood—
Without Christ's assistance, they'd do thee no good.

31 Tho' the air's vast expanse, and the regions of day,
The earth, and the ocean, thou all shou'dst survey,
Thou no other person but Jesus cou'dst find,
Who is able to save; and what's more, well-inclin'd.

32 No Saviour but Jesus endeavour to have ;
As God, and as man, he's Almighty to save :
There is not a name, besides his, under heaven,
Thro' which any help to our souls can be given.

- 33 No soul can be sav'd in the days, that now last,
In those yet to come, or in those that are past,
But they that are kept by Christ Jesus alone ;
The reprobate crew shall be damn'd ev'ry one.
- 34 With the strong arm of faith, thy Redeemer arrest,
Lay hold of him firmly, if thou wou'dst be blest,
Nor quit the close gripe, 'till at last thou hast gain'd
The grace to be sav'd, and his favour obtain'd.
- 35 Trust not to thy works, learning, wealth, or thy race:
Thy soul can't be rescu'd, unless thou dost place
In Christ thy belief ; and if e'er thou shou'dst trust
Unto any besides, thou art utterly lost.
- 36 For all *Adam's* sons, since the world first was fram'd,
By sin are polluted, and needs must be damn'd :
To death and to hell, let them do what they can,
If by Christ not preserv'd, they must go ev'ry man.
- 37 Then all to your Saviour together repair,
To save your lost souls from the pit of despair ;
Whoe'er will come freely, in heaven shall dwell :
But all, who refuse, shall be tumbled to hell.
- 38 Let none be so stupid, so dull, and unwise,
As to turn from their Saviour and guide to the skies,
None from death can escape, or to heaven ascend,
Not a man can be sav'd, unless Christ be his friend.
- 39 Not *Noah*, *Job*, *Abraham*, nor *Daniel*, nor *Paul*,
Not *Mary*, nor *Anne*, nor the best of them all,
Not the babe newly-born, unless Christ be his friend,
Cou'd, by worth of his own, be preserv'd from the Fiend.
- 40 Not a man (such a price our redemption did cost !)
Shall be sav'd, but thro' Christ ; all the rest must be lost.
Nought less, for the sins of mankind can atone,
Than the blood and the death of our Saviour alone.
- 41 Of angels and saints, then, assistance to crave
Is in vain : neither Pope, Mass, or Friar, can save,
Nor

- Nor ought you can mention, whatever it be,
But the death of our Saviour; so sinful are we!
- 42 Nought less for the sins of mankind cou'd atone
Than their utter extinction; unless there were one
Whose death, for the death of them all might suffice;
And who, but our SAVIOUR, cou'd pay such a price?
- 43 None therefore to God satisfaction can make,
But through JESUS' death, and for JESUS's sake:
Who seeks not his aid (let him e'er so well live)
He, for one of a thousand no answer can give.
- 44 Some think, that by merits and works of their own,
By fasting and alms they for sin can atone,
To heaven ascend, and from hell-torments flee,
Without their REDEEMER: so useless is he!
- 45 But whilst thus, in fancy, to heaven they soar,
They'll sink into hell, like the Devil of yore:
And then they shall see, that no man can ascend
To the skies, of himself, without CHRIST for his friend.
- 46 The LORD is not bound any pity to shew,
For none is to man, nor shall ever be, due!
But all men are bound to adore him alone;
All to him are indebted, but He unto none.
- 47 No mortal by prayer and alms can appease,
Or his MAKER, by fasting and penitence please;
'Till man and his Maker, thro' Christ, have agreed,
Who must hallow and bleach in his blood ev'ry deed.
- 48 CHRIST JESUS each sinner must justly arrange,
And to his CREATOR's similitude change,
His thoughts he must alter, his temper improve,
E'er he can inherit the kingdom above.
- 49 CHRIST, man with his Maker must bring into grace,
And with his own blood his offences efface,
With all his own virtues he must him invest,
And give him his Spirit, e'er he can be blest.

- 50 CHRIST must rescue our souls from the pow'r of the fiend,
Who in a dark dungeon still keeps us confin'd,
Fast bound, hand and foot, with sin's cumbersome chain;
Or we in the Valley of Death must remain.
- 51 CHRIST, the fiend must disarm, that possesses each mind,
And in gyves the incroaching invader must blind;
He thence must eject him, tho' loth to depart,
And garrison keep his ownself in each heart.
- 52 CHRIST must make us the sons of his heavenly Sire
(By adoption and grace, we that right may acquire)
And make us the heirs of the Godhead above,
E'er we, howe'er good can to *Eden* remove,
- 53 CHRIST from each disaster poor mortals must draw,
From the toils of the Fiend, and death's merciless jaw,
And make us partake of his favor and grace,
E'er we in the kingdom of God can have place,
- 54 No mortal to heaven can possibly soar
By his own conduct, his merits, or pow'r;
Nor can He from Death and the Devil e'er run,
Without CHRIST's assistance, or God's vengeance shun.
- 55 How can one God's anger and sentence eschew,
The curse by the law, to iniquity due,
Death's keen pointed sting, and the pow'r of the fiend,
By worth of his own—unless CHRIST be his friend?
- 56 We all must repent, with a heart most sincere,
Believe with true faith, in our SAVIOUR so dear,
By the pow'r of his spirit, our lives we must mend,
And be totally chang'd, e'er the skies we ascend.
- 57 Then all to your SAVIOUR together repair
With tears, a true faith, and a penitent air;
Whoe'er will come freely, in heaven shall dwell,
But they that refuse shall be cast into hell.

An *Exhortation* to worship our *Lord Jesus Christ*.

- 1 **C**OME simple, come gentle, your sing-song give o'er,
And let us for once be combin'd,
On this happy day, our dear LORD to adore,
And bear our REDEEMER, in mind,
- 3 When first our Creator the protoplasts made,
In *Eden* the couple he plac'd,
Where o'er the whole garden at pleasure they stray'd
And pluck'd ev'ry fruit to their taste.
- 3 The fiend when their happy estate he perceiv'd,
How loving they walk'd o'er the plain,
Whilst all that they wanted or wish'd, they receiv'd,
Without any labor, or pain——
- 4 To *Eden* soon came with the curst design
Poor *Eve*, as the weaker, to hook,
And thus he began her obedience to mine,
But of *Adam* no notice he took.
- 5 Did you taste but a bit of the fruit of the tree,
“ Which now you're ferbidden to eat,
Your eyes wou'd be ope'd and like God's you wou'd be,
It's pow'rs and effects are so great !”
- 6 The apple she pluck'd, and a morsel she bit,
Nor did *Adam* to taste it, refrain :
When, alas ! (for us all, how unhappy was it ?)
Their pleasure was soon turn'd to pain.
- 7 Thus they, thro' their pride, both obnoxious became
To the pains to such crimes justly due,
And we, their descendants, all merit the same,
So close we their footsteps pursue.
- 8 When our righteous Judge saw that so hard was our fate,
And that we, thro' mere weakness, were spent,
He gave us, in pity to our sad estate,
CHRIST—to aid us where ever we went.

- 9 Our Saviour was born, as on this blessed morn,
And low in a manger was laid——
A morn, that in mind shou'd for ever be borne,
Which brought us so needful an aid!
- 10 Two natures in him, without mixture, are join'd,
(A truth we shou'd always profess!
The godhead and manhood in him are combin'd,
As we by our creed do confess.
- 11 His Godhead is equal to that of his Sire,
As we from his pow'r may perceive;
His manhood does not so sublimely aspire,
As we from the Scriptures believe.
- 12 Then was not God's love, all expression above,
To us such a SAVIOUR who gave,
As like us was man (as the Scriptures all prove)
In all things, if sin you do save.
- 13 When ready to sink, and just on the brink,
Of the pit, where the damn'd ever mourn,
In unspeakable pains, fast bound in sin's chains,
Without any hopes of return.
- 14 He us freely bail'd, and our covenants seal'd,
He only, his Sire cou'd appease,
From woe he us brought, and our freedom he bought,
He health gave, which never shall cease.
- 15 Not gold of the best, nor the wealth of the East,
The Deity's pardon cou'd buy;
But the Son he lov'd best, the God-and-man blest:
Let's all to this advocate fly.
- 16 By him God was pleas'd, and by him was pleas'd,
And, without him, no pleasure cou'd take;
Thro' him, in each grief, he will grant us relief,
And hear each petition we make.
- 17 Himself, man to save, a pure victim he gave,
Left to Satan a prey we shou'd fall,

Whose

Whose head he made feel the full weight of his heel;
But sav'd his own followers all.

- 18 Tho' our good works were more than the sand on the shore
And Arithmetic's pow'rs did exceed,
For want of true faith (as our article faith) Art: xiii:
There's the nature of sin in each deed.
- 19 We comfort receive through faith, and believe,
That, through faith, we are sav'd from our foes;
By grace, and thro' faith, as St. Paul himself saith,
'Tis that God for his friends has us chose.
- 20 No victim he sought from man for each fault,
(Although he was treated so ill)
But a spirit contrite, and a heart pure and right;
To hear him, then come with good will!
- 21 By faith we shall have, whatever we crave,
Nor is there a thing that we want,
But we shall receive, if in CHRIST we believe,
Since he what he pleases, can grant.
- 22 Thro' faith in the Blood of our SAVIOUR, thus good,
Our crimes shall be wash'd quite away,
When we must give in an account of each sin,
Before our CREATOR, one day.
- 23 Then put on your best, and be decently drest,
In clothes fit for bride-folks to wear,
E'er to heaven you go, where there is no woe,
When there you're obliged to appear.
- 24 Like saints be prepar'd, and be still on your guard,
With oil in your lamps in good store;
Lest the bridegroom should come unexpectedly home,
And suddenly knock at the door.
- 25 With alacrity still, as you're bound, do God's will,
E'er the day of Salvation is o'er,
E'er a wide-spreading gloom shall the sun o'ercome,
And you cannot work any more.

26 Then

- 26 Then watch night and day, and most earnestly pray,
That God may be still your defence ;
For the time is now near, as the scriptures declare,
When we must depart all from hence.
- 27 Be in charity still, 'tis your MAKER's dread will,
And you shall a kingdom receive,
Where you shall have ease, mirth, pleasure, and peace,
And joys, that no heart can conceive.
- 28 No sickness shall there, nor yet sorrow, appear,
No poverty, care, nor distress ;
But the sound of the lyre, with the heavenly quire,
And bliss, which no tongue can express.
- 29 I warn you then all, be you great, be you small,
To pray from the ground of your heart,
That God in pow'r great, and with mercies replete,
May bring you there, when you depart.
-

Another Invitation or Exhortation to worship
JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 **C**OME all fresh and gay, let us keep Holiday,
With hymns let us JESUS adore ;
Let us Him celebrate, both early and late,
Who sav'd us from death by his pow'r.
- 2 Aloud let us sing, 'till the whole world does ring,
And our notes to the heavens aspire,
That the angels above with our songs we may move,
And teach them to join in the quire.
- 3 When nor men cou'd befriend, nor saints their aid lend
Nor angels, nor ought that's below,
Any good cou'd have done, God sent us his SON
To save us from sorrow and woe.
- 4 What fire with a score of children, or more,
The worst unto death would expose,
Or consent to the loss of one on the Cross,
Or force him to fight for his foes ?

- 5 Yet, with pity God mov'd, gave the Son whom he lov'd,
And esteem'd far above all the rest,
For mortals to die, suspended on high,
Although we were rebels profest.
- 6 Our Father let's praise then, on these holidays,
With hearts full of ardor and love,
Who gave us his heir, distress and despair
Far out of our sight to remove.
- 7 Next, let us applaud the Son of our God,
Who health to the universe gave,
Who quitted the sky, and the glories on high,
His servants from sorrow to save.
- 8 From heaven above, and God's bosom of love,
For our great advantage, he came——
He came, for our sake, his manhood to take;
And so we his brethren became.
- 9 The meek harmless Lamb to this nether world came,
To a crib, from the regions above,
And the heavenly host—to save us, when lost:
So great his compassion and love.
- 10 Our ever blest'd Lord, I will call him the Word,
Himself the great God, and God's heir,
Of Mary was born, as on this blessed morn,
To save us from woe and despair.
- 11 The Godhead on high, who fram'd earth, sun, and sky,
With the waters, that make up the main.
Our flesh did assume, and an Infant become,
And then by base soldiers was slain.
- 12 Come then let us raise our voices, to praise
CHRIST JESUS our Saviour and King;
With harp and with tongue, let us join all day long,
And hymns to his honour let's sing.
- 13 All creatures that move, in the heavens above,
On earth, or in th' ocean below,

Let's

- Let's freely invite in his praise to unite,
And our SAVIOUR's great goodness to show.
- 14 Like *Shadrach* in fire, or the Baptist's old Sire,
Like *Miriam* and *Moses*, let's praise
Our SAVIOUR (who came from Hell's raging flame,
To save us) the rest of our days.
- 15 Then still bear in mind our SAVIOUR so kind,
This season devote to his praise,
In gladness and joy, let us always employ,
And grateful thanksgivings, those days.
- 16 Heav'n bids us rejoice with heart and with voice,
At church, or where'er we resort,
In the Giver of Peace, and of joys that ne'er cease;
So with wisdom we season our sport.
- 17 Then let us each day with hearts blythe and gay,
And faces that glisten and shine,
In JESUS rejoice, with ear-thrilling voice,
And every dull sorrow resign.
- 18 On this sacred morn your houses adorn,
Your boards spread with cheer of the best;
Of which, for CHRIST's sake, let poor neighbours partake,
And banish all grief from the feast.
- 19 Quite elated appear, take *enough* of good cheer,
But *more* like a pestilence shun:
True bliss, never think in meat, or in drink,
To find—but in JESUS alone,
- 20 All the holidays long chant some heavenly song,
Mere sing-song, or satire, ne'er mind;
But trust in the LORD, and in his holy word.
From whom you sure pardon shall find.
- 21 To taverns ne'er enter—to brothrels ne'er venture—
To spend so your time, is a shame!
With nonsense and noise, you the fiend thus rejoice,
And foully dishonour CHRIST's name.

- 22 Quit your cards in a trice, and your rattling of dice,
Your riots, which mankind debase—
Your oaths loud and foul, which must shock each good soul
And CHRIST's solemn birth-day disgrace.
- 23 In *David's* sweet page, or the gospels, engage,
Instead of your cards and your dice:
More proper by far, those holy books are,
Then them spotted panders to vice.
- 24 Exult then, and God your REDEEMER applaud,
His glories with transport recite;
Your hands clap and sing, to the praise of heav'n's king,
And take in the task true delight.
- 25 Let's laud to the skies the Spirit so wise,
Who shows from the gospels pure lore,
That pardon and peace, with joys that ne'er cease,
Through CHRIST, are still for us in store,
- 26 To the Father above—to the son of his love—
To the Spirit, that sanctifies all—
Be now, and each hour, all glory and pow'r,
From each on this well-peopl'd ball.

An Exhortation to give God Thanks for our
Redemption through Christ

- 1 **O** Let's applaud with one accord,
And bless, from day to day, the LORD,
Who gave for us his only SON,
When we before were quite undone!
- 2 Fall on your knees, both morn and night,
Let adoration, pow'r, and might,
Be unto Him ascrib'd alone,
Who gave for us his only SON.
- 3 How vast the debt, did we but know,
Which we to our REDEEMER owe,
Nought wou'd we do, by night or day,
But, on our knees, unto him pray,

F

4 When

- 4 When we to such a pass were brought,
By Satan's artifice, that nought
Besides cou'd save; God deign'd to give
His Son, lost mortals to relieve.
- 5 By Satan's puissance subdu'd,
We still with groans our sins had ru'd,
Had we not been by Jesus bought,
Who our Redemption freely wrought
- 6 There was no method to assuage
The God of justice in his rage,
But that his best-belov'd shou'd deign
For our Redemption to be slain.
- 7 There was no possibility,
A single soul from Hell to free,
Did not the Just-One for its sake,
An off'ring of his heart's blood make.
- 8 CHRIST gave his blood of worth immense!
Unto his SIRE a recompence
For us—his life he did bestow,
To free us from our mortal foe.
- 9 We were like birds caught in the net,
Which Satan for our souls had set—
The net, wherein inclos'd we lay,
CHRIST broke—and we flew far away.
- 10 We were, like sheep that go astray,
To wolves and ravenous beasts a prey,
When from CHRIST's fold we dare to go,
And follow'd our fallacious foe.
- 11 CHRIST is the shepherd, that, among
The savage crew and hellish throng
To find us, ventur'd first to come,
And brought us on his shoulders home.
- 12 We were like him, who on the way
To Jericho, was robb'd, and lay
O'erwhelm'd

O'erwhelm'd with wounds upon the ground,
Whilst none to lift us up was found.

13 CHRIST's the *Samaritan*, so kind,
Who on the road our wounds did bind,
And to the Inn benignly led,
Where we were comforted, and fed.

14 The serpent (paradise within)
Transpierc'd us with the dart of sin,
But CHRIST the wound, made by its dart,
Heal'd with the blood, warm from his heart,

15 There was no med'cine to be found
To cure the fi'ry serpent's wound,
But that of brass intent to eye:
There was no other remedy!

16 So nothing cou'd allay the smart
We felt, when pierc'd by sin's keen dart,
Besides CHRIST JESUS crucify'd,
By the brass serpent typify'd.

17 In such a piteous case we stood,
As does the Pelican's young brood,
When by some pois'nous serpent gor'd,
E'er by their dam's own blood restor'd.

18 CHRIST saw us with his eye divine;
And, like the Pelican benign,
He gave the blood, warm from his heart,
To mitigate our wounds dire smart.

19 Let us consider then our case,
The vast advantage, and the grace,
That came unto a world undone,
From JESUS' sufferings alone.

20 The son of sin, the Devil's slave,
The child of wrath, and of the grave,
Each mortal was—and vermin's food——
'Till CHRIST redeem'd us with his blood,

- 21 What's man, without CHRIST's succour, say!
But the Fiend's vassal and his prey,
Already doom'd by God to go
From *Eden* to the realms of woe!
- 22 There's not a man, upon the whole,
Who can from Death defend his soul,
'Till he can JESUS' blood obtain
To cleanse him from each sinful stain.
- 23 Throughout the world, there is not one
That can for his own sins atone,
'Till the LAMB's blood he shall obtain,
To pay his price, and ease his pain.
- 24 CHRIST is the spotless LAMB ordain'd
The crimes wherewith the world is stain'd,
To take away—and to assuage,
With his hearts blood, his FATHER's rage.
- 25 CHRIST is the priest, who now on high
Resides, and with incessant cry
A constant intercession makes,
And sheds his heart's blood for our sakes.
- 26 CHRIST light to ev'ry mortal gives——
CHRIST is the life of each that lives——
CHRIST is our comfort, and our guard——
CHRIST from the first, his aid prepar'd?
- 27 Without CHRIST's help, we're quite undone;
But we are sav'd, through CHRIST alone:
Without Him, we can't God perceive;
But through Him, we with God shall live.
- 28 All to the dismal realms of woe,
But they that trust in CHRIST, shall go:
Without Him none can scale the sky,
How much foe'er they toil and try,
- 29 Let us in CHRIST then learn to trust,
The great REDEEMER of the just,

And mind his precepts to obey,
If we in heaven e'er think to stay.

- 30 With his heart's-blood, the world CHRIST bought,
And from fierce flames our freedom wrought:
Yet thousands in the world shall go,
For want of Faith, to Hell below.
- 31 Though CHRIST was slain, our souls to save —
Though a full price for us He gave —
Yet none salvation shall receive,
But who alone in him believe.
- 32 We shall be saved if we believe
In CHRIST — if not — we shall not live
He lives who does on CHRIST rely —
Who does not trust in Him shall die.
- 33 Not one, of any age, shall go
To the infernal realms below,
But he who shall refuse to trust
In the REDEEMER of the just.
- 34 Heav'n's gate is open night and day,
(None such from it are turn'd away)
To ev'ry Christian, that's sincere,
Of what degree, or rank so'er.
- 35 No more they of their faults shall hear,
No more their vices shall appear,
Which thro' CHRIST's Blood shall be forgiven,
And blotted from the rolls of heaven.
- 36 CHRIST wash'd our sins and filth away,
CHRIST will to bliss our souls convey,
CHRIST bought those souls, when lost and gone,
And what he bought shall be our own.
- 37 Let's ne'er forget, 'till turn'd to clay,
To praise our SAVIOUR, night and day,
Who has our souls from ruin bought!
For us what wonders has he wrought?

38 Let's

- 38 Let's to our Chief, our SAVIOUR, shew
All praise, and ev'ry honour due,
All true respect, and worship fit—
Let heav'n and earth say—So be it!
-

Advice to those who are desirous of obtaining God's
Favour and Forgiveness of their Sins.

- 1 **W**Hoe'er wou'd have the sins forgiven,
Whereby he has offended heaven,
He must with diligence pursue
Those useful Precepts that pursue.
- 2 Thou, first of all, must humbly own
Thy sins, before th' Almighty's throne;
Nought from thy God shou'd be conceal'd;
Since all things are to Him unveil'd!
- 3 And then endeavour to observe,
What punishment thou dost deserve—
Eternal death!—it is no less;
Because thou dost God's laws transgress.
- 4 For surely thou canst not but know
Thy vices merit endless woe;
Then meekly beg, for Jesus' sake,
That he wou'd mercy on thee take.
- 5 And know that nothing can atone
For sin, before the Godhead's throne,
Besides CHRIST's death, and precious blood,
And the obedience which he show'd.
- 6 That JESUS (thou must too believe)
For sin did a full ransom give,
When on the Cross He bore disgrace,
For all the sins of all our race.
- 7 And know too, that the God of heaven
Accepts the satisfaction given,
And for CHRIST's sake, does still remit
Those sins the faithful may commit.

- 8 Believe too, that He'll pardon thee
Thy errors and iniquity,
If thou, with contrite heart shalt make
Thy suit to God for Jesus' sake.
- 9 Conceal not then the sins, but own,
To which thou'rt principally prone;
For 'tis a folly to deny
What's plain to God's all-seeing eye.
- 10 Freely condemn thyself, before
The Deity's tremendous pow'r;
Lest thou shou'dst on the day of doom,
To open shame and censure come.
- 11 Bewail each vile, and hateful sin,
As soon as thou the same hast seen,
And strive against it, night and day,
'Till thou hast cast it quite away.
- 12 Make thou thy heart profoundly sigh,
Make briny tears stream from each eye,
Make thy sad spirit inly mourn,
And from it's vicious habits turn.
- 13 Then beg of God, that he'd impart
To thee a soft and tender heart,
And often grieve, when thou'rt alone,
For all the crimes that thou hast done.
- 14 Ne'er cease to pray, and never rest,
'Till God has granted thy request,
Namely—a heart that can relent,
Can grieve for sin, and can repent.
- 15 And when thou a good while hast griev'd,
For the bad life which thou hast liv'd,
The promises divine hold fast,
As long as e'er thy life shall last.
- 16 God promises to give relief,
And comfort those that are in grief.

And

- And to forgive all, does consent,
Who from their very heart repent.
- 17 For all thy vicious courses grieve,
And in thy SAVIOUR, CHRIST, believe,
Forfake them, whilst thou yet hast breath,
And thou shalt never suffer death.
- 18 For God has promis'd to provide
A Helper, Comforter, and Guide,
(In his own Son) to all that mourn,
And from their sins repentant turn.
- 19 His Word, besides, the LORD does give,
That he will all thy faults forgive,
And cleanse thee from thy deep-grain'd crimes;
If thou wilt but repent betimes.
- 20 And if a penitent thou'lt prove,
He'll grant to thee his grace and love;
Mild, gentle, merciful, He'll be,
And ever live at peace with thee.
- 21 He'll wash thee in the cleansing flood
Of his dear Son's most precious blood,
And scour away thy vices quite,
'Till he has made thee lily-white.
- 22 Hold fast (and he will thee applaud)
The sacred promises of God:
The heav'n and earth shall both decay
E'er one of them shall pass away.
- 23 Then, as a snake, thy sins detest—
A snake, that rears its bloated crest,
And, hid some moss-grown brake beneath,
Wou'd sting thee by surprize to death.
- 24 Approach not near the place, where sin
May by her wiles allure thee in—
Pass by with speed, her offers shun,
Nor headlong to temptation run.

- 25 If thou wilt step too near the ground,
Where basks the snake—thy heel'twill wound—
Or if thou'lt come too near the fire,
'Twill burn, if thou wilt not retire.
- 26 Take therefore of thyself good heed,
Nor near temptation's purlieus tread,
'Tis better make a good retreat,
Than meet with shame, and a defeat.
- 27 Do not unto thy sins incline
Again, like dogs or filthy swine,
Which, though they lately were wash'd clean,
Return unto the nauseous scene.
- 28 Keep not bad company, whose lore
Will make thee sin still more and more;
It nought avails to God to pray,
'Till thou from such hast turn'd rway.
- 29 But cleave unto the godly race,
And note their converse, full of grace;
For each good man's a ready guide
To lead thee, where the just reside.
- 30 Unto the GODHEAD humbly pray——
To turn thee from each wicked way,
And to direct thee, whilst thou'rt here,
Truly to love him, and to fear
- 31 Let not the fiend thy reason blind,
Nor move again to sin thy mind;
But, through the Blood, which JESUS shed,
Beneath thy feet the tempter tread.
- 32 Consort not thou with drunkards vile,
Lest they thy morals shou'd defile,
As the salt water of the tide
Corrupts the rills, that to it glide,
- 33 Quit then immediately those friends,
Whose converse to debauch thee tends:

Shun

Shun them, and their bad ways detest,
As thou wou'dst pitch avoid, when drest.

*Advice to believe in CHRIST, and an exhibition or display
of the the wonderful change that is wrought in the man
that believes.*

- 1 **B**ELIEVE in CHRIST, for thy protector cry,
God offers him to all, both far and nigh,
Receive the gracious offer, and don't fail;
Or else, thou shalt the loss of him bewail.
- 2 The man, who CHRIST with heart sincere receives,
And with a lively faith in him believes,
CHRIST will on him his saving grace bestow,
To live like the blest saints, whilst here below.
- 3 CHRIST shall to him his holy Spirit give,
That he, new-born, may a new creature live;
CHRIST shall quite change, and mould the man anew,
From a rash rebel to a subject true,
- 4 He gives his grace, our gloomy minds to light—
He gives his Word, to make us walk aright—
To rule us, he his holy Spirit grants—
He gives himself, to make up all our wants.
- 5 So that no soul in CHRIST can well believe,
Who shall not grace and strength from him receive,
To emulate the conduct of the just,
If right his faith, and confident his trust.
- 6 The grace of God, and a supernal pow'r,
Faith plucks from heav'n—to make a man give o'er,
And thoroughly abhor his evil ways,
And lead a life of virtue all his days.
- 7 Unless thy faith extorts this grace divine,
And makes the renovated creature shine,
It is in vain;—it answers to no end,
Unless it serves thy errors to amend.

- 8 A lively faith doth grace from CHRIST attract,
And strength to put thy theory in act :
All it's old sins it utterly forsakes,
And of th' whole man a renovation makes,
- 9 Howe'er corrupt the nature that's in thee —
However weak thy intellects may be —
Believe in CHRIST, invoke his holy name,
And, when he pleases, he can change the same.
- 10 Although the Jailer was a sinful soul —
Though *Paul* was, once, as sinful, on the whole —
And though *Manasses* was still worse agen —
Yet they, thro' CHRIST, were made quite diff'rent men
- 11 So can he make of thee, thou sinful soul !
Although by nature reprobate and foul,
A perfect saint—if thou in him wilt place
Thy trust—thereby to get his aid and grace.
- 12 CHRIST, that great persecutor *Paul*, reform'd,
And to a glorious preacher soon transform'd !
The woman too, of bad report and fame,
From a mere raven, a white dove became.
- 13 Believe in CHRIST with heart sincerely true,
And he'll thy mind and manners form anew —
Christians he'll make out of a fiend-like race,
And of the foe of God, a child of grace.
- 14 Presume not, then, that thy belief is right,
If CHRIST thy nature has not alter'd quite :
For CHRIST a total change of manners gives
To each, that faithfully in him believes.
- 15 Behold *Zaccheus*, *Magdalene* and *Paul* !
You soon shall see that CHRIST will change them all :
Their morals all at once are strictly just,
As soon as they in JESUS place their trust.
- 16 Tho' in the morning, *Saul* did all he cou'd,
Like a fierce wolf, to shed the Christian's blood ;
Yet

- Yet, soon as he believ'd, this wolf became,
By noon, that very day, a perfect lamb.
- 17 Before *Zaccheus* was a Christian made,
To rob the needy, was his daily trade;
But, when he once believ'd, he gave the poor
The greatest part of what he gain'd before.
- 18 Though *Magdalene* was once a reprobate,
And finn'd, e'er she believ'd at any rate,
Yet afterwards a virtuous life she led,
And was declar'd a saint, when she was dead.
- 19 So shalt thou ev'ry vicious habit leave,
When thou shalt once unto thy SAVIOUR cleave,
For, 'till there is this reformation wrought,
Thy faith can only a mere whim be thought.
- 20 Faith, unaccompanied by works, is dead——
A formless faith,—a trunk without a head——
A faith, that blinds—a false, fallacious faith——
A faith, that leads the ready way to death!
- 21 There is no fire, without attending heat——
There is no water—but it must be wet——
There's no good vine—but is with clusters crown'd;
No lively faith, without its fruits are found!
- 22 Shou'd any one affirm, that he believes,
And yet repents not—he himself deceives;
His faith is nought but froth—or, at the most,
All his belief is but an idle boast.
- 23 There is no true believer can do less,
Than mend his morals, and his lusts suppress;
Because that CHRIST to all believers gives
His holy Spirit to amend their lives.
- 24 Be not deceiv'd, thou sinner most obscene,
Where there is faith, there holy lives are seen:
For if thy faith is worthy to be known,
By it's good works let it be plainly shown.

- 25 If in thy faith there does no life appear,
If it no grace, in word and work, does bear,
'Tis but the name of faith upon the whole—
A faith, that never can preserve thy soul!
-

Advice to avoid bad Company.

- 1 **W**Hoever a religious life wou'd live,
Submissive to the will of his dread Sire,
He first of all most earnestly must strive
From all bad conversation to retire.
- 2 He must no more with debauchees consort,
But quit them all without regret or pain;
As *Moses* quitted the *Egyptian* court,
And *Lot* and *Abraham* the *Chaldean* plain.
- 3 As weeds are known to choak the rising grain—
As vinegar the sweetest milk will spoil—
As pitch, if touch'd, is apt thy clothes to stain—
So vicious converse will thy morals soil.
- 4 Beware the serpent's sting—or thou shalt smart—
And from the plague, lest it shou'd kill thee, run—
And if Salvation thou hast much at heart,
With equal care all wicked converse shun.
- 5 From *Sodom*, like another Patriarch, fly—
Haste from the idle and the vile away—
All faunt'ers quit—preserve thy soul, and try
To leave the faithless folk without delay.
- 6 Whilst *Moses* stay'd amongst th' *Egyptian* race,
Whilst *Abraham* sojourn'd with the *Syrian* crew,
The **LORD** ne'er deign'd to manifest his grace,
'Till they aloof from such vile men withdrew.
- 7 The sons of Satan, and their friendships, flee,
Soon as thou canst, if thou art truly wise;
For there can never any concord be,
Between the sons of hell, and of the skies.

- 8 The conversation therefore of the wise,
The good, and blameless, eagerly pursue;
For they will teach thee how to mount the skies,
To know thy God, and pay him rev'rence due.
- 9 Whilst *Saul* the steps of *Samuel* pursu'd,
A saint he grew, who was a fiend before;
But when his vile acquaintance he renew'd,
The saint became a very fiend once more.
- 10 Follow a Prophet—he'll enlighten thee——
Follow a Rabbi—thou shalt walk by rule——
Follow a Saint—and thou a Saint shalt be——
Follow a Fool—and thou'lt be still a Fool——
- 11 Upon thy knees without cessation pray,
That God to thee his secret paths wou'd show,
And turn thee from each cross and dang'rous way
Into the road, wherein he'd have thee go.
- 12 Until the SIRE of Light shall clear thine eye——
Until thy SAVIOUR shall thy soul renew——
The path of Life thou never canst espy;
No more than blind-men can the sunshine view.
- 13 Take thou th' ALMIGHTY's lantern in thy hand,
That it may always light thee on the road:
None shall attain unto the promis'd land,
Unless illumin'd by the Word of God.
- 14 Whate'er is by the Word enjoin'd, thee do;
And from whatever it forbids, refrain,
And it will clearly teach thee how to go,
Where thou shalt favour, life, and mercy gain.
- 15 Take heed, take special heed I thee require,
That thou dost not thy carnal will obey,
Nor live a slave unto thy heart's desire;
But as the Gospel's light shall point the way.
- 16 But, if thou art upon improvement bent,
Dost grace, and virtue, and salvation chuse——
Follow

- Follow the way thy blessed SAVIOUR went,
Nor the safe track, by him mark'd out, e'er lose ;
- 17 At first it is with difficulty past,
And by the carnal with reluctance trod ;
But 'twill be smooth and easy at the last,
And lead thee soon and safely to thy God,
- 18 The road to ruin, at the first, is plain,
And by all trav'lers easy to be found ;
But when the farthest end of it they gain,
There lies a gulph, most hideous and profound !
- 19 When virtue's path thou for a while hast try'd,
Do all thou canst to keep it still in fight,
Nor from it ever dare to turn aside,
'Till it has brought thee to the realms of light.
- 20 It nought avails thy journey to begin,
If thou returnest to thy sins again ;
No one the promis'd Crown shall ever win,
Who does not faithful, unto death, remain.
- 21 Judas and † Saul, their course in haste begun,
As Demas did, who chose this present world ;
Yet, as they fail'd, before the race was run,
They three were to th' infernal prison hurl'd,
- 22 Follow thy SAVIOUR, both in deed and word,
And tread the path, which he himself once trode,
Perform with zeal the mandates of the LORD,
And never deviate from the sacred road.

The LAMENTATION of a Sinner.

- 1 **O** God of Mercy, deign to hear
My plaint, and lend a gracious ear !
A sinner, in a piteous case,
Implores thy pardon and thy grace,

† King Saul

2 Although

- 2 Although, I fear I've anger'd thee,
My gracious SIRE ! to that degree,
That, stung by conscience, to the skies
I dare not lift my downcast eyes :
- 3 But, like the Publican, I bow
My head, in penitence, full low,
And though chief of the sinful crew,
Most humbly for thy favour sue——
- 4 And I presume this suit to make,
Not for my own, but for CHRIST's sake,
Who suffer'd, on th' accursed tree,
Unutterable pain for me——
- 5 And if I can no pardon gain
By virtue of His woes and pain.
I must to hell directly go,
That region of eternal woe !
- 6 E'en from my infancy I've been
The child of wrath, and plung'd in sin,
And to thy law no heed I gave,
But liv'd to ev'ry vice a slave.
- 7 Thy name, O Lord, I oft blasphem'd
And oft the Scriptures madly blam'd,
I ne'er the glorious Gospel priz'd,
But as an old wife's tale despis'd.
- 8 By the most precious Blood that stream'd
From CHRIST, whereby I was redeem'd,
By day and night I often swore,
Regardless of the pains he bore.
- 9 Thy Sabbaths I profanely spent
In riot and vain merriment,
Or, which is worse, in drunkenness,
And ev'ry blameable excess.
- 10 When other folks, of all degrees,
Were night and morning on their knees——

- I, woe is me ! in idle play,
In some by-corner, pass'd the day.
- 11 Though sweet as honey, is thy word
To ev'ry pious soul, O LORD !
Yet, to my taste, 'twas bitterer far
Than nauseous draughts of wormwood are.
- 12 Lewdness and lust I follow'd long,
Like one of that polluted throng,
Which in *Gomorrab* liv'd of yore,
'Till I was even at death's door.
- 13 I drank my glass, carous'd, and jok'd,
And all day long tobacco smok'd,
As if for that alone I liv'd;
For which I now am sadly griev'd.
- 14 My youth in vanity and pride,
And in a thousand sins beside,
I totally contriv'd to spend,
Regardless of my latter end —
- 15 And now that solemn scene draws nigh,
Not one jot better yet am I,
Than (if I must avow the truth)
I was e'en in the heat of youth.
- 16 I've therefore often wonder'd, how
Thou so much lenity did show,
And how her jaws th' earth did not ope,
To swallow me, like *Dathan*, up.
- 17 There's scarce a single act of wrong,
Or crimes, the list of crimes among,
Which I, alas ! did not plunge in,
Immers'd up to the very chin.
- 18 Hadst thou not been by nature kind,
And to compassion much inclin'd,
To Hell I had e'er this been thrown,
There in fierce flames to make my moan.

- 19 O LORD I frankly own to thee,
That I have long deserv'd to be
Depriv'd quite of the vital air :
So num'rous my transgressions are!
- 20 And wast thou not O GOD, most high !
So wond'rous good and gracious, I
Had thought my load too great to bear
And been, like *Cain*, urg'd to despair.
- 21 Yet hence I comfort do receive,
When nothing else can comfort give,
That greater is thy mercy, far,
Then all my foul offences are.
- 22 For though they be in number more
Than are the sands upon the shore,
Yet is thy mercy much more wide,
Than is the earth-surrounding tide.
- 23 I, therefore, trust that where sin reign'd
And over me a conquest gain'd,
E'en there thy free celestial grace,
Shall conquer all that's in me base.
- 24 O GOD thou hast most gracious been,
And pardon'd many a heinous sin ;
Then be not more severe to me,
Though sinful to the last degree.
- 25 For when the *Ninevites* erst quitted
The countless sins they had committed,
Although their vices were so great,
Yet they with grace became replete.
- 26 Although *Manasses* was of yore
So vile—his like was not before—
Yet he thy gracious pardon gain'd,
When from his vices he refrain'd.
- 27 The royal prophet *David* too,
Although his sins were not a few,

Yet when he humbly cry'd to thee,
Was, by thy grace, from sin set free.

28 And likewise *Mary Magdalene*,
Tho' long a most notorious quean,
Was, for the copious tears she shed,
By thy all-gracious favour fre'd.

29 And the young Prodigal of old,
(When he had all his substance sold)
Thro' grace obtain'd, thy will obey'd;
Tho' he so long the fool had play'd.

30 I therefore hopes have entertain'd,
Tho' I have thy displeasure gain'd,
That I thy favour shall again,
For my REDEEMER's sake, obtain.

31 With earnest, mournful, piteous cries,
With bleeding heart and streaming eyes,
For JESUS' sake, both night and day,
I humbly for forgiveness pray.

32 Remember, LORD! and bear in mind
That JESUS, my REDEEMER kind,
His heart's blood offer'd up for me,
As an atonement unto thee.

33 Remember too, that then He bore
Fierce pains for me, and anguish fore,
Nay, death, and all the pangs severe,
Which I myself deserv'd to bear.

34 Then, for His passion's sake, forgive,
And to thy mercy me receive——
And for his Sweat and Suff'ring's sake
No other satisfaction take.

35 But freely now, whilst yet I live,
Forgive my sins, O God! forgive——
And head and heels, O plunge me, o'er,
In CHRIST's all-cleansing precious gore!

36 Although

- 36 Although my sins are deeply grain'd,
As if they were with scarlet stain'd,
One drop of that, those stains will clear,
And make them white as lawn appear.
- 37 I therefore place my confidence
In CHRIST's blood and benevolence,
In hopes that I, without annoy
May be receiv'd to endless joy.——
- 38 And led to CHRIST in Paradise
Above the earth and nether skies,
To have my share of all the good,
Which He has purchas'd with His blood —
- 39 Into which ever-blissful place,
May GOD, of his abundant grace,
Conduct us all ; there to adore
Him, for His mercy, evermore !
-

Godly Exhortations to a CHILD.

- 1 **M**Y dearest child, to me draw near,
Unto my precepts lend an ear,
And, all thy life, to them attend,
If thou wou'dst unto GOD ascend.
- 2 Thy GOD, whilst thou hast being, fear,
Ever his awful name revere,
With all thy heart obey his will,
His Gospel hear, his laws fulfil,
- 3 Still let the Word of GOD preside
Both as thy counsellor and guide,
Let it thy conduct wholly sway,
Whatever thou dost do, or say.
- 4 Be it a lamp—thy path to light——
Thy tutor—to direct thee right,
To take thee from all ill away,
And lead thee to the source of day.

- 5 Do nothing, be it small, or great,
According to thy own conceit:
For sin thy nature has deprav'd,
'Till thou, thro' grace, again art sav'd.
- 6 Strive then thy wayward will to rein
Since virtue is to it a pain,
And 'till by GOD's Word, thou'rt set right,
It still in evil takes delight.
- 7 Of sin, however small, take heed;
Beneath her robe a sting is hid:
Short pleasures bring a long regret,
Sin owes to death a certain debt.
- 8 If *Adam* did endure so much,
Who only did one apple touch:
What punishment must they sustain,
Who all their lives in sin remain?
- 9 If thou, to err, dost once begin,
Beware, lest thou again shou'dst sin:
No price for the least sin is known,
Besides the blood of CHRIST alone.
- 10 Once free from sin, pollution shun,
Nor dog-like to thy vomit run,
Or like to hogs, which tho' wash'd clean,
To their lov'd mire return agen.
- 11 If *Moses*, from the promis'd land,
Was for a single sin restrain'd;
They sure who've sinn'd a thousand times,
Must forfeit heaven for their crimes.
- 12 Worse than a serpent, pride detest;
Who soars too high, shall be deprest:
Disgrace attends the haughty stride,
And sudden slips the foot of pride.
- 13 If for his pride th' archangel fell
From Heaven, to th' abyss of Hell

Where

Where shall we, dust and dirt be tost,
If we our self-importance boast?

- 14 Never defile thy neighbour's bed,
To such crimes, fools alone are led :
For he that treads on glowing coals,
Must needs expect to burn his soles.
- 15 If *Pharoah*, for that sin did smart,
Who only lusted in his heart
For *Abraham's* wife—what griev'ous pain
Must they, who've done the deed, sustain?
- 16 Swear not by God's tremendous name,
All causeless oaths from Satan came :
The curse of God, like smoak will fill
The house, wherein men God revile.
- 17 If king *Senacherib* was slain,
Because he took God's name in vain :
How can the Christian 'scape from ill,
Who shall *CHRIST*, and his blood revile?
- 18 Observe with awe, the Seventh day,
Attend the church—hear, watch and pray —
Thy God invoke—thy pot forsake—
Nor the fiend's feast, the Sabbath make.
- 19 For if our God the man did slay,
Who gather'd wood upon that day,
Their bones shall He not rather break ,
Who spend it worse than all the week?
- 20 No portion of thy tithes detain,
Nor from thy offerings refrain;
Thou robbest an avenging God,
If thou committest any fraud.
- 21 Who robs his God, shall feel his curse;
For he, who tythes by fraud or force
With holds, does heaven's blessings stop,
And hinders th' earth to yield it's crop.

- 22 Think drunkenness thy greatest foe ;
No drunkard shall to Heaven go:
Hell opes her jaws, and yawns amain,
The bloated brute to entertain.
- 23 If *Esau* was reproach'd of old,
Who for a mess his birthright sold :
What keen reproaches shall he hear,
Who sells his soul, and heav'n, for beer?
- 24 Nor churl, nor usurer, e'er be ;
Churls are the stewards of the free :
What fathers hoard thro' avarice,
Their lavish heirs spend in a trice.
- 25 Sooner a camel to and fro,
May thro' a small-ey'd needle go,
Than misers cruel, and unkind,
To heaven can an entrance find.
- 26 To grind the poor, be thou afraid ;
CHRIST is a justice can't be sway'd :
To rob them, whosoever tries,
Flies in his SAVIOUR's face and eyes.
- 27 *Ahab*, because (altho' in vain),
He *Naboth's* vineyard sought to gain,
Soon found his error to his cost,
His children slain, his kingdom lost !
- 28 If *Dives* fell to Satan's pow'r,
Who his own goods deny'd the poor ;
Where shall the wealthy churls be thrown,
Who strip the poor, of all they own.
- 29 Take heed of theft, of fraud take heed,
No real gains can thence proceed :
Where-e'er they are, there's always loss,
The curse of God, and ev'ry cross.
- 30 If none of *Achan's* race were left,
Who only hid a trivial theft ;

W'on't

- W'on't God his wrath on them pour down,
Who rob the poor, of all they own ?
- 31 Keep not (or thou shalt suffer for't)
Unequal weights, or measure short :
For odious, in th' Almighty's sight,
Is the false scale, and scanty weight.
- 32 Whate'er a man thro' fraud obtains,
Or by an unjust balance gains,
Into a ragged bag is plac'd,
And, thro' the bottom, runs to waste.
- 33 Touch not, whate'er thou dost, a bribe ;
'Twill eat thee up, with all thy tribe,
And will not leave a mite, among
Thy race, that did to thee belong.
- 34 The leprosy *Gebazi* caught,
Amongst the clothes he so much sought ;
So bribes will, 'tis as plain a case !
Undo a man, and all his race.
- 35 Beware of lying, whilst on earth ;
The Serpent gave to lying birth :—
The truth, and nought but truth, still tell,
Lies owe their origin to hell !
- 36 If *Ananias* quickly di'd,
Because he to the Spirit li'd,
And, with his wife, met a swift fate ;
Still, whilst we live, let's lying hate.
- 37 For his defects, no one miscall
(God is the Maker of us all !
Or fool, or blind, or hunch'd, or lame,
Who man reviles, reviles God's name.
- 38 If CHRIST will doom him to hell's pool,
Who only calls his brother, fool :
The man, who calls his parents names,
Must sure be doom'd to fiercer flames !

- 39 Wou'dst thou the Son of God be stil'd ?
Ne'er ill for ill return, my child !
Aid, and assist thy greatest foe,
Nor harm to any mortal do.
- 40 For, pray, what diff'rence canst thou shew,
Betwixt the Christian, and the Jew,
If 'tis allow'd thee to requite
Evil for evil, spite for spite ?
- 41 No mischief do, in hopes to find
Thy JUDGE compassionate and kind ;
Or thou no favour shalt obtain,
But be consign'd to endless pain.
- 42 If in the presence of the LORD,
We must account for each vain word :
How shall we answer, O my soul !
For each bad deed, and bargain foul ?
- 43 None of the goodly gifts abuse
Which God has given to thy use,
The day will come when thou must give
Account, for all thou didst receive.
- 44 If CHRIST cast him to gloom profound,
Who hid his talent under-ground :
Where shall each simple sot be sent,
Who principal, and all, has spent ?
- 45 Be still prepar'd — to day! — to night! —
Thy lamp well fill'd — thy garments white —
Come to thy JUDGE in trim array ;
To-morrow next may be the day !
- 46 If CHRIST, the gate so quickly barr'd
'Gainst those, who were almost prepar'd ;
How can they hope for entrance there,
Whone'er, since they were born, took care ?
- 47 Lay ev'ry idle sport aside,
And think what may thy soul betide :

We

- We all in haste from hence must go—
Or to the realms of bliss, or woe.
- 48 If no one shall to heaven go,
Who strives not, all he can, to do :
How shall the man, who wou'd go there,
Whilst he's asleep, or playing.—fare ?
- 49 None, e'er they've run, the prize obtain—
None, e'er they've serv'd, their wages gain—
None, heav'n can earn, e'er they fulfill;
First here on earth, their MAKER's will.
- 50 CHRIST, will on none the crown bestow,
Who has not fought, and foil'd his foe ;
Nor will He ever give to any,
Who have not labor'd here, a penny.
- 51 It nought avails to cry LORD ! LORD !
Heav'n is not got by one vague word :
But men must like true Christians live,
E'er they to Heaven can arrive.
- 52 I therefore, ev'ry soul advise
That wou'd ascend the distant skies,
To live a life that's good and pure,
His own salvation to secure !
- 53 Shou'd any ask, Who wrote this song ?
Say, 'Twas a swain, who much did long
(By such advice as this) to sleep
From Hell's abyfs his heedless theep,

A D V I C E to a Y O U T H.

- 1 **D**EAR child! thy letter came to me,
Replete with sense and piety,
Which begs that my Advice I'd give,
How thou may'st as a Christian live.
- 2 It is a sign of grace to find
A lad so young, so well inclin'd

To

To know GOD's word—to learn the same—
The flesh, and all it's lusts to tame.

- 3 These good desires to gratify,
Take this sincere advice from me,
And let it all thy steps attend
From childhood to thy latter end.
- 4 Remember in the bloom of youth,
To serve the LORD thy GOD in Truth,
And thy CREATOR to adore,
E'er age shall have impair'd thy pow'r.
- 5 Begin, e'er thou dost older grow,
Thy SAVIOUR and thy GOD to know,
His Statutes keep, his Word desire ;
So shall thy age Respect acquire.
- 6 Thy vessel, whilst it yet is new,
In the pure wine of faith imbue :—
So shall a sweet perfume attend
Thy virtuous life unto it's end.
- 7 Deep in thy youthful bosom place
The seeds of ev'ry Christian grace ;
Lest the fiend's tares therein shou'd breed,
As 'twas not sown with virtue's seed.
- 8 Endeavour soon a bloom to show ;
As forward almonds early blow :
The tree, that flow'rs not in the spring,
Will never fruit in autumn bring.
- 9 GOD does from all his sons demand
The earliest produce of the land,
But with abhorrence and distaste
Rejects the second, and the last.
- 10 To thy CREATOR therefore strive
The first fruits of thy strength to give ;
And ne'er thy time absurdly spend,
To pleasure the infernal fiend.

- 11 Give not to him the wine's first run,
The dregs to CHRIST, when that is done,
Nor with thy strength the tempter please,
Whilst nought remains for God, but lees.
- 12 Curs'd is the fool, that gives the foe
The prime of all his life below,
And his REDEEMER fain wou'd please,
With feeble age, and wan disease.
- 13 Beware of sin, whilst yet a child ;
Whoe'er admits it, is defil'd,
'Twill to a second nature go,
And worse and worse thou'lt daily grow.
- 14 If thou art us'd, whilst young, to vice,
And early dost thy God despise ;
When old, to leave it, will be quite
As hard, as 'tis to make black, white.
- 15 Give then, whilst young, thy very soul
And body too, without controul,
To serve thy MAKER, and to fight
Against the foe with all thy might.
- 16 Like *Daniel*, whilst thou yet art young,
Avoid all liquors that are strong :
To dainty food be not inclin'd,
But fix on God alone thy mind.
- 17 Like *Samuel* learn, whilst but a boy,
To stand before thy God with joy.
And list to what thy gracious LORD
Shall tell thee in his written word.
- 18 Like young *Josiah* tread aright,
Tho' thou shou'dst be no more than † eight,
Unto the law, attention give,
Fear God, and as his servant, live.
- 19 Like *Timothy*, the scriptures learn,
E'en from thy youth, and thou'lt discern

† Eight Years old.

That

- That they will make thee wondrous wife,
And to the height of virtue rise.
- 20 Like CHRIST, to church each Sabbath go
With them, to whom thou life dost owe,
And, when as yet scarce twelve years old,
Debates with learned Doctors hold.
- 21 Hear thou the law—the Gospel hear—
And well in mind both of them bear—
Then strive to live exceeding close
Unto the rules, prescrib'd by those.
- 22 Thou dost in a drear gloom reside ;
Take then God's Word thy feet to guide :
Without the Gospel's Light none yet
Did ever into heaven get.
- 23 Though God above thou canst not see,
Yet in his word he talks to thee,
And shews thee, thence, his sacred will,
Which he enjoins thee to fulfil.
- 24 Consult the sacred page, and see,
What is therein commanded thee,
And do, whate'er God wou'd have done;
What he forbids thee, let alone.
- 25 Take heed by thee, that e'en the least
Of God's commands be not transgress'd:
Death for the least offence is due,
God's curse and endless woes ensue.
- 26 For ev'ry crime by mortals done
Our righteous JUDGE insists upon
The death of him, who did the deed—
Or CHRIST must suffer in his stead.
- 27 Where thou a thousand times hast swerv'd
From God, and death as oft deserv'd—
Repent as oft, and sin no more,
And pardon from thy God implore.

- 28 Confess thy sins, both great and small—
Unto thy God confess them all—
And thy past vanities bemoan.
And God will pardon ev'ry one.
- 29 Of all thy former sins repent,
And of thy youth in error spent :
If tears thou dost not for them shed,
They'll pull God's judgement on thy head.
- 30 *Ephraim*, 'till of his sins ashamed, *Jer. xxxi. 19. 204*
And *David*, 'till he sore exclaim'd.
Against them, cou'd no pardon gain :
Neither shalt thou, 'till then, obtain.
- 31 Until to-morrow ne'er delay,
Lest Death shou'd drag thee hence away
This night, asleep, unto thy doom,
When there's for penitence no room.
- 32 Myriads of heedless striplings lye
In hell, who were resolv'd to try
Repentance, when old age once came,
But ne'er found leisure to reclaim.
- 33 Now, of thy sins repent with sorrow,
We know not who may live to-morrow :
A gift, when offer'd, don't disdain,
Lest thou shou'dst ne'er be ask'd again :
- 34 And as thou dost transgress each day,
Each evening for remission pray :
Lest, making water very fast,
The unpump'd ship shou'd sink at last.
- 35 When once thou'rt from pollution clean,
Let not thy feet be foul'd agen,
Nor to the mire run with the hog,
Nor to his vomit with the dog.
- 36 But strive a different life to lead,
And in the paths of virtue tread,

And

And wisely aim thy span to spend,
In holy fear, unto it's end.

- 37 Be it thy task, both night and day,
Upon thy knees, to God to pray;
Nor let one sun thy head pass o'er,
Wherein thou dost not God adore:
- 38 And thy devotion to assist,
Whereby thou may'st the flesh resist,
The law of God take, for thy guide
His holy Spirit, for thy aid.
- 39 The Word of God is mighty strong,
To bring those back, that have gone wrong,
And sense and wisdom to impart
Unto the young and simple heart.
- 40 Whate'er the law enjoins thee, do——
Whate'er advice it gives, pursue;——
For if thou shalt the law fulfil,
Thou shalt surpass thy Teacher's skill.
- 41 Hold fast, with all thy force, in it,
And to it's yoke thy neck submit—
'Twill bring thee honor, grace, regard—
“ In keeping it there's great reward.”
- 42 If 'tis thy custom, in thy prime,
To pass, in pious sort, thy time,
'Twill be thy pleasure and thy joy,
Thy days thus ever to employ.
- 43 Honour thy father's God, and he
In kind return will honour thee :
But if thou shou'dst his law neglect,
He with contempt will thee reject.
- 44 Respect him in thy younger years,
And he'll respect thy hoary hairs,
And bid the birds thy victuals bear,
E'er thou shou'dst want them, thro' the air.

45 Thou

- 45 Thou never to this world wast sent,
Thy carnal senses to content;
But to adore the LORD most high,
As angels do above the sky.
- 46 When from thy bed thou first does rise
Remember him, who rules the skies,
Nor from thy chamber stir abroad
'Till thou hast first ador'd thy GOD.
- 47 However great thy task may be,
Thy business, or necessity,
To neither of them all attend,
E'er thou hast made thy GOD thy friend.
- 48 No peace, no comfort, no success,
Shall e'er be there, nor happiness,
Where various toils and cares abound,
But no regard for GOD is found.
- 49 Though *Daniel* highly was employ'd,
And a great monarch's smiles enjoy'd,
Yet in his closet, thrice a day,
He fell upon his knees to pray,
- 50 When to thy business thou dost fall,
Let it be great, let it be small,
Entreat of GOD thy work to bless,
And crown thy labours with success.
- 51 As GOD, of old, his blessings shed
On youthful *Joseph*'s favour'd head;
So will he prosper thee, and thine,
If thou'lt implore his aid divine.
- 52 Whate'er thou dost, or good or ill,
Where-e'er thou art, He sees thee still;
GOD ev'ry act of thine doth 'spy:
Sin not before his piercing eye.
- 53 To others, let each good be done,
Which thou wou'dst to thyself have shown.

To others, no worse measure use,
Than thou thyself from them wou'dst chuse.

54 Do nothing, howsoever mov'd,
That is not by thy God approv'd :
Do nought, for which thou shame must fear,
When forc'd in judgment to appear.

55 No God, besides the true God, own,
Serve him with care, and him alone,
Invoke him, magnify him still,
And he'll protect thee from each ill.

56 Ne'er take thy MAKER's name in vain,
But from that fatal sin refrain :
For he shall ne'er be guiltless thought,
Who is addicted to that fault.

57 In holiness each Sabbath spend,
From the beginning to the end,
And do not the least part allow
Of the LORD's day, to serve the foe.

58 Be, to thy parents, honour paid,
Give them respect, and ev'ry aid ;
So shall thy days be here increas'd,
And thou be in thy children blest'd.

59 Take heed, lest thou shou'dst disrespect,
Or cast them down—for all expect,
To see the daughter, or the son,
That disobey their will undone.

60 Of foul adultery, beware——
To keep thy vessel pure, take care——
And let not (for the wealth of Rome)
CHRIST's members a vile whore's become.

61 Be to thy lawful consort true,
With no one else have ought to do,
Nor of the spirit's temple dare
To make the fiend's unhallow'd lair,

- 62 For heaven's sake avoid excess,
And the vile sin of drunkenness,
Which to a fiend does man transmute,
Or worse, much worse, than any brute.
- 63 Each fellow-creature still, no less
Than thy own self, love and care,
And let no harm by thee be done
In thought, word, deed, to any one.
- 64 To all the world be strictly just,
And be sincere in all thou dost:
For no man's sake be thou so mad
To do the thing which God forbid.
- 65 Still by the laws directions go,
In ev'ry thing thou hast to do:
No work can ever perfect be,
That does not with the law agree.
- 66 Reflect my dear, thou art not sure
Thy life shall, through this day, endure:
As guiltless let it then be past,
As if it were to be thy last.

A D V I C E to serve G O D.

- 1 **A**LL, who wou'd ease and happiness obtain,
And wish in health and wealth and peace to live,
Must, whilst they in this vale of tears remain,
To serve their God with all their spirit strive.
- 2 Whoe'er besides wou'd covet to escape
Losses, calamity, and urgent woe,
Danger, disease, adversity, mishap;
Let them to serve their God devoutly go.
- 3 Each man alive shou'd his CREATOR serve—
And serve him faithfully—with all his heart
From his commandments he shou'd never swerve,
Nor ever from his sacred will depart.

- 4 Of all the works we do—to serve the LORD,
Is the most needful, and by much the best—
It always does the surest gains afford,
And brings in greater int'rest than the rest.
- 5 That's the sole work, which was ordain'd for men,
E'er God first form'd them in their mothers womb—
That is the work, they must account for, when
They stand before him on the day of doom.
- 6 To hear the word—to keep the law aright—
The Gospel-doctrine fully to believe—
To live according to it's glorious light—
Is all the service God wou'd fain receive.
- 7 To do, whatever is by God enjoin'd—
Whatever he forbids thee, to eschew—
His Word to study with an humble mind—
Is the true service God wou'd have thee do.
- 8 Two sorts of services the LORD demands
From ev'ry one, that bears a Christian name:
A right belief he claims at all their hands—
With morals free from all offence and blame.
- 9 With true devotion, we must serve the LORD,
Whether in public to his courts we come—
Or whether he be privately ador'd
By us, in a domestic way, at home.
- 10 When in the temple openly we pray,
We must with reverence perform our parts.
And join our brethren on each Sabbath day,
With notes united, and united hearts.
- 11 But when at other times, throughout the week,
You pray with your own family at home,
Or hear his Word, or call upon him, seek
Some sequester'd retreat, or private room.
- 12 God with a moral mind must be ador'd,
And with a truly Christian awe obey'd:—
Where'er.

- Where'er you are, you still must serve the LORD;
 Whilst life yet lasts, this homage must be paid.
- 13 With wary circumspection we must tread,
 According as his holy law directs——
 Not as our own imaginations lead,
 If we wou'd worship God as he expects.
- 14 Our lives in virtuous actions we must spend,
 And do whate'er is pleasing in his sight,
 E'er we unto the dreary grave descend;
 If we wou'd serve our heav'nly Sire aright.
- 15 Who serves not God with all the zeal he can,
 And with a faith, consistent with his word——
 Let him e'en do his best—yet still that man
 Can never by his actions please the Lord.
- 16 God from each Christian all his heart expects,
 And what demeanour he wou'd have, directs:
 He must be serv'd with all the soul and mind,
 And with the strength of all his limbs combin'd.
- 17 Make an oblation of thyself entire
 To God—thy body, as a victim meet——
 Then offer up thy soul unto thy Sire,
 To make the sacrifice still more complete.
- 18 CHRIST purchas'd (when he hung upon the tree)
 Both soul and body with his precious gore;
 And that's the reason he expects, that we
 With both united shou'd his name adore.
- 19 Our gracious FATHER, and ALMIGHTY LORD,
 No partial, half-fac'd, worship will allow;
 But must by all his servants be ador'd
 With all their pow'rs of mind and body too.
- 20 The SIRE of mercy is a spirit bless'd,
 Therefore with spirit and with mind sincere,
 And inward truth, he still must be address'd,
 And with a heart from all pollution clear,

DIVINE POEMS..

117

- 21 In vain, are Pater-nosters hurry'd o'er—
In vain, the outward man his prayers says—
In vain, the lips their well-form'd accents pour,
Unless the inward heart in spirit prays..
- 22 In any one, whom we a Christian call
There's not (without, within,) a single part,
But God expects, he shou'd devote it all
Unto his service—e'en his very heart !
- 23 Although the Devil sometimes is content
To take a portion of the heart or soul ;
Yet CHRIST, our SAVIOUR, never will consent
To take a part, unless he has the whole..
- 24 Devote thy soul, his holy name to bless,
Let it exult, and joy in him alone—
Devote thy spirit, freely to confess,
What mighty things he for thy sake has done.
- 25 Set thy affections on the things above,
And let thy thoughts still in those realms abide,
Where nought terrestrial can divert thy love,
And thou must to eternity reside.
- 26 Devote thy body and it's members all
To thy CREATOR's service, and adore
With all united, whether great or small,
And with due rites the everlasting pow'r..
- 27 Devote thy heart, to worship and to love
The LORD—let it invariably adhere
Unto the great and glorious God above
With perfect trust, and confidence sincere..
- 28 Devote thy tongue, to praise his holy name
With all it's might, either by night or day,
And his unbounded goodness to proclaim :
In ev'ry place, whereto thou goest, pray.
- In 29 Devote thine eyes to look upon him still—
Let them, unwear'd, on the LORD attend,

And

- And lift them up unto the sacred hill,
Whence all thy comfort, all thy joys descend.
- 30 Devote with reverence thy ready ear,
His word, his will, and his commands to take—
And with attention unremitted, hear
The promises, the sacred pages make.
- 31 Devote thy hands, with commendable zeal,
To ev'ry work that's excellent and good,
And to thy needy neighbours freely deal
A share, of what thy God on thee bestow'd.
- 32 Devote thy knees, their Maker to adore,
And with unfeign'd respect before him bend—
Ascribing, when thou dost his aid implore,
To him all might, and glory without end.
- 33 Devote thy feet, his blessed paths to trace,
And walk with wary steps in his wise law :
Enter with reverence his holy place,
And come unto his courts with pious awe.
- 34 Devote thy soul—devote thy utmost might—
Devote thy body—and thy heart devote—
And all that is within thee, day and night,
To praise the Deity with cheerful note.
- 35 Honour and glory, never-failing wealth,
Peace, and prosperity of ev'ry kind,
Just exaltation, length of days, and health,
All men, who serve their God aright, shall find.
- 36 If thou, to worship God, shalt never cease,
Come, what will come, and go, where thou wilt go,
Yet shalt thou live in plenty, and in peace,
In spite of all that's done by ev'ry foe.
- 37 Whate'er thou dost, in country, or in town,
The Lord himself will all thy labours bless,
And, if thou payest him due homage, crown
All that thou hast on earth with great success.

- 38 Full shall thy house be—fertile ev'ry field—
Grief and misfortune thou shalt never know—
And much increase thy flocks and vines shall yield,
If thou to God shalt due submission show.
- 39 God gave thee Reason, and with wond'rous pow'r,
In his own likeness form'd with plaistic hand;
Thou'rt therefore bound his wisdom to adore,
Who so surprizingly thy members plann'd.
- 40 CHRIST bought thee with his blood from Satan's pow'r
It was not gold, which thy salvation wrought:
Thou therefore must with zeal the Lord adore,
Because thou at so great a price wert bought.
- 41 God satisfy'd thy craving soul with bread,
From thy formation to the present hour:—
*Thou'rt therefore bound because thou thus wert fed,
Thy benefactor ever to adore.
- 42 Thou, at the Font, didst promise to obey,
And serve with readiness and truth, the Lord;
If then thou from the Christian faith thou'dst stray,
Thou'rt perjur'd, having broke thy plight'd word.
- 43 God, ev'ry creature in the earth and seas
Created for thy use—thou'rt therefore bound
To worship him upon thy bended knees
From whom so many favours thou hast found.
- 44 God caus'd the visible creation here
A prompt obedience unto man to show,
That man, in turn, as ready might appear,
To worship God, whilst he resides below.
- 45 He, that forgets to pay this bounden debt,
In whate'er station he is plac'd below:
Does the most necessary work forget,
Which God appointed him, on earth, to do.
46. Heav'n, water, earth, and the angelic train;
Birds, fishes, beasts of ev'ry kind, agree,
With

- With ev'ry reptile crawling on the plain,
To praise their MAKER—each in it's degree;
- 47 Among the creatures, whether tame or wild,
Gentle or ravenous, there is not one,
That does not praise to it's CREATOR yield,
Mankind excepted, and the fiend alone.
- 48 It is a shame—it is a foul reproach,
To see each creature, howsoever despis'd,
With pure sincerity it's God approach,
Whilst He's by man himself so little priz'd!
- 49 O how shall man lift up his guilty head,
When CHRIST declares—"I never worse was serv'd
By any, than by man, for whom I shed
My precious blood, and by my death preserv'd!"
- 50 The obligation of each Christian's more,
And stronger is by far, on him, the tie,
With proper faith his MAKER to adore,
Than on ought else God form'd beneath the sky.
- 51 Unto the gloomy realms of endless woe,
None but the very worst of human-kind
Shall ever with the wily tempter go,
Who serv'd not God with an obedient mind.
- 52 Left thou, with Satan in the realms beneath,
Shou'dst broil in sulphur, and in quenchless flame,
Neglect not, 'till the fearful hour of death,
To serve thy God, and glorify his name.
- 53 *Enoch*, because he truly serv'd the LORD,
Never descended to the pit beneath—
But, in the flesh, to joys celestial soar'd,
Before he saw the dreary form of Death.
- 54 *Noah*, th' advantage of religion found,
When, in the ark, he and his house were kept
From danger safe—whilst all the world was drown'd,
And by the all-destroying deluge swept.

55 *Abraham,*

- 55 *Abraham*, with honour and with wealth was blest'd—
The favour of his God — and with a son —
And all the lands the *Canaanites* possess'd,
Because he serv'd the LORD, and him alone.
- 56 *Isaac*, because he worshipp'd God of old,
Each ev'ning, as he mus'd along the field,
Was blest'd with corn, above an hundred-fold;
Such vast return did his devotion yield!
- 57 *Joseph*, because the Deity he prais'd,
And wou'd not an adult'rous wife embrace,
Was from a dark and dismal dungeon rais'd,
And made chief ruler over *Egypt's* race.
- 58 *Joshua* too, that chieftain bold and great!
Because he cleav'd unto the LORD his God,
Did ev'ry army, he e'er fought with, beat —
And ev'ry land subdue, whereon he trod.
- 59 Of old, *Elisah* by the ravens cate
Was in the desert wond'rously preserv'd —
Then in a fiery chariot through the air
To heaven rap't — because his God he serv'd.
- 60 The three young captives, by their gracious SIRE,
Were from the glowing furnace fav'd of yore,
And walk'd unhurt, amidst the raging fire —
Because their God they in remembrance bore.
- 61 *Daniel*, who thrice a day his MAKER serv'd,
Retiring to his room God's name to blest,
Was from the lions' den unharm'd preserv'd,
And wonderfully sav'd, in his distress.
- 62 Who, to the only God, due homage paid,
That did not retribution full receive?
Who e'er his glory and his pow'r display'd,
To whom he did not wealth and honour give?
- 63 No one his temple door e'er enter'd yet,
To whom fit satisfaction was not made;

- No priest, the fire e'er on his altar lit,
That was not for the service amply paid.
- 64 No one a cup of water e'er did give
Unto the poor, for his REDEEMER'S sake,
Who shall not for't an hundred-fold receive,
And of the glories of his reign partake.
- 65 CHRIST is the best of Masters, to obey,
And therefore shou'd the greatest rev'rence claim——
CHRIST does the most, and surest wages pay
To all that faithfully invoke his name.
- 66 He is a Master, full of grace and might——
A Master, glorious, and immensely great——
A Master, that with mitres can requite
And sceptres, all those on his altars wait!——
- 67 A Master, by whose help they shall be plac'd
On thrones above—where peace and joys abound——
Where they shall be with endless glories grac'd,
And with felicity eternal crown'd!——
- 68 A Master, that will to each servant give
A glorious kingdom, and a golden crown,
With such great things as heart can ne'er conceive,
And such as never, here below, were known.
- 69 Who wou'd not, then, so kind a LORD regard,
And fall, upon his knees before him, down;
That gives each vot'ry such a vast reward,
So rich a kingdom, and so bright a crown!
- 70 Who wou'd not both the flesh and world despise?
Who wou'd not Satan and his arts oppose,
That does reflect, how vastly great the prize,
Which God to all his servants does propose?
- 71 Although no servant, for his labour done,
In strictness, ever yet, reward deserv'd,
Yet God has promis'd—of his grace alone——
A throne to each that has sincerely serv'd.

- 72 A slave to Satan, and a slave to sin,
A slave to death, and to the dreary grave,
Is ev'ry soul, that has in service been,
If he be not unto the LORD a slave.
- 73 When death shall come, that irritated pow'r!
To summon ev'ry servant to the grave——
Which will fare best, in that tremendous hour,
The slave unto the flesh or Jesus' slave?
- 74 When all the world, and all it's wealthy store,
Shall in consuming flames pass quite away——
Which will fare best, in that all-dreadful hour,
Who to the world, or CHRIST, their homage pay?
- 75 When all GOD's children shall the skies ascend,
And all the slaves of sin be thrust below:
What bitterness of soul must those attend,
Who to their LORD did no obedience show?
- 76 Better a single hour entirely lent
Unto the service of our blessed LORD,
Than a whole age in this world's service spent,
Which does no profit, or return afford.
- 77 In this world's service, we can nothing save,
But trouble, sorrow, discontent, and shame——
And must through life be cheated to the grave,
Leaving it naked, as we to it came.
- 78 How much soe'er we strive, the flesh to please,
We shall at last receive no greater gains
From carnal pleasures, indolence, and ease,
Than a short life, and everlasting pains.
- 79 Whenever we have any sin obey'd,
Though we shou'd serve it to our latest breath;
No other wages shall to us be paid,
For our long slavery, but shame and death.
- 80 By serving Satan, thou canst get no land,
Though he might kingdoms, to seduce thee, show;
For

- For he has not a foot at his command,
Besides the bottomless abyss of woe :
- 81 But from CHRIST's service, we shall surely gain
A glorious kingdom for our place of rest—
Where, through his favour, we shall ever reign
In endless joys and honour, with the blest.
- 82 Then let our ardor, whilst we live, appear,
And let us cheerfully, to serve him, go :
For He's the very best of Masters here,
And that's the very best of works below—
- 83 And let us strive to fight with ev'ry foe,
That fights with us, and stops us whilst we run
Our heav'ly race—or hinders us to do
The work, that's most expedient to be done.
- 84 O let us all, like workmen truly-wise,
Just, faithful, vigilant, and strictly-fair,
(Whilst yet the time of grace before us lies)
With readiness to serve the LORD repair !
- 85 For if we serve him not on earth, whilst yet
It is the time of grace—whilst yet 'tis day—
We shall be headlong hurl'd into the pit,
Our homage to the devil, there, to pay.
- 86 Then, as in hell each wretched sinner lies,
The folly he shall there too late repent,
That he so madly did his God despise,
Whilst so much time in sin he idly spent.
- 87 There shall he shed full many a bitter tear,
And cry aloud, through mere excess of pain ;
But shou'd he cry his eyes out, he shall ne'er
From Satan's clutches make escape again.
- 88 O, let us then, this very now, begin
To serve the LORD—whilst it to-day is call'd—
And bid a last adieu to ev'ry sin,
By which we hitherto have been enthrall'd !

- 89 So shall we (when our bus'ness here is o'er,
And at the time we want assistance most)
Adore for ever the ALMIGHTY pow'r
In heav'n above, among th' angelic host.
- 90 To which blest place, O my CREATOR dread!
For JESUS CHRIST's sake, our REDEEMER dear,
Do thou thy faithful servants safely lead,
That we may, with thy Saints, adore thee there,

Concerning PRAYER, and its proper Requisites,

- 1 **P**UT off thy shoes, e'er thou thy God dost greet,
Thy ass, before thou sacrificest, bind —
Wash, e'er the altar thou com'st near, thy feet,
And weigh, what thou requestest, well in mind.
- 2 Repent, e'er thou dost God by pray'r implore,
And thy devotions, let thy deeds attend —
Be thankful always, when thy pray'ers are o'er;
So shall thy pray'rs up to heav'n ascend.
- 3 Satan will try to tempt thee, ev'ry day,
The flesh wou'd fain deceive thee, ev'ry hour;
The world, and its delights, thy fall assay:
Seek thou, by pray'r, their efforts to o'erpow'r,
- 4 Prayer is good, in ev'ry land and clime —
Prayer is good, for men in ev'ry sphere —
Prayer is good, at ev'ry hour and time —
Prayer is good on all accounts whate'er.
- 5 Pray'r is, a sacrifice to God most due —
A sure support, to guide the weak along —
A whip, to scourge the fiend and all his crew —
A sanctuary, from ev'ry ill and wrong!
- 6 Nay, constant prayer is a golden key,
Thy doors to open at the dawn of light —
A bolt, to shut them at the close of day —
A fort, to guard from harm, both day and night.

7 Prayer

- 7 Prayer has sooth'd the most obdurate breast—
 Prayer has angels with success assail'd—
 Prayer the fiercest fiends has dispossest—
 Prayer has over God himself prevail'd!—
- 8 Then, with thy pray'r, let heav'n and earth resound—
 Like incense, it perfumes th' ethereal plains—
 On earth, it gives the fiend his deepest wound—
 And brings to thee thyself the greatest gains.
- 9 With faith, with rev'rence, with a soul strung high—
 With ardent zeal, and minds that never stray—
 With knowledge—with a strong incessant cry—
 With close attention—'tis that men shou'd pray.
- 10 Lift up thine eyes, thy knees devoutly bend,
 Rouse up thy spirit, and thy bosom smite—
 Open thy lips, thy hands abroad extend,
 Pray with true fervor, and with all thy might.
- 11 Thou ne'er must call on gods of gold, nor stone,
 On saint, or saints, thy request to grant;
 But on the LORD, thro' JESUS CHRIST alone,
 If thou woud'st have whatever thou dost want.
- 12 No one, but God, can our condition know,
 No one, but God, can give us any aid,
 No one, but God, can hear our pray'rs, below—
 To God alone then shou'd our pray'rs be made.
- 13 God bids us call on him with fervent pray'r—
 God promises, if we'll but ask, to give—
 God hears each wish, and ev'ry good desire—
 God can from trouble ev'ry soul relieve.
- 14 Not *Abrah'm*, nor *St. James*, can e'er pretend
 Th' internal feelings of our hearts to guess—
 No one, but God alone, can comprehend
 Our wants, our woes, our sorrows, and distress.
- 15 To give to thousands whatso'er they seek,
 Only belongs unto the King of kings—

Although

Although in various languages they speak,
And ask at once a thousand diff'rent things.

16 The Virgin talks no English, I suppose,
Neither does *Martha*, Irish understand,
No Welsh, as I presume, *St. Clement* knows,
How can they then our mediators stand?

17 *Abraham* can ne'er our circumstances know,
Neither can *John* afford us any aid.
Peter in heav'n, can't hear us here below,
To God alone then shou'd our pray'rs be said.

18 The Saints, of ev'ry sex and rank, revere,
But thou may'st only God himself adore:
Give them the honour they deserve,—but ne'er
On whatsoe'er pretence, their help implore.

19 There ne'er was Patriarch, or Apostle yet——
There ne'er was Prophet, as I've ever heard,
(For who cou'd such a circumstance forget?)
That e'er to any Saint his suit preferr'd.

20 There's not a promise in the Gospel made,
That we shall, any thing we beg, obtain;
Unless, for it, we shall with zeal have pray'd,
And that, for JESUS' sake, the same we gain.

21 CHRIST is the only Mediator known,
CHRIST is our only Advocate above,
And there is none but JESUS CHRIST alone,
That can, for man, the dread Creator move.

22 Whate'er requests we shall to God address,
They must be all preferr'd, for JESUS' sake,
Who sits on God's right hand in perfect bliss,
There to receive whatever pray'rs we make.

23 Let some to *Cath'rine*, or *St. David* fly,
To *Clement*, *Martha*, *Martin*,—any one:
But, for my part, I never will apply
To any—but to JESUS CHRIST alone.

- 24 Seek then with earnestness, where'er you pray——
 Seek the direction of the HOLY GHOST:
 For none can, with effect, their prayers say.
 Unless they can of his sure guidance boast.
- 25 Without the spirit some have essay'd
 To talk with God, and strove their pray'rs to say;
 But no man can, without the Spirit's aid,
 converse with God, or with attention pray.
- 26 Unless the conscience and the heart are join'd,
 The tongue-born prayer God will never prize;
 But that, which flows from an affecting mind,
 Will always prove a pleasing sacrifice.
- 27 Seek God, both with thy mouth, and with thy heart,
 For either of the two will not suffice;
 But let thy spirit with thy mouth take part,
 And then 'twill prove a harmony most nice,
- 28 The pray'r, that issues wholly from the heart,
 Is better much than those that only spring
 From the bare lips, where t'other bears no part:
 For such a prayer is an odious thing.
- 29 *Moses* more pleasingly his God address'd,
 Upon his journey, tho' he nothing said, Ex. xiv. 15.
 Than erst the *Jews*, when they their wants express'd,
 And with the lips, without the Spirit, pray'd.
- 30 Whate'er thou askest, ask with faith sincere;
 Take no denial—ask with fervent mind——
 And what thou askest, thou shalt have—ne'er fear:
 Seek but with earnestness, thou'lt surely find.
- 31 The little birds their clamour never cease,
 Until their dams with food their noise have still'd:
 So man himself shou'd never hold his peace,
 'Till God has ev'ry want and wish fulfill'd.
- 32 How earnest some will beg ('tis strange to say!)
 For pence, or food their hunger to remove:

And yet how sluggishly the same will pray
For mercy, and the glorious joys above ?

33 God is, to all that seek him, mighty kind—
To all, that ask, he's ready still to grant—
To grant to all, with an ungrudging mind—
Largely to grant, whatever they may want.

34 As a fond mother still inclines her ears,
When in the cradle her lov'd infant cries,
So God his creatures' supplications hears,
Removes their pressures, and their wants supplies.

35 For how can God but hear each Christian's pray'r,
Since for th' elect his holy Spirit pleads,
And, on the throne of his eternal SIRE,
For them their SAVIOUR ever intercedes ?

36 If thou shalt ask for ought, in JESUS' name,
Thou either, what thou askest, shalt obtain,
(So thou dost earnestly entreat the same,)
Or, what is more expedient, thou shalt gain.

37 Shou'd God to grant thee thy desire delay,
Shou'd he not answer thy petition soon,
'Tis that thou may'st with greater ardor pray,
Or beg a larger, and a better boon.

38 Seek, first, the glory of thy gracious SIRE—
Seek, next, celestial happiness to gain—
God's kingdom and his righteousness desire—
And all thy wants besides thou shalt obtain.

39 Ask thou not ought, as long as thou dost live,
That is repugnant to God's holy Word ;
If thou shoud'st ask, what he's not pleas'd to give,
Thy prayer will but irritate the LORD.

40 To covet earthly things is very wrong,
When one may gain the wealth of Paradise—
Or for some dirty acres here, to long ;
But all the joys of heaven to despise.

- 41 As 'tis the nature of the swinish kind,
 To tear the turf, and nuzzle in the mire :
 So man by nature is to earth inclin'd,
 And does not to celestial blifs aspire.
- 42 Seek thou, whate'er the Scripture does permit—
 Seek thou, whate'er's allow'd thee by the LORD;
 But seek it in the manner that's most fit,
 And most concordant with his written Word.
- 43 Whene'er to GOD thou prayest, be sincere,
 And use no other language than thy own :
 Better a word or two, whose sense is clear,
 Than thousands mumbled in a tongue unknown.
- 44 He mocks his GOD, and does himself deceive,
 Whoe'er attempts to ask, he knows not what,
 And thinks to have, e'en what he can't conceive,
 By mere lip-labour, and unmeaning chat.
- 5 Ne'er let thy mouth thy lagging mind outstrip,
 But tell thy heart to ponder well the whole,
 GOD ne'er regards the prayer of the lip,
 Without the full concurrence of the soul.
- 46 GOD, ev'ry thought and bosom secret knows,
 GOD, is himself the SIRE and source of light,
 GOD, chuses pray'r, as from the heart it flows ;
 But empty words are nothing in his sight.
- 47 Cast ev'ry fin-polluted thought aside,
 Whilst thou to GOD thy pray'r dost prefer ;
 And let each worldly care, behind, be ti'd,
 Whilst thou dost with the LORD of Hosts confer.
- 48 *Abrah'm* let not his ass approach the scene,
 Where he did erst his sacrifice prepare :
 Permit not thou a thought, that is unclean,
 To come — where thou dost offer up thy pray'r.
- 49 Like *Abrah'm*, thou must drive away, whate'er
 Lights on thy || sacrifice—and boldly fight
 || Gen. xv. 11.

With ev'ry thing that hinders thee to rear
The Walls of *Sion* to their proper height.

50 The greater earnestness that Satan shows
To turn thy thoughts aside, when thou dost pray :
The more do thou his sly attacks oppose,
And fight against him, 'till he flees away.

51 As the fierce lion flees, and quits his prey,
Soon as the crowing of a cock he hears :
So does the fell destroyer scud away,
Whene'er our faith fraught prayers pierce his ears.

52 The buffalo cannot that place come near,
Where young pigs squeak, or little chickens cry :
Neither can Satan on the spot appear,
Whence holy prayers are preferr'd on high.

53 Did not the wily fiend observe with pain,
That prayer lessen'd his extensive sway,
And seem most likely to subvert his reign,
He ne'er wou'd hinder any one to pray.

54 If thot hast thy salvation, then, at heart,
Thy MAKER's glory, and thy own great need
Of pardon—ne'er let Satan make thee start
From hearing sermons—or thy prayers impede.

55 Whene'er thou prayest unto God—still mind
For ev'ry order in the church to pray—
Nor let thy prayers ever be confin'd
To thy ownself—like those the *Pagans* say :

56 For none of them are of her holy race,
Who pray not for her welfare and success,
But miscreant bastards, infamous, and base,
And enemies to *Sion's* happiness.

57 If *Abrah'm* kindly for *Gomorrhah* pray'd,
And for the other cities of the plain :
Shou'd not we Christians beg our MAKER's aid,
And choicest blessings for his chosen train ?

58 CHRIST

- 58 CHRIST tells us all at any time to pray, Luke, xviii. 1.
 And ne'er the beneficial task give o'er
 St. *Paul*, to *Timothy* does likewise say, Epist. ii. 8.
 That in all places we shou'd God adore.
- 59 Thrice ev'ry day, for the ALMIGHTY's aid,
 The pious *Daniel* never fail'd to pray——
 The royal Prophet still more pious, made
 His supplications seven times a day.
- 60 Our blessed SAVIOUR pass'd the live-long night
 In pray'r—though nor sin, nor guilt he knew,
 And spent each day, as long as it was light,
 In preaching to a dull and thankless crew.
- 61 Prayer is ever of the greatest weight,
 In ev'ry place—at any time, or hour;
 So that the heart is in a proper state,
 To beg a favour from th' ALMIGHTY pow'r.
- 62 Upon the boist'rous sea, or mountain's brow,
 At our own home, or any where abroad,
 Pray'r is a duty, which we always owe
 (Where-e'er we are) unto th' eternal God.
- 63 We all shou'd pray, like *Peter* in his room
 Or else, like *David*, when a-bed he lay,
 Or else, like *Daniel*, in the dungeon's gloom:
 In ev'ry circumstance we still shou'd pray.
- 64 The sacred fire upon th' altar li't,
 Never with-held from man it's radiance bright—
 To manifest that thou shoud'st ne'er permit
 Thy zeal for pray'r to be extinguish'd quite.
- 65 Man is the temple, the ALMIGHTY loves—
 Man's heart the altar, gives him most delight—
 Pray'r is the sacrifice, he most approves—
 Give him that sacrifice, both morn and night.
- 66 Let not thy temple want this sacrifice
 At early morn, or at the noon-tide hour,

And don't forget at night, if thou art wise,
To give due praise unto th' eternal Pow'r.

67 So shalt thy God familiar be with thee,
So shalt thou ever his assistance have,
So shalt thou ever in his favour be,
And thy dear soul from all it's dangers save.

68 There's nothing in the world that shou'd impede
Good Christians, their CREATOR to address,
And do the work they have to do beside;
Whatever trade, or calling they profess.

69 A man may do his usu'al work, and yet
With unremitted zeal and ardor pray:
For mental pray'r will ne'er retard the feet,
Nor any labour of the hands delay.

70 *Moses*, the while he travell'd o'er the plain,
Joshua, whilst amid the mortal fray,
CHRIST, on the road, and *Paul* upon the main,
Cou'd mind their bus'ness—and find time to pray.

71 Although excuses often are allow'd,
In many a weighty and perplex'd affair;
Yet no excuse sufficient can be show'd
To screen, or palliate the neglect of pray'r.

72 Thou may'st absent thyself from church, when ill;
And pardon for thy absence may'st implore:
But, whatsoever thy complaint is, still
Thou'rt bound to pray—until thou art no more.

73 Thou may'st from acts of charity forbear,
When alms sufficient are not in thy pow'r;
But yet tho' never must refrain from pray'r,
However destitute, however poor.

74 In ev'ry state, at ev'ry time and place,
Prayer is seasonable and useful still;
Let nothing hinder thee, in any case,
With proper zeal this duty to fulfil.

75 Whether

- 75 Whether in deep distress, or high in wealth,
 In ev'ry state of life, wherein we are,
 Or in diseases, or in perfect health,
 A Christian may address his God with pray'r.
- 76 No locks, no bolts, nor any human pow'r,
 Nor all the world, can stop the rapid flight
 Of pray'r—or hinder it, at any hour,
 From posting to th' immortal SIRE of light.
- 77 Pluck from it's roots the quiv'ring tongue of man,
 Cut off his feet, or chain them—from his heart
 He ne'ertheless, spite of all hindrance, can
 His fervent pray'rs to his CREATOR, dart.
- 78 Whether on feast or fast, by night or day,
 At morn or eve, or any time you will,
 Pray'r to heaven can wing it's airy way—
 Come when it will, it shall be welcome still.
- 79 *Ester*, tho' Queen, was not allow'd to see
 (But at some certain seasons of the year)
 Her royal lord---but prayer's always free
 To go to God, without restraint or fear.
- 80 Get up, like *Daniel*, with the dawning light,
 And make thy suit to God, at any hour,
 Or rise, like *David*, in the dead of night,
 For always ready is th' ALMIGHTY pow'r.
- 81 Tho' God to no man living does allow
 The honour with his SAVIOUR to confer---
 Yet ev'ry Christian's pray'r to heav'n may go,
 And, at all seasons, gain admittance there.
- 82 Thro' storms and show'rs, thro' ocean and the sky,
 Thro' ev'ry fix'd or wand'ring star above,
 Prayer to God himself shall mount on high,
 And with the rapid flight of lightning move.
- 83 Not heav'n or earth, or any human pow'r,
 Authority, or angel from the sky,

Can hinder pray'r, at any time or hour,
From holding conference with CHRIST on high.

84 It needs not ask *St. Peter* for his key,
But may through all the angels pass alone,
Without one obstacle to block it's way,
Boldly unto our blessed SAVIOUR's throne.

85 Prayer will force the Deity, to hear
It's plaints--and CHRIST, it's doleful cause to plead--
Prayer will make the spirit interfere,
With sighs and groans for it to intercede.

86 The giver of each gift that's good, will ne'er
Turn back the pray'r that's faithfully address'd,
But CHRIST will bless each heart that is sincere,
Nor quit him, 'till he's of each wish possess'd.

87 If prayer shall not, what it asks receive,
It some what, better yet than that, shall gain---
For CHRIST an ardent pray'r will never leave
To go for nought or be preferr'd in vain.

88 What do we owe unto the gracious Pow'r,
Who, to our prayers, does the permission grant
To come unto his presence, any hour,
And to obtain from him whate'er we want?

89 Pray'r is an arm which reaches very far---
E'en from the earth unto the ethereal sky---
To her God's treasures never have a bar,
But thence she takes, what may her wants supply.

90 Prayer, of old, a mighty giant slew--- 1 Sam. xvii. 45.
Prayer, the lion's mouth shut up of yore---
Prayer, the gates of iron open threw---
Pray'r, can save a man, at any hour.

91 Prayer, lock'd up the heavens long from rain---
Prayer, the ocean turn'd to solid land---
Prayer, rais'd up the dead to life again---
There's nothing can the force of Prayer withstand!

92 What

- 92 What thanks shou'd we, then, to the GODHEAD pay,
 Who to our Prayers, a free admission grants,
 Whene'er we please, without the least delay,
 And satisfies with bounty all our wants?
- 93 All due respect and rev'rence, and renown,
 Be to the Donor of each blessing given,
 To him be honour, pow'r, and homage, shown,
 Who kindly hears us from the highest heaven!

A D V I C E before P R A Y E R.

- 1 **B**EFORE thou dost attempt to pray,
 Of all thy vices past repent,
 And wash the hateful filth away.
 That God may to thy prayer assent.
- 2 God will no vile offenders hear,
 Nor those who sinners are profess'd--
 But they must quit their vices, e'er
 The LORD will list to their request.
- 3 If stain'd with malice, rage or pride,
 Or murder, thou shoudst there repair,
 Where God in glory does reside,
 He will reject thy sinful pray'r.
- 4 The curse of *Moab* they shall gain
 Who pray with a polluted soul.
 They ask, but they shall not obtain,
 Because their hands are stain'd and foul.
- 5 Whoever calls upon his God
 Must lay all filthiness aside,
 And wash his hands quite clean from blood,
 Or else his suit will be deny'd.
- 6 God's gracious to each penitent,
 Whose reformation is sincere:
 Then of thy wicked ways repent,
 And God will thy petition hear.

- 7 If thou wilt leave thy vices quite,
Although they were in crimson drest,
Yet CHRIST shall make them lily-white,
And lend an ear to thy request.
- 8 Whene'er to pray'r thou art inclin'd,
Be to each idle thought averse,
And leave all worldly views behind,
Whilst with thy GOD thou dost converse.
- 9 'Tis bad, to see some fardel foul
Brought on one's back to GOD's own dome,
But worse to see a world-stain'd soul
Into GOD's awful presence come.
- 10 And when thou prayest, pray for all
True Christians, not excepting one;
Nor, like a selfish heathen, call
On GOD, to bless thyself alone.
- 11 First, pray for kings, that they may grace
Obtain, to rule their people well,
In the true faith, in wealth and peace,
And may in righteousness excel.
- 12 Then for the clergy beg his grace,
Clearly those mysteries to teach,
Which in the gospel they may trace,
And fluently it's truths to preach.
- 13 For ev'ry magistrate implore
His aid, the vicious to restrain—
And that the LORD may grant him pow'r,
Justice and virtue to maintain.
- 14 Then beg a blessing from thy GOD
On all that in the arts delight,
That they may scatter all abroad
True faith, morality, and light.
- 15 For all the Commons of the land
Then pray unto the LORD above,

That

That each may in his calling stand,
Replete with loyalty and love.

- 16 Pray, lastly, for the poor and low,
And all that in oppression live,
That God to them may pity show,
And to each sufferer comfort give.
-

A Warning, or Admonition, to every man, to think on GOD in the Morning, and to return him Thanks for preserving him the preceding Night from all Evil.

- 1 **W**HEN first thou wakest, each succeeding day,
Lift up to God above thy grateful eyes,
And due respect to him be sure to pay,
E'er other thoughts within thy bosom rise.
- 2 'Twas He, that kept thee from the prowling foe,
And watch'd thee carefully 'till break of day,
And suffer'd not his eyes repose to know,
Lest in thy sleep thou shou'dst become his prey.
- 3 For did not God and his celestial train,
Around his servants keep a constant guard,
They all had by the foe, e'er this been slain,
And swallow'd up, asleep and unprepar'd.
- 4 By far more dang'rous is that mortal's state,
Who lies a-bed without his SAVIOUR's aid,
Than that which did of old on *Daniel* wait,
When he all night was with the lions laid.
- 5 The Scriptures tells us, that---by night and day---
The Devil roams to seek the fall of man,
Just as a lion roves in search of prey,
And tears and mangles ev'ry beast he can.
- 6 Who can forbid the lion to devour?
Who, but the shepherd CHRIST, his flock can keep,
That without slumb'ring guards us ev'ry hour
And from the guileful fiend protects his sheep?

7 Think

- 7 Think, then, how much thou art in duty bound
To thank thy God, who has preserv'd thee still
From Satan's machinations, safe and sound,
And from the pressure of each other ill?
- 8 As God's demands, on thee, are vastly large,
Let thy returns of praise be likewise great;
The grateful off'ring on thy knees discharge,
And, night and morn, th' incumbent task repeat.
- 9 Think thou, how Satan slyly might have stole,
And silently destroy'd thee, in thy sleep,
And into judgement haul'd thy heedless soul,
If CHRIST his watch around thee did not keep.
- 10 Think, that the foe thy children might have slain—
Thy riches, as his legal prey convey'd—
Thy houses burn'd, and martyr'd thee with pain,
Had CHRIST not lent thee his Almighty aid.
- 11 Think, that perhaps he might have touch'd thy brain,
And that thou ever hadst distracted rav'd.
And neither rest, nor quiet known again,
Wast thou, by CHRIST, not from his malice sav'd.
- 12 Thy gratitude, on all occasions, show
To thy true Shepherd, for his friendly aid,
Who thee so safely guarded from the foe,
That thou need'st not be of his force afraid.
- 13 Suppose a Jew, the most abhorr'd of men,
Shou'd guard the sleeping in th' inclement air,
'Mongst rav'nous beasts, or near a lion's den:
Wou'dst thou not thank him kindly for his care?
- 14 And yet, though CHRIST protects thee ev'ry hour,
Whilst thou amongst fierce lions sleepest fast,
Which are at all times ready to devour—
Thou ne'ertheless art thankless to the last.
- 15 Open thine eyes—thy SAVIOUR's goodness see—
Take warning—and his loving-kindness own—
Return

Return him thanks upon thy bended knee,
For all the mercies he, to thee, has shown :

- 16 So shall he always keep thee safe from ill,
And under his extended pinions screen—
And so with ease shall he preserve thee still
From ev'ry harm and peril unforeseen.
- 17 Take heed, thy heart does not indulge a thought,
Take heed, lest thou on ought shoud'st fix thine eyes,
Take heed, that with thy lips thou speakest nought,
'Till thou hast paid thy morning sacrifice.
- 18 To God, the prime ideas of thy heart,
To God, the prime of thy expressions give,
To God, the first-fruits of thy soul impart;
The second and the last he'll not receive.
- 19 Just at the dawn, before the rising sun,
The mounting lark his MAKER's praises sings;
So man, e'er he has ought besides begun,
Shou'd chant the praises of the King of kings.
- 20 The little red-breast, e'er he wets his bill,
To his CREATOR chirps his morning pray'r,
Who kept him the preceding night from ill,
Tho' cold his lodging, and tho' coarse his fare.
- 21 But many a man will from his bed arise,
More heedless than the songsters of the air,
Or swine, that grunting leave their odious styes,
Nor thank him for his providential care.
- 22 O, 'tis a shame the sons of men shou'd e'er
Appear less grateful than the feather'd quire,
Who, ev'ry night and morn, their voices rear
To thank and laud their everlasting Sire !

A Morning Thanksgiving when we first awake.

- 1 **O** GOD, my safe-guard and defence,
My fort, in ev'ry exigence,
Receive my thanks, thou, who didst keep
Me safe, last night, whilst I did sleep !

- 2 A watch, around my head, each night
Thou placest, when I'm conquer'd quite
By sleep, and o'er me spread'st thy wing,
When I've forgot each earthly thing.
- 3 Thou givest me sweet ease and rest,
And ev'ry night with them I'm blest,
Whereby this feeble frame, O LORD!
Is daily to it's strength restor'd.
- 4 My gracious God does never close,
Or wink his eyes when I repose,
But whilst I sleep, within his arms,
Secure he keeps me from all harms.
- 5 O, what a favour this!—that thou
The King of kings, shou'dst stoop so low,
As dust and ashes to regard,
And unto man to be a guard!
- 6 The tithe can ne'er be paid by me
Of all the thanks I owe to thee,
Good God, the truth I freely own,
Was it but for this gift alone!
- 7 All glory, pow'r, thanksgiving too,
All praise, respect and honour due,
Let us unto the GODHEAD pay,
For his protection night and day.

Thanks to CHRIST for Protection and Rest.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd, who my soul didst keep,
Last night, whilst I was fast asleep,
From the grim wolf, beneath thy wing,
Thy praises, from my heart, I'll sing!
- 2 Close to thy breast, thou didst me place,
And in thine arms didst me embrace,
Thou ease and rest to me didst give,
And I will thank thee, whilst I live!

3 Thou

- 3 Thou hind'redest Satan to destroy——
 Thou hind'redest villains to annoy——
 From fires and storms thou didst me keep,
 And suff'redest nought to break my sleep.
- 4 Thy name, O CHRIST! be ever blest,
 Who dost protect me, whilst I rest——
 All glory be ascrib'd to thee,
 Who such refreshment givest me.
-

*An Admonition to a Man, when he dresses his body, to
 pray for Clothes and Armour, for the Soul.*

- 1 **W**HEN, in the morn, to dress thou dost begin,
 Pray thou that GOD wou'd lend to thee his arms,
 That, like a Christian, thou may'st fight therein,
 And boldly brave each enemy's alarms.
- 2 In vain dost thou, from the inclement air,
 Thy body guard, and from the tempest keen,
 If thou dost not a proper garb prepare
 Thy soul from sin's destructive rage to screen.
- 3 Seek, then, to save thee from each greedy foe,
 And sin's assaults, panoply of GOD——
 Seek it, to shield thee from each pressing woe,
 And from the world, the flesh, and Satan's fraud.
- 4 For we without it are defenceless quite,
 To ev'ry enemy an easy pray——
 And 'tis impossible for human might,
 Unarm'd with it, to conquer in the fray.
-

*A Prayer, whilst thou art dressing, to beg the Armour of
 GOD, to defend thee from the Assaults of Sin.*

- 1 **A**RM me with all thy panoply divine,
 Thou LORD of hosts! thou GOD of matchless might!
 That I may like a Christian hero, shine,
 And overcome my enemies in fight!

From

- 2 From head to heel, let not a single part
Remain expos'd, lest I receive a wound,
(For great and dang'rous is the tempter's art)
In that sole spot, where there's no armour found.
- 3 Let not the world with all it's baubles vile——
Let not the flesh, with ev'ry loose desire——
Let not the Devil, by some cursed wile,
Cause me to sin against my gracious SIRE.
- 4 Give me, O LORD ! sufficient force and might,
That I may all my enemies o'ercome,
And under thy victorious banner fight,
'Till thou, in glorious peace, shalt lead me home.

Another, on the same Subject.

- 1 **T**HOU Rock of my salvation, lend thy aid !
Arm me in all thy panoply complete,
And leave no single member unarray'd,
Lest the foul fiend thy warrior shou'd defeat !
- 2 Upon my head let Hope's gay helm be plac'd—
My breast with Equity's bright corselet grace—
The belt of Penitence gird round my waist——
And, on my feet, the Gospel's sandals lace.
- 3 Give me, thy word, for a two-edged sword—
The shield of faith, to ward off ev'ry dart,
That Satan throws—and constant pray'r, O LORD !
To force the fell invader from my heart.
- 4 Give me assistance bravely to engage
With all the enemies that hem me in,
With ev'ry carnal lust, and Satan's rage,
The world's deceits, and ev'ry deadly sin——
- 5 Give me assistance to attack them all,
To break their ranks, and conquer them in fight—
That on my knees I may right humbly fall
To worship thee, like a true son of light :

- 6 So shall I march undaunted, ev'ry day,
 Beneath thy standard, through the field of death,
 And give thee praise, without the least dismay,
 O LORD, my GOD ! whilst I have any breath.
-

An Admonition to a Person, whilst he washes himself.

- 1 **W**Hene'er, to wash thyself, thou dost begin,
 With earnestness to thy CREATOR pray,
 That he'll be pleas'd to cleanse thy soul from sin,
 And wash thy errors, in CHRIST's blood, away.
- 2 To free thy flesh from outward filth — a flood,
 Nay, e'en a sea of water wou'd be vain,
 Unless thy conscience in the Saviour's blood
 Be cleans'd from vice, and ev'ry inward stain.
- 3 It nought avails thee, that thy face is clean,
 If thy corrupted mind be void of grace :
 God takes no pleasure in the man, I ween,
 Whose heart is not as spotless as his face.
-

A short PRAYER, on the same Occasion.

- 1 **O** Wash me in the blood, the Jews erst spilt !
 O wash me, CHRIST ! from ev'ry conscious guilt !
 O wash my mind from ev'ry thought obscene !
 O wash me, from all foul pollutions, clean !
- 2 O wash my head and feet, and ev'ry part,
 As thou didst wash the Twelve, and cleanse my heart !
 Then wipe away my filth,—and, to complete
 Thy work—bestow on me the Paraclete !
- 3 Wash me in penitential tears, my King !
 Wash me in Grace's and in Peace's spring !
 Than lilies whiter, wash me in thy gore,
 That I, in purity, may thee adore !

A Morning

A Morning Prayer to be us'd after a Person is up,
wash'd, and dress'd.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, soft-ey'd Pity's Sire!
For JESUS sake, my num'rous faults pass o'er;
Which more arithmetic, I own, require
To count, then all the sands upon the shore.
- 2 There's not a law in all the sacred code,
That I, woe's me! have not at times transgress'd—
Nor hast thou any gift on me bestow'd,
Which I have not to vicious ends address'd.
- 3 Bad are my thoughts, but worse my deeds by far—
Foul is my tongue, and infinite my fraud—
My temper's hot, but very cold my pray'r:
Pardon me all, I've done amiss, O God!
- 4 Pardon me all the crimes that I have done,
E'en from my childhood to the present hour—
Nor let the vengeance on my head come down,
Which I've deserv'd from thy Almighty pow'r:
- 5 But give me grace and strength for evermore
To worship thee, with sanctity of heart:
Aid me, thy wond'rous goodness to adore
In perfect honesty, and void of art.
- 6 Remove each obstacle, that's in the way,
And interferes betwixt my God and me—
And give me pow'r, my due devoirs to pay,
Still unfatigu'd, O LORD, my God, to thee!
- 7 From my vain heart each filthy vice erase,
Each habit I've been ill-accustom'd to—
And, whilst I'm yet alive, the vacant place
With ev'ry grace and virtue stock anew.
- 8 Teach me, to keep inviolate thy law—
Teach me, to love it from my very soul;
My rule of life thence let me ever draw,
And always live according to that rule.
- 9 Direct me, by thy sacred Spirit, still
To regulate each act, each word, each thought,
According to the dictates of thy will,
And those commandments thou to us hast taught.

- 6 So shall I march undaunted, ev'ry day,
 Beneath thy standard, through the field of death,
 And give thee praise, without the least dismay,
 O LORD, my GOD ! whilst I have any breath.
-

An Admonition to a Person, whilst he washes himself.

- 1 **W**Hene'er, to wash thyself, thou dost begin,
 With earnestness to thy CREATOR pray,
 That he'll be pleas'd to cleanse thy soul from sin,
 And wash thy errors, in CHRIST's blood, away.
- 2 To free thy flesh from outward filth — a flood,
 Nay, e'en a sea of water wou'd be vain,
 Unless thy conscience in the Saviour's blood
 Be cleans'd from vice, and ev'ry inward stain.
- 3 It nought avails thee, that thy face is clean,
 If thy corrupted mind be void of grace :
 GOD takes no pleasure in the man, I ween,
 Whose heart is not as spotless as his face.
-

A short PRAYER, on the same Occasion.

- 1 **O** Wash me in the blood, the Jews erst spilt !
 O wash me, CHRIST ! from ev'ry conscious guilt !
 O wash my mind from ev'ry thought obscene !
 O wash me, from all foul pollutions, clean !
- 2 O wash my head and feet, and ev'ry part,
 As thou didst wash the Twelve, and cleanse my heart !
 Then wipe away my filth, — and, to complete
 Thy work — bestow on me the Paraclete !
- 3 Wash me in penitential tears, my King !
 Wash me in Grace's and in Peace's spring !
 Than lilies whiter, wash me in thy gore,
 That I, in purity, may thee adore !

A Morning

A Morning Prayer to be us'd after a Person is up,
wash'd, and dress'd.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, soft-ey'd Pity's Sire!
For JESUS sake, my num'rous faults pass o'er;
Which more arithmetic, I own, require
To count, then all the sands upon the shore.
- 2 There's not a law in all the sacred code,
That I, woe's me! have not at times transgress'd——
Nor hast thou any gift on me bestow'd,
Which I have not to vicious ends address'd.
- 3 Bad are my thoughts, but worse my deeds by far——
Foul is my tongue, and infinite my fraud——
My temper's hot, but very cold my pray'r:
Pardon me all, I've done amiss, O God!
- 4 Pardon me all the crimes that I have done,
E'en from my childhood to the present hour——
Nor let the vengeance on my head come down,
Which I've deserv'd from thy Almighty pow'r:
- 5 But give me grace and strength for evermore
To worship thee, with sanctity of heart:
Aid me, thy wond'rous goodness to adore
In perfect honesty, and void of art.
- 6 Remove each obstacle, that's in the way,
And interferes betwixt my God and me——
And give me pow'r, my due devoirs to pay,
Still unfatigu'd, O LORD, my God, to thee!
- 7 From my vain heart each filthy vice erase,
Each habit I've been ill-accustom'd to——
And, whilst I'm yet alive, the vacant place
With ev'ry grace and virtue stock anew.
- 8 Teach me, to keep inviolate thy law——
Teach me, to love it from my very soul;
My rule of life thence let me ever draw,
And always live according to that rule.
- 9 Direct me, by thy sacred Spirit, still
To regulate each act, each word, each thought,
According to the dictates of thy will,
And those commandments thou to us hast taught.

- 10 My passions, and my appetites restrain,
That I henceforth no wicked act may do;
But may, o'er sin, a perfect conquest gain,
And that invet'rate enemy subdue.
- 11 Help me, O LORD, with thy celestial might,
The world, the flesh, the devil, to oppose——
The victor's crown I then may claim of right,
When I have conquer'd those united foes.
- 12 Thy servant, LORD! beneath thy wings defend,
And screen me there from ev'ry rude alarm;
Neither permit, by any means, the fiend
To do my soul, or body, any harm.
- 13 Keep me, O LORD! from ev'ry slip, and all
The trouble, shame, misfortune, loss, and ill,
Disease, or hurt, that may to me befall;
So it be pleasing to thy holy will.
- 14 Enable me, by thy blest Spirit's aid,
In Christian works to spend the present day,
And, whilst I in this vale of tears am stay'd,
My bounden service constantly to pay.
- 15 O, may this day, whereon I hail thee now,
Be as discreetly and devoutly past,
As if I, for a certainty, did know
That it *wou'd* be—what it *may* be—my last!
- 16 Let me not, LORD! the moral change delay,
From morn to morn, unto my latter end;
But whilst it hitherto is call'd to day,
Let me begin my manners to amend.
- 17 Let not the flesh, with daring insolence,
Cause thee to doom my precious soul to woe,
Nor for some few precarious joys of sense.
Condemn it to eternal pains below.
- 18 Let not this world's delights and fleeting toys,
Which vanish, like a morning mist, away,
Cause me to lose the rights and real joys
Of that bright world, which never shall decay.
- 19 While

- 19 Whilst yet 'tis day, whilst yet the sun is strong,
Cause me to strive and work with all my might,
In those concerns that to my peace belong ;
Lest unawares I shou'd be caught by night.
- 20 Let me, O CHRIST ! be always ready drest,
(My lamp well trimm'd, and full of oil and light)
And watch thy coming to the wedding-feast,
Whilst heaven's gate lies open to my sight.
- 21 When most secure, when most in health I bloom,
Let me not wholly unprepar'd be caught,
But make me think still of the day of doom,
When all my faults must to account be brought.
- 22 Make me reflect, whene'er I am alone,
On that exact account, which all that live,
Must for each petty fault which they have done,
Nay, e'en for ev'ry idle story, give.
- 23 Wipe, from thy well-kept register, away
All my iniquities recorded there,
And cast not in my teeth, on that dread day,
The keen reproaches I deserve to hear.
- 24 Forgive me, now, the debt I ought to pay,
The countless sum which by thy book I owe,
And with the blood of CHRIST blot quite away
The utmost farthing that to thee is due :
- 25 And when thou hast forgiven all that sum
Enable me to finish my career ;
That my blest soul to Paradise may come,
And with my SAVIOUR rest for ever there :
- 26 When I, with all th' angelic choir divine,
And heav'nly hosts, shall undismay'd appear,,
And with extreme delight to praise him join,
In endless joy, and happiness sincere.

A Warning to guard, whilst it is yet Day, against the Assaults of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil---and to put on, and to make use of, the Armour of GOD against them.

- 1 **A**S soon as thou art wak'd from thy repose,
Reflect—that thou hast three invet'rate foes,
And each of them for thy destruction waits,
If thou dost not avoid his fraudulent baits :
- 2 And yet, alas ! the weakest of the three,
Is, e'en a thousand times, too strong for thee,
Unless thou weapons can from CHRIST obtain,
And borrow'd might—the victory to gain.
- 3 Then of thy SAVIOUR earnestly entreat,
That he wou'd furnish thee with arms complete,
And fill thee with true fortitude of mind,
To rout those enemies of human kind.
- 4 Upon thy head the Christian's helmet bear,
The strongest hopes of heaven thou canst wear,
Thro' which the pow'rful sov'reign of the air
Can never hurt, or force thee to despair.
- 5 Place thou the shield of Justice at thy breast,
Assur'd the Devil cannot e'er molest,
Or with his dread artill'ry injure those,
Who with this shield his fierce attacks oppose.
- 6 With Righteousness thy girded loins surround,]
Nor deign to use Hypocrisy unsound :
For there's no neater, and no stronger wear,
Than a true heart join'd to a mind sincere.
- 7 Thy feet with sandals from the Gospel grace,
Be patient in each circumstance and place :
Thro' many suff'rings, and thro' many woes,
The Christian to his Sov'reign's palace goes.
- 8 Take Faith's strong shield, the arrows to repel—
The deadly shafts, shot by the prince of hell :
A lively faith in CHRIST will always cool
The fiery darts thrown from the flaming pool.

- 9 Take thou the Scripture's keen two-edged sword—
Take thou the mighty falchion of the Word—
For that's the trenchant blade, which at a blow
Can cut and cleave our fierce infernal foe.
- 10 About thee always keep the arms of God,
Though they be many, and oft' deem'd a load;
Lest thou, without them thou'dst perchance be found,
And from the fiend receive a fatal wound.—
- 11 And of th' all-glorious Trinity entreat
That this alliance thou may'st still defeat,
And that he'd grace and strength to thee afford,
In thy profession, well to serve the LORD.
- 12 Shou'd Satan ever find us off our guard,
And without armour, his assaults to ward,
We may be sure he'll roughly-handle those
Who shall, unarm'd, his deadly force oppose.
- 13 For if this helmet's, on the head, not plac'd—
The corselet, on the breast—and round the waist,
The belt—or if our feet are ever found
Unshod—the fiend our souls will surely wound.
- 14 Be therefore, like a soldier, still in arms,
Be strictly-watchful against all alarms,
Lest thou thou'dst by the guileful foe be foil'd,
And of eternal happiness despoil'd.
- 15 Whene'er thou goest from thy room, beware,
Lest thou thou'dst fall into some latent snare;
For Satan ever seeks to hook thee in,
And tempt thee to commit some mortal sin.
- 16 Great is his rage, but greater his deceit—
Greater his fraud than force, however great—
He, like a lion, prowls about each hour,
For ever seeking whom he may devour.
- 17 The serpent's cunning, and the dragon's ire,
The lion's strength, the glaring tiger's fire,
The wolf's voraciousness, the fox's fraud,
Belong to Satan, when he roams abroad.

- 18 No sleep, nor rest he knows, by day or night,
 E'er since he fell from the empyrean height,
 But always seeks, with all his might, to slay
 Each heedless soul he meets with on the way.
- 19 Therefore of all his stratagems take care,
 Lest thou shou'dst fall unweeting to the snare :
 With ceaseless pray'rs CHRIST's matchless aid entreat,
 And CHRIST will help thee, Satan to defeat.
-

A Prayer against the Temptations, and Assaults
 of the Devil.

- 1 O Thou, that keepest hell's abyfs close-bar'd,
 And o'er it's gates hast set a constant guard,
 That Satan hast chain'd, and death o'erthrown,
 Hear my complaint from thy celestial throne !
- 2 That bloody dragon, that malicious foe,
 Whom thou didst bind, and gloriously o'erthrow,
 Still plots my ruin, if thou wilt not deign
 To grant thy help his malice to restrain.
- 3 Both night and day, he roams with sleepless eyes,
 And, like a lion, to destroy me, tries ;
 For ever prompt and ready to devour,
 Didst thou not shield me from his deadly pow'r !
- 4 Each night that comes, and each returning day,
 He spreads his dang'rous toils across my way,
 And into them I tumble unawares,
 If thou dost not preserve me from his snares.
- 5 There's no forbidden fruit, of pleasing hue,
 But he presents it daily to my view——
 There is no sin, but he wou'd tempt me to,
 That I may make my gracious God, my foe.
- 6 There's no good act, on which my soul's intent,
 Which the fell fiend attempts not to prevent——
 And oft, too oft ! his curst attempt succeeds,
 And puts a stop to my best minded deeds.

7 I cannot

- 7 I cannot eat a bit of bread in peace,
I cannot take a wink of sleep at ease,
I cannot drink, or any work begin,
But he assays to turn it all to fin.
- 8 I cannot e'en a single sentence say,
I cannot even bend my knees to pray,
But Satan all his efforts still applies,
To make me fin—e'en at my pray'rs he tries:
- 9 Nay, O my SAVIOUR ! when I'm most inclin'd
To worship thee, with all my heart and mind,
Then most he aims my purpose to prevent,
By all the various wiles he can invent !
- 10 And shou'dst thou let him loose, without controul
And due restraint, to over-pow'r my soul,
Worse then, I'm well convinc'd, wou'd be my case,
Than that of Job, and all his former race.
- 11 Observe, O LORD ! his bloody minded hate,
His roar suppress, his daring pride abate,
Fetter his feet, and bruise his baneful head,
Shorten his chain, let not his poison spread.
- 12 Thou hast, O CHRIST ! the dreadful dragon bound,
Thou both his thighs didst with thy chain surround,
Thou didst despoil him of his boasted arms,
Thou hast preserv'd our souls from all alarms.
- 13 Let us in thy bright panoply be drest,
Infuse thy mighty Spirit in each breast,
Teach thou our hands to war, with skill and might,
And let us not be vanquish'd in the fight.
- 14 Let not the serpent, our frail souls beguile,
Let not the dragon, thy weak servants foil,
Let not the lion, thy elect undo,
Let not the fiend, thy faithful sons subdue.
- 15 Lo ! we are weak, and he is form'd for war ;
But thou, O CHRIST ! art stronger yet by far,
On us, some portion of thy might bestow,
And then, tho' weak, we shall o'ercome the foe.

- 16 Wise is the serpent, we, alas ! but dull,
The dragon too, is of devices full :
If therefore thou shalt not thine aid afford,
The fiend will steal thy ransom'd flock, O LORD !
- 17 Make us all wise, to see each wily snare,
Wary, that we may of his nets beware,
Strong, to resist the efforts, he may use,
And cautious—all his offers to refuse.
- 18 With favour on thy servants, LORD ! look down,
Assist thy brethren to obtain the crown,
And all, who fight beneath thy banner, aid,
To bear their cross, and crush the serpent's head.

Advice, to guard against the Temptations of the Devil.

- 1 **S**HOULD Satan promise thee, or house or land,
If thou wou'dst kneel and worship at his feet :
Tell him, he has not at his own command,
A foot of ground, besides th' infernal pit.
- 2 Shou'd Satan ever tempt thy hands to touch
Thy neighbour's wife, and to defile his bed :
Tell him that vengeance ever waits on such,
And hovers dreadful o'er each guilty head.
- 3 Shou'd Satan tempt thee o'er thy bowl to stay,
'Till drunkenness has o'erwhelm'd thy soul :
Tell him that drunkards at the latter day,
Shall in fierce floods of fire and sulphur roll.
- 4 Shou'd Satan prompt thy tongue to swear and curse,
And make thy Saviour's blood and wounds it's theme,
Tell him there can be no transgression worse,
Than thy REDEEMER's suff'rings to blaspheme.
- 5 Shou'd Satan ever tempt thee to oppress
The Orphan—say, 'tis scarce a greater sin
To pull out CHRIST's own eyes—than to distress
The helpless Orphan, that has lost his kin.
- 6 Shou'd Satan prompt thee, to make use of fraud,
Or make thee play the perjur'd liar's part—
Tell him, the righteous Judge, th' eternal God,
Has fix'd an hatred of them in thy heart.

- 7 Shou'd Satan tempt thee, in the gloom of night,
The secret works of darkness to transact——
Tell him, that God, who is the source of light,
With his all-seeing eyes surveys each fact.
- 8 Whene'er he tempts thee foully to belie,
Or ridicule a brother, maim'd or lame——
He fain wou'd then persuade thee to defy
The living LORD, and curse thy MAKER's name.
- 9 Whene'er he prompts thee to repeat or make
A lie—to slay thy precious soul he aims
With shameless front, or plunge it in the lake,
That ever rages with sulphurous flames.
- 10 Whene'er he seeks to drive thee to despair,
He thinks to force thee to the realms below,
Where bloody *Cain*, and *Saul*, and *Judas* are,
Though thou the truest penitence shoud'st show.
- 11 Whenever Satan by his efforts tries
To turn thy footsteps from the temple-door——
He sily seeks to keep thee from the skies;
Because at church thou didst not CHRIST adore.
- 12 Tho' he attempts to make thee turn away,
Whilst God's own Ministers the Gospel preach,
He only aims to barricade the way,
Lest thou shou'dst chance the tree of life to reach.
- 13 If in the church he tries to make thee nod,
(Where Christians shou'd, to pray'r alone, resort)
He only strives to make thee mock thy God,
In his own temple and his holy court.
- 14 Beware of sleeping, then, when thou shou'dst pray :
Worse than a Devil is the man that dares
To mock his God, upon a Sabbath-day,
And on his knees with hypocritic airs.
- 15 Shou'd Satan ever tempt thee to delay,
At the communion-table to appear ;
Thy seal of pardon he'd fain steal away,
By hindering thee to pay thy homage there.

- 16 If from thy heart, the Gospel of the LORD
Which thou hast heard, he studies to efface——
He tries to rob thee of the pow'rful word,
By which alone thou canst improve in grace.
- 17 If he can once prevail on thee to bear
A Christian name, yet no religion have——
He'll make the servant of the LORD appear
The Devil's drudge, and most devoted slave.
- 18 If he a fruitless faith wou'd have thee boast,
On which no works concomitant attend——
Thou'lt find it, dead—and find it, to thy cost,
A faith, that cannot save thee, in the end.
- 19 Shou'd he from penitence thy soul restrain,
'Till death, and make thee each good work postpone:
He hinders thee God's mercy to obtain,
Until perhaps the time of mercy's gone.
- 20 Satan will leave no sort of scheme untry'd,
By means whereof he may expect success,
No stone unturn'd, no measure unapply'd——
'Till, if he can, he brings thee to transgress.
- 21 The tempter roves about, both night and day—
By night and day, then of his wiles beware:
For there's no place, wherein he will not lay
His toils, our heedless footsteps to ensnare.
- 22 At church, in thy own grounds, at home, abroad,
Intent on work, or unreserv'd at play,
At table, in thy bed, or on the road,
Satan, where-e'er thou art, wou'd there betray.
- 23 Be therefore, like a warrior, still prepar'd,
And never fail thy panoply to wear,
And on thy actions keep a constant guard—
Lest Satan shou'd thy soul in pieces tear.
- 24 Woe unto him, who was in childhood wild,
In youth a spendthrift, and a churl in age!
Since he, thereby, has Satan's will fulfill'd,
Throughout his life, in ev'ry diff'rent stage.

- 25 Take heed, my soul, of Satan's wiles beware :
 He always aims all ages to trepan —
 In all thy paths he'll lay a latent snare,
 To catch thy careless feet whene'er he can.
- 26 He'll strive to make thee pass thy youthful days,
 Ever in fruitless, vain pursuits employ'd,
 In dancing, riot, and such idle ways —
 Ways of all virtue and all merit void.
- 27 In manhood, he will try to take thee in,
 With women and with wine thy time to waste;
 And thy pure vessel to defile with sin,
 With foul concupiscence, and deeds unchaste.
- 28 When age comes on, he'll labour to divert
 Thy thoughts from God, and penitence sincere ;
 And ev'ry purpose of thy soul pervert
 To muck-worm avarice and worldly care.
- 29 Endeavour then, whatever stage thou'rt in
 From Satan's snares to extricate thy mind,
 Who'll seek thy utter ruin by the sin,
 To which he finds thy nature most inclin'd.

Advice to pray earnestly, and on all Occasions,
supposed to be address'd to his own Son.

- 1 **F**ORGET not, on my blessing, thrice a-day,
 Thy bounden sacrifice of praise to bring,
 And on thy bended knees devoutly pray
 Before thy God, thy SAVIOUR, and thy KING.
- 2 Before thy room thou quittest, with the light—
 Before thou dinest, at the noon of day—
 Before thou suppest, at th' approach of night—
 On these three times do not neglect to pray.
- 3 Lift up thy hands to pray for thy success,
 E'er they are put to any use beside,
 And beg of God thy ev'ry work to bless,
 Before thou hast thyself to work apply'd.

4Thou

- 4 Thou may'st some short ejaculation say,
Even when, on thy task, thou'rt most intent,
And shou'dst with never-ceasing ardor pray ;
Though God has given thee thy heart's content.
- 5 Though thou with heavy labour art oppress'd,
And greaty hurry'd on a market-day—
Yet even then, it is by all confests'd,
'Twill do the much more good, than harm, to pray.
- 6 Though *David* did in martial skill excel,
And troubles more than any mortal bore—
Yet, seven times a-day, he always fell
Upon his knees, the GODHEAD to adore.
- 7 Whilst with the kings of *Canaan* war he wag'd,
Joshua pray'd—yet fought with all his might ;
His heart was in devotion then engag'd,
E'en whilst his hands were busy in the fight.
- 8 Their pray'rs ne'er stopp'd whatever they began,
Nor put their undertaking to a stand ;
But rather forwarded each happy plan,
And sauctify'd whate'er they took in hand.
- 9 Accustom thou thyself to pray with zeal,
In ev'ry work thou dost—and thou shalt see
That pray'r can do more good than tongue can tell,
And be a happy furtherance to thee.
- 10 The Husbandman and Hind may full as well
E'en whilst at plough, to their CREATOR pray,
As to their cattle some dull jargon tell,,
Or silly sing-song all the live-long day.
- 11 E'en Travellers may Psalms devoutly sing,
Or pray in spirit, as they ride, or walk,
As well as they may make the welkin ring
With their loose ballads, or their noisy talk.
- 12 Nay, Shoe-makers and Tailors may enjoy
Some time to pray, whilst they their trades pursue:
For whilst their hands they at their craft employ,
Their minds may be employ'd in prayer too.

- 13 Old women, while they turn the spinning-wheel,
May each perform her task without delay,
And maidens twirl about the rattling reel,
And yet find time enough besides to pray.
- 14 Though thou shou'dst be with *Moses* on the hill——
Or else with *Isaac*, walking o'er thy ground——
Or in the temple, with *St. John*—yet still
Where-e'r thou art, to pray thou'rt always bound.
- 15 Before thou goest from thy house, entreat
Thy gracious God, to give thee good success,
And all thy labours, whether small or great,
With his accustom'd providence to bless.
- 16 'Tis God, that makes our undertakings speed,
'Tis God, that ev'ry blessing to us gives,
When he is worshipp'd, all our works succeed,
But when neglected, then a curse arrives.
- 17 His spirit beg, to guide thee on thy way,
His grace too beg, to aid each vain effort,
His blessing beg, on all thou dost essay,
And he himself will be thy strong support.
- 18 Let ev'ry act with Jesus be begun——
His help implore, to bring it to an end——
To him ascribe the glory, when 'tis done :
So shall success on ev'ry act attend.
- 19 As God made *Joseph's* ev'ry work succeed,
And all that faithful *Daniel* did of yore ;
So will he forward, for thee, ev'ry deed,
If thou sincerely wilt his name adore.
- 20 For if thou dost not pray aright to God,
Like *Jonah*, thou a baseless booth shalt make——
Or else, like *Peter*, thou shalt spread abroad
Thy nets—and yet a single fish not take.
- 21 Thou, night and day, in trouble and in pain
Shall fret and fume, and like a Miser moil ;——
Yet all thy labour shall be quite in vain,
And thou nought better, after all thy toil.

- 22 In vain it is, to rise up with the light,
 In vain it is, to eat the bread of care,
 In vain to watch the tedious winter-night,
 If we without God's holy blessing are.
- 23 In vain it is new palaces to raise,
 In vain it is, to garrison the fort
 In vain it is, to toil throughout our days,
 If God does not our weak attempts support.
- 24 Left all thy labours, then, thou'd fruitless prove,
 Pray thou with fervor, if thou wou'dst succeed—
 Pray unto God to bless thee from above :
 So shall he fully prosper ev'ry deed.
-

ADVICE, to the FARMER.

- 1 **E**'ER thou thy hands upon the plough dost lay,
 First lift them up, and to thy MAKER pray,
 Thou and thy hinds—that he thy work may bless,
 And crown thy labours with the wish'd success.
- 2 In vain it is a large domain to plow,
 In vain it is to harrow what you sow,
 If God with-hold his blessing from the grain,
 The seed will rot beneath the furrow'd plain.
- 3 'Tis God that sows—'tis God that makes the field
 It's full increase in time of harvest yield,
 An hundred fold, or more, is sometimes given
 To those who place their confidence in heaven.
- 4 Whoe'er wou'd from the earth it's strength obtain,
 And reap large crops of valuable grain,
 Let him with fervent pray'r his God address,
 And he shall meet with the desir'd success.
- 5 A single harrow, by the help of pray'r,
 A greater produce shall return by far
 Than can be got by teams, perhaps a score,
 Where none by pray'r invoke th' ALMIGHTY Pow'r.

- 6 *Isaac* by prayer's efficacious aid,
Was, in his corn, an hundred-fold repaid ;
Whilst others, who neglected pray'r, scarce found
Bare six-for-one from their best-cultur'd ground.
- 7 The LORD, thy God, O husbandman ! adore——
With all thy heart his needful help implore,
That he the labours of thy hands may bless,
And, to thy full content, thy store increase.

The FARMER'S PRAYER.

1 **O** Thou ! by whom the universe was made,
Mankind's support, and never failing aid,
Who bidd'st the earth her various products bear,
Who waterest the soft'ned soil with rain,
Who givest vegetation to the grain,
Unto a peasant's ardent pray'r give ear !

2 I now intend, with care, my land to dress,
And in it's fertile womb to sow my grain ;
Which, if O God ! thou deignest not to bless,
I never shall receive, or see again.

3 In vain it is to plant, in vain to sow,
In vain to harrow well the levell'd plain,
If thou wilt not command the seed to grow,
And shed thy blessing on the bury'd grain.

4 For not a single corn will rush to birth
Of all that I've intrusted to the earth,
If thou dost not enjoin the blade to spring,
And the young shoot to full perfection bring.

5 I therefore beg thy blessing on my lands,
O LORD ! and on the labour of my hands,
That I thereby may as a Christian, live,
And my support, and maintenance receive !

6 Open the Windows of the skies, and pour
Thy blessings on them in a genial show'r ;
My corn with earth's prolific fatness feed,
And give increase to all my cover'd seed,

- 7 Let not the skies, like bras in fusion, glow,
Nor th' earth, with heat, as hard as iron grow,
Let not our pastures, and our meads of hay,
For our supine neglect of Thee, decay !
- 8 But give us in good time and measure meet,
A temp'rate season, and sufficient heat,
Give us the former and the latter rains,
Give peace and plenty to the British swains.
- 9 The locust and the cankerworm restrain,
The dew that blights and tarnishes the grain,
The drought, the nipping winds, the lightning's glare,
Which to the growing corn pernicious are.
- 10 O, let the year be with thy goodness crown'd,
Let it with all thy choicest gifts abound,
Let bleating flocks each fertile valley fill,
And lowing herds adorn each rising hill !
- 11 Give to the sons of men their daily bread,
Give grass to the mute beasts, that crop the mead,
Give wine and oil, to those that till the field,
And let thy heritage abundance yield,
- 12 Give us a harvest with profusion crown'd,
Let ev'ry field and yard with corn abound,
Let herbs each garden, fruit each orchard fill,
Let rocks their honey, kine their milk distill.
- 13 Prosper our handy-work, thou gracious God !
And further our endeavours with success :
So, on our knees, shall we thy name applaud,
And night and morn our benefactor bless.

ADVICE to the TRAVELLER.

- 1 **E'**ER thou thy foot shall in the stirrup place,
Beseech thy God to bless thee with his grace,
And keep thee safe till thy return again,
Whene'er thou travellest over hill or plain.

- 2 God's angel seek, thy footsteps to direct,
His wing from ev'ry danger to protect,
Upon thy journey for his blessing sue,
And he will prosper all thou hast to do.
- 3 As God an angel with *Tobias* sent
For his attendant, wheresoe'er he went :
So shall he speedy succour send to all,
Who shall on him, e'en now, for succour call.
- 4 From the best Patriarch's servant learn to pray,
And call on God, whilst thou art on thy way,
That he the purpose of thy soul may speed :
So shalt thou to thy utmost wish succeed.
- 5 But if thou shou'dst not on thy bended knee,
Entreat the Son of God to speed thee home :
Thou shalt oppression on thy journey see,
And bootless back, without thy errand come.
- 6 To those, that must a distant journey take,
Better is pray'r than wine, the thirst to slake,
Better than forts, to ward the light'ning's glance,
Better than ought, to guard against mischance,
- 7 Better is pray'r, to save thee from thy foe,
When on a dang'rous journey thou dost go,
Than sword or pistol, or the fleetest horse,
Than num'rous troops, or any human force.
- 8 The Deity with ceaseless pray'r adore,
And on thy journey his strong aid implore ;
So shall he send his angels to fulfil
Thy heart's best wishes, and preserve thee still.

The TRAVELLER's Prayer.

- 1 **T**HOU guardian of the weak, thou poor man's friend!
Hear from thy glorious throne, ALMIGHTY GOD!
That dost thine aid to fearful trav'lers lend,
The suit of one that journeys on the road !

L

2 I am

- 2 I am oblig'd I know not where to go,
Nor know I whether I shall ever come,
Since 'tis a country I'm a stranger to,
If thou dost not my journey prosper, home.
- 3 LORD, it is Thou, who governest this ball,
And all that is therein thou dost direct;
So that no mischief ever can befall
The men thou favourest, thy own elect!
- 4 I therefore humbly make it my request
That thou in mercy wou'dst my life sustain,
Where-e'er I go, and with thy favour blest,
Bring me in joy and safety back again.
- 5 To lead the way, dispatch an angel down,
My solace, and protection to become,
That he my bus'ness with success may crown,
And back again in health conduct me home.
- 6 Thy downy wings do thou expand abroad,
Beneath their ample awning shade me still,
Suffer not any foe, upon the road,
To do my soul or body any ill.
- 7 Send thou thy servant *Raphael* to direct
My steps, as he did with *Tobias* go,
The youth from ev'ry danger to protect,
To guide his feet, and save him from the foe.
- 8 Be thou, before me, like a cloud, by day,
Like a bright blaze, by night, my God and King,
To light, and bring me safely on my way,
As thou didst *Israel* erst from *Canaan* bring.
- 9 The eastern sages thou didst erst protect,
And sent'st a STAR those strangers to attend,
As thou didst their's, do thou my steps direct,
'Till thou hast brought me to my journey's end.
- 10 As young *Tobias* thou didst save of yore,
Both from the river-monster, and the fiend,
So save me, LORD! by thy ALMIGHTY pow'r,
From all the perils, which may me attend.

- 11 Preserve me, LORD ! from Satan's sweeping net,
And his vile friends, who my best schemes still cross,
Permit them not, by whom I'm thus beset,
To do me hurt, or bring me shame and loss.
- 12 Let not loud thunder, or the lightning's glare,
Let not the storm or tempest do me harm,
Let not the wily fiend my soul ensnare,
Nor any violence my heart alarm.
- 13 Preserve me from the snares by robbers spread,
O'erflowing rivers, villains that beguile,
A life corrupt, and an adult'rous bed,
The dangers of the road, and comrades vile.
- 14 Rouse then my fainting heart within my breast,
Make thou my path, by thy kind furth'rance, plain ;
Strengthen my fellow-trav'lers, and my beast,
And bring us, to our wishes, back again.
- 15 Success to all we undertake, impart
And expedite the business and design
Of ev'ry one that has an honest heart,
That all, to bless thy holy name, may join
- 16 Preserve us, Lord ! from harm and ill success,
Mischance, miscarriage, misery, mishap,
Damage, disease, disaster, and distress,
Loss of the road, or any dang'rous scrape.
- 17 Conduct us back again in health, O God !
Our dear relations and our friends among ;
That we thy name may, for thy aid, applaud,
And sing thy praises in some sacred song.

ADVICE, to a SOLDIER.

- 1 **S**OLDIER, before thou marchest out to fight,
To serve the Crown, and in thy country's right,
Pray to the LORD, and he'll to thee impart
Stength, martial skill, and a courageous heart.

- 2 'Tis GOD that gives the loyal soldier might,
'Tis GOD that gives him knowledge how to fight,
'Tis by GOD's aid, his expert fingers know
To tofs the Pike, or bend the stubborn bow.
- 3 The GOD of armies is a warrior strong,
A safe retreat from injury and wrong;
From him alone comes conquest and fuccels:
Implore his aid, and he thy arms will blefs.
- 4 Prayer is better and more useful far
To ev'ry Soldier in the time of war,
Than any armour to fence off a blow,
Or than a fword is, to offend the foe.
- 5 The hands of *Moses*, lifted up on high,
To fupplicate affiftance from the fky,
More than the fword of *Jofhua* deftroy'd,
And all the troops that gallant chief employ'd.
- 6 *Jonathan's* prayer greater numbers flew,
Among the *Philiftine* difheartened crew,
Than were by *Saul* and all his army flain,
In various conflicts on th' enfanguin'd plain.
- 7 More prevalent was *David's* pray'r by far
Th' enormous giant to o'ercome in war,
That thofe fmooth ftones which from his fcrip he took,
Tho' through his forehead one of them he ftrook.
- 8 *Elijah*, though no weapons he employ'd,
Besides his pray'rs, two captains erft deftroy'd
With both the companies they brought along,
What then, on earth, than Prayer is more ftrong?
- 9 The Pray'r of *Judith* of more ufe was found,
That thofe ftrong walls which did the town furround,
To fave *Bethulia's* war-devoted tow'rs,
From *Holofernes'* defolating pow'rs.
- 10 Before thou enterest the mortal fray
Lift up thy hands immediately to pray,
As valiant *Jofhua* was won't to do,
So fhalt thou meet fuccels againft the foe.

- 11 Thy hands for battle prudently prepare,
And earnestly incline thy mind to pray'r,
And thou shalt find that pray'r can do more
Than both thy hands against an adverse pow'r.

The SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

- 1 **T**HOU God of might, who dost o'er hosts preside,
Who dost alone the doubtful battle guide,
Who dost alone the joyful vict'ry gain,
O hear my prayer in this dread campaign!
- 2 Here in the crown's, our king and country's right,
We, for our lands, our goods, and nation, fight
With a perfidious and invet'rate foe,
That always seeks this kingdom's overthrow.
- 3 Confound, O LORD! each mischievous intent,
Each plot and stratagem our foes invent,
Their strength diminish, and their pride abate,
Assuage their malice, blunt their keen-edg'd hate.
- 4 Be thou, O LORD! thy feeble servants friend,
That we may manfully the crown defend;
And give us strength, however weak and few,
Those pow'rful foes to conquer and subdue.
- 5 Do thou, O God! our fainting hearts revive,
Do thou, our enemies before us drive,
With terror and dismay their bosoms fill,
With shame and foul defeat pursue them still.
- 6 Though we be but a small and feeble band,
Compar'd to those who in their army stand;
Yet are we furnish'd with sufficient might,
If thou, O LORD, wilt for thy servants fight.
- 7 I know, O LORD! thy power is not less
In few than many—thou canst grant success
E'en to the weakest—and dost oft delight
Against the strongest to exert thy might.
- 8 Thy servant *Gideon* thou didst erst employ,
The *Midianites* vast army to destroy,

Though but three hundred form'd his slender band,
And they, like locusts, cumber'd all the land.

9 *Jonathan* and his armour-bearer, erst,
Unnumber'd foes successfully dispers'd :
When thou their souls didst with amazement fill,
Who cou'd resist, or countermand thy will !

10 Thou gavest *Shamgar* such resistless pow'r,
Six hundred with a goad he slew of yore,
And *Samson*, with unequal'd strength endu'd,
A thousand with an ass's jaw subdu'd.

11 A woman's artless hand thou didst employ,
Jabin's head-captain *Sisera*, to destroy ;
The stars themselves, arrang'd in just array,
For *Israel* fought, that memorable day.

12 So, if for us it be thy will to fight,
Thou canst supply us with sufficient might,
Our foes to conquer on the embattled plain ;
Though we be but a small and feeble train.

13 If thou, O LORD ! appearest on our side,
The heaven's, the earth, the ocean's furious tide,
The sun and moon, and ev'ry wind that blows,
Will join with us to war against our foes.

14 If thou to favour us art well inclin'd,
Nor *Turk*, nor *Pope*, nor *Spaniard*, need we mind :
Nay, though against us hell itself shou'd push,
We need not value hell itself a rush.

15 Thou hast thyself, O LORD ! a warrior show'd,
Thou only art with skill and strength endow'd,
Thou art the Giver of the laurel-reath,
Thou art our shield against the pow'r of death.

16 'Tis thou, that stoppest war's rage, every where,
'Tis thou, that snappest short the pointed spear,
'Tis thou, that ti'st the war-horse to his stall,
'Tis thou, that art the conqueror of all !

17 Do thou give comfort to each drooping heart,
Do thou unto our sinews strength impart,

- Do thou to us true martial skill afford,
That we may fight the battles of the LORD.
- 18 Like *Joshua*, make thou our leaders strong,
That they like him, may chase the hostile throng,
Their schemes and stratagems do thou attend,
That they may bring them to a prosp'rous end.
- 19 Strength, brav'ry, knowledge, puissance, impart
To all our foldier's, and a lion's heart:
Might, will, and diligence on each bestow,
That he may fearlessly confront his foe.
- 20 Around us let thy angels sentry keep,
And from our foes protect us, whilst we sleep:
A chosen troop of thy chief warriors send,
From war's fierce rage thy servants to defend.
- 21 Do thou, O LORD! o'er all our host preside,
And with thy wisdom all our actions guide:
May all of us thy sacred law fulfil.
And nothing do repugnant to thy will.
- 22 Let us unto the King pay homage due,
Let's to our fellow-citizens be true,
Let us obedient to our leaders prove,
And in our quarters live in peace and love.
- 23 Make each of us contented with his pay,
Let us not take our neighbour's goods away,
Let none of us oppress, or high or low,
But awful rev'rence to thy dictates show.
- 24 Let us in no disorders e'er engage,
Nor any of our company enrage,
Nor with our leaders mutinously strive,
Nor in vile courses and debauch'ry live.
- 25 Let us no wife or maiden e'er oppress,
Let us not any tender heart distress;
Lest thou thy wrath against such deeds shou'dst show,
And yield us up a prey unto the foe.
- 26 Make us all live, whilst by the foe beset
As if we all were in thy temple met,
And make us call upon thee, ev'ry hour,
To aid, and keep us by thy mighty pow'r.

- 27 As we are daily at the gates of death,
Near the spear's point and gun's destroying breath,
Let us each moment in thy fear abide,
And cast our vile enormities aside.
- 28 Since none, O LORD ! the hour or minute know,
When they to thee a just account must shew,
O, may our lives be righteous and sincere,
Before we at thy judgment-seat appear!
- 29 Prepare us, LORD ! that we to thee may come,
And make us ready to receive our doom,
Let us not live in sin a single hour,
Lest unawares it shou'd our souls o'erpow'r.
- 30 Permit us not in evil to proceed,
Or the commission of a single deed,
Which at thy dread tribunal must be known,
When we with shame appear before thy throne,
- 31 Save us, O LORD ! who call upon thy name,
But overwhelm our enemies with shame :
Our gracious Sov'reign and his Kingdom bless,
And crown our arms with conquest and success.
-

ADVICE to the Dealer, or Drover.

- 1 IF thou'rt a Dealer, honest be each act,
And fairly pay for what to thee is sold ;
Be to thy promise and thy word exact :
Credit is better oft than hoards of gold.
- 2 Of the necessitous no advantage take,
And be not studious of excessive gain
With rogues no bargain or agreement make ;
Nothing will thrive that comes from such a train.
- 3 Buy not too much on tick, for all will sell,
To such a purchaser extreamly dear,
And such a trade will soon that wretch compel.
To quit the kingdom or to disappear.
- 4 Take heed that thou dost not thy chapmen cheat,
God will a sentence pa on all deceit :

- And though thou shou'dst beyond the seas retreat,
 Sure vengeance will on thy transgression wait.
- 5 They ne'er (the scripture on that head is plain)
 Shall roast the prey, who study to deceive :
 For fraud to no one yet brought real gain,
 It passes off, like water through a sieve.
- 6 Of drunkenness beware, whate'er thou dost ;
 For drunkenness will make the wealthiest poor,
 And when a trader's oft in liquor lost,
 In wine and ale he soon will spend his store.
- 7 Take care of thy dear soul, to justice cleave,
 And do the poor no wrong, for conscience' sake :
 For if a bankrupt thou the land shou'dst leave,
 Vengeance divine thy footsteps will o'ertake.

ADVICE to a young Man before he goes a Courting.

- 1 **W**HEN first thou go'st to court a maid,
 If thou'dst succeed, implore God's aid,
 And take his Spirit for thy guide,
 Or thou'lt ne'er get a worthy bride.
- 2 A wife with modesty endow'd
 And grace, is the best gift of God,
 A gift, that none shall e'er obtain,
 But they that in his fear remain.
- 3 Then beg of God, this gift to have,
 And his divine assistance crave :
 So shalt thou meet with good success,
 And all will favour thy address.
- 4 Yet, e'er thou weddest, as is fit,
 Unto thy parent's will submit,
 Ask their consent upon the knee :
 'So shall thy nuptials happy be !
- 5 God unto them wou'd have thee bow,
 Beg their advice, their pleasure know,
 E'er thou presum'st a wife to take :
 So no improper match they make.

- 6 Yet he'd not have them force thy mind
To marry, where thou'rt not inclin'd,
One, whom thy heart cou'd never love,
And ne'er cou'd thy affections move.
- 7 If full of Grace, if good in kind,
In body perfect, and in mind,
The maiden be—if bless'd with sense,
With Virtue, Wisdom, Competence—
Follow where nature leads the way,
And the divine command obey.
- 8 Thy parents must the choice approve,
Or they'll resist the LORD above,
And in thy bosom light a fire,
To tempt inordinate desire.
- 9 Yet, if thou canst, ne'er fret thy fire,
But him, in all he shall require,
With filial duty seek to please,
And he'll thy wishes grant with ease.
- 10 A protestant, of blameless life,
And truly pious, be thy wife :
Scarce e'er agreed the spouse and dame,
Whose principles were not the same,
- 11 Seek thou a maid of honest kin,
Oft constitution sways to sin, —
And, if GOD does not guard her well,
Young miss will fall, where madam fell.
- 12 Clean, neat and lovely let her be,
From aukwardness and flutt'ry free :
Cold, tasteless, joyless, faint the love,
(That's on a flattern plac'd) will prove.
- 13 Let her, whom thou'rt resolv'd to court,
Be of good life and good report —
Her temper mild — her words be few :
Worse than a scorpion is a shrew !
- 14 Let her be knowing, virtuous, wise,
And thou'lt above thine equals rise,
She'll fill thy house, thy fame advance,
And make thy heart with pleasure dance.

- 15 Courteous and clever, let her be,
And full of grace and charity :
Spare is his board, and hard his bed,
Who to unthriftiness is wed.
- 16 Let her be pleasing to behold ;
Neither too young, nor yet too old,
The old and cold will starve thy love,
The young thy jealousy may move.
- 17 Like *Sarah* let her please her spouse,
And like *Rebecca* rule her house,
Like *Rachel* let the maid be fair,
And wise, like her, who *Lem'el* bare.
- 18 Meek, mild, and gentle, let her be,
For manners, temp'rance, piety,
Remark'd—obliging, nurtur'd well :
Three kingdoms wealth she'll then excel.
- 19 Of worthless, vain, coquets beware,
And of the slawny trapes, take care,
Nor to the dow'r-proud flirt incline :
She'll prove a plague to thee and thine.
- 20 Shun one too fair, too warm, too free,
Or she'll a bosom-serpent be :
For 'tis a chance that any find,
In a fam'd Toast, a modest mind.
- 21 Seek not the damsel to espouse,
Though rich thou canst not rule her house :
Like smoke, mists, floods, that fleet away,
Her wealth will lessen ev'ry day.
- 22 Shou'd two be plac'd before thy eyes,
One, merely rich—the other, wise——
Let thou the worthless fortune go,
And vig'rously the wise one woo.
- 23 The wise-one will increase her store,
And daily raise her friends to pow'r,
'Till when her hand no respite knows,
Her sleepless eyes seek no repose.

- 24 The fool's the downfall of her race,
The wise-one e'en may cities raise,
The fool will make her husband sigh,
The wise will lift up her's on high.
- 25 The fool the stoutest heart will vex,
And the most wealthy spouse perplex;
She'll, to a little, much reduce,
'Till she has sham'd her friends and house:
- 26 She's a dead weight, a bosom-pain,
A ceaseless drop, a shameful stain,
A snake that stings, a yoke that galls:
Woe worth the Wight to whom she falls!
- 27 May heaven direct thee to the best,
And be thou in a consort blest,
With each good quality endow'd,
Belov'd by man, approv'd by God!

The Praise and Commendation of a good *Woman*.

- 1 **A**S a wife child excells the scept'red fool,
Who of conceit and selfishness is full——
As a good name exceeds the best perfume,
And richest Balms, that from the *Indies* come——
- 2 As Prudence and Discretion, wealth surpass,
As strength and courage are outdone by grace,
As a good man is of more worth by far
Than riches: (tho' nought can with God compare!)
- 3 So much the wise and pious maid, possess'd
Of a bare-competence, is more care's'd
Than the dull Idiot, born to an estate,
And lineally-descended from the Great.
- 4 A virtuous, cheerful, and obliging wife,
Is better far, than all the pomp of life,
Better than houses, tenements and lands,
Than pearls and precious stones, and golden sands.
- 5 She is a ship with costly wares well-stow'd,
A pearl, with virtues infinite endow'd,

A gem, beyond all value and compare :
Happy the man who has her to her share.

- 6 She is a pillar, with rich gildings grac'd,
And on a pedestal of silver plac'd,
She is a turret of defence, to save
A weak and sickly husband from the grave,
She is a gorgeous crown, a glorious prize,
And ev'ry grace, in her, concent'ed lyes !

Advice and Warning to the ADULTERER.

- 1 **H**EAR my advice, Adulterer obscene !
And often in thy mind these precepts roll,
E'er thou dost haste with appetite unclean,
And headlong passion to destroy thy soul.
- 2 Think what a shameful bargain thou hast made,
E'er thou thy precious soul away dost throw :
Sum up the gains and losses of thy trade,
And ponder well, where thou at last must go.
- 3 Thou goest to a stew or brothrel vile,
To please the body, and the soul deceive,
To anger God, his temple to defile,
To part with CHRIST, and to the Devil cleave.
- 4 Thou goest, like a Fool, to sell thy soul,
(Thy soul, for which thy SAVIOUR deign'd to die!)
The grace of God, and all the joys above,
Only that thou mayst with a Strumpet lye.
- 5 O, do not deal so hardly with thy soul,
Give it not to be torn by fiends in hell,
Only that thou in those base joys mayst roll,
On which all carnal minds with transport dwell !
- 6 O, do not sell the ecstatic joys above,
Th' angelic converse, and the realms of light,
The GODHEAD's favour, and thy SAVIOUR's love,
For the loose pleasures of a guilty night.

7 Consider

- 7 Consider, pause, thy roving hands restrain ;
That contract is a contract full of woe,
Don't for a transient pleasure dash'd with pain,
The realms above and all their bliss forego.
- 8 Bite off thy tongue, pluck out thy wanton eyes,
Avert thy face, and offer nothing rude,
Take heed, lest Satan conquer thee by lies,
And dare not do an act so vile and lewd.
- 9 Observe, how Satan leads thee by a thread
Into the stews, where fin-stain'd harlots dwell,
(As to the slaughter-house an ox is led)
And plunges by that crime thy soul to hell.
- 10 Hear thou th' Apostles, and the Prophets hear,
Hear what's in Scripture ev'ry-where enjoin'd,
"Of this detestable offence beware, Eph.v. 6. 7.
"Lest thou to hell's abyss thou'dst be consign'd."
- 11 Wilt thou be tortur'd in th' infernal flame ?
Wilt thou in ever-burning sulphur fry ?
Only that thou may'st clothe thyself with shame,
And in th' embraces of a harlot lye ?
- 12 Wilt thou remain in the drear gloom of hell ?
Wilt thou be' imprison'd in that dark abyss ?
Wilt thou with Satan's sinful children dwell,
Only that thou some common punk mayst kiss ?
- 13 Wilt thou thy SAVIOUR and th' angelic train
Give up, with all the rapt'rous bliss above,
And nothing by the silly bargain gain,
But a vile strumpet's prostituted love !
- 14 For shame, return, the low pursuit give o'er,
And home, with penitence thyself betake ;
Part not with heaven to obtain a whore .
Esau wou'd not so bad a bargain make !
- 15 Be therefore well advis'd, the GODHEAD fear,
Regard thy soul, as long as thou dost live,
Of such attachments cautiously beware,
Nor to a punk thy SAVIOUR's members give.

- 16 But consecrate thy body unto God ;
For a pure body is the GODHEAD's fane,
CHRIST's member, and the TRINITY's abode :
Presume not thou that temple to prophane.
- 17 There's not a fouler fiend can haunt thy breast
Than vile adultery, and loose desire :
'Twas that which did destroy both man and beast,
By water once, and will again by fire.
- 18 Adultery, that crime so base and vile,
Provokes our GOD, to please the fiend and flesh,
The Spirit grieves, his temple does defile,
And crucifies the LORD of Life afresh.
- 19 It damns the soul, whilst it the body rots,
It soils the nuptial robe, and credit blasts,
Posterity with endless shame it blots,
The largest fortunes and estates it wastes !
- 20 With base-born brats it does the land o'erwhelm,
(The wise have, oft before, observ'd the same)
With wrongful-heirs it does o'er-run the realm,
And crowds the church with women void of shame.
- 21 The pleasures, the debauch'd and lewd enjoy,
To beggary and want directly lead,
And, like an overwhelming flame, destroy
The wealth of those, that stain the marriage-bed.
- 22 Whatever sin, besides, th' offender does,
It slays but one transgressor at a time :
But fornication two at once undoes,
Whenever any do commit the crime.
- 23 Although no other sin can break the band
Of those that are by matrimony join'd ;
Yet foul adult'ry lets no marriage stand,
But by pollution does it's ties unbind,
- 24 Worse than a thief, worse than a murd'rer still,
Worse is th' adulterer, than all the rest,
Who, by one act, two precious souls does kill,
Even his mistress's whom he caress'd.

- 25 The hungry robber often steals thro' need,
 Only a wretched being to support;
 But each adult'rer does a needless deed,
 And studies to destroy his soul in sport.
- 26 The *Pharisees*, who gave not their assent,
 That they shou'd suffer for th' unseemly fault,
 Who did revile their elders, did consent
 To slay the woman in adult'ry caught,
- 27 The law of God enjoin'd, in words exprefs, Lev. xx.
10.
 To stone the man and woman both, outright,
 Who shou'd this positive command transgress:
 So hateful is adult'ry in his sight!
- 28 It is so hateful to the Pow'r divine
 And all his angels, that he won't permit
 The brethren with adulterers to dine, 1 Cor. v. 11.
 And those who such impurities commit.
- 29 It is a crime so foul, so full of shame!
 That holy writ will by no means allow
 The Saints, so much as this vile sin to name, Eph. v. 3.
 Much less that act of wickedness to do.
- 30 Our SAVIOUR in the Gospel bids us try
 To curb the eye from so unchaste a sin:
 For often, through the window of the eye,
 The soul-corrupting mischief enters in.
- 31 E'er thou shou'dst lust for some enchanting dame,
 Pluck from it's socket thy lascivious eye;
 For he, that can't restrain his lustful flame,
 Shall in hell-fire to endless ages fry!
- 32 This vice, tho' yet 'tis but conceiv'd in thought,
 Is in the sight of God so very foul,
 That though it should not be to Practice brought,
 The Theory indulg'd will damn the soul.

ADVICE to the DRUNKARD.

- 1 **I**F thou'rt a drunkard, fond of ale and wine,
And smokest vile mundungus without end,
Cry out with speed, unto th' Pow'r divine,
To give thee grace, to conquer the foul fiend.
- 2 If thou hast fall'n into Excess's well,
Quickly implore assistance from above :
For neither angel, man, or imp of hell,
Can thence, without it, the drench'd brute remove.
- 3 The drunken fiend will never quit his home,
(No more than Satan the dumb child of old)
'Till CHRIST shall with his holy spirit come,
By fasts and prayers to force him from his hold.
- 4 Pray, that thou always mayest strength obtain,
The monstrous sin of drunk'ness to prevent ;
From all excess, throughout thy life, refrain
And never go, where drunken folks frequent.
- 5 From the sot's pray'r no good can e'er ensue,
Unless he fasts, and guards against excess :
For pray'r and fasting only can subdue
The fiend, that takes delight in drunkenness.
- 6 Though thou shou'dst pray against that odious sin,
If thou dost not the dire temptation shun ;
Thy pray'r to thee will not be worth a pin,
Because thou didst not from the tavern run.
- 7 The teeth of drunkenness ne'er loose their hold,
But like a lion's, strongly seize their prey,
'Till CHRIST shall come, that Lion truly bold !
To bruise his head, and snatch thy soul away.
- 8 The horse, that in a boggy slough has sunk,
Without much help, can never leave the pit ;
So neither can the man, that's ever drunk,
Without CHRIST's aid, his swinish habit quit.
- 9 Compel not any one to drink too-much,
But let each drink, according to his mind :

- If some drink deep, do thou not herd with such,
Nor ever drink more than thou art inclin'd.
- 10 Respect thy betters, when they are in place.
But still respect thyself, by drinking nought;
If thou by bumpers think'st to do them grace,
By gracing them, thou'lt to disgrace be brought.
- 11 'Tis a sad health, a health replete with ill,
To drink what neither gives thee health, nor joy:
I ne'er shall pledge the health (come, what come will)
That shall in any shape my own destroy.
- 12 Some sneer at me, because I sober keep,
And seldom seem to smile at any one;
Whilst many a briny tear I kindly weep,
To see them all by sottishness undone.
- 13 The sot, that sneer'd not many seasons since,
Because my money in my purse I kept,
Has since (because I wou'd not lend my pence)
Full many' a tear in fullen silence wept.
- 14 For JESUS' sake from drunkenness defend
Thyself, it is the very worst of crimes,
It turns a man into a perfect fiend,
Worse than the brutes themselves a hundred times.
- 15 Flee from the tavern, from excess refrain,
Seek not the champion, Liquor to subdue,
For none e'er cou'd, o'er it, a conquest gain,
But they that timely from it's strength with-drew.
- 16 The famous *Alexander* erst subdue'd,
Where-e'er he march'd, the countries all around;
But Liquor with superior might endue'd.
O'ercame with ease that conqueror renown'd.
- 17 'Tis better run away, than brave the field——
'Tis better flee, than fight a rabble rout——
'Tis better far, than strive with drink, to yield;
Or thou'lt be foil'd, if thou wilt see it out.
- 18 An hundred times thou did'st thy valour try,
But ev'ry trial was as oft in vain;

And if thou dost not from the victor fly,
Thou certainly shalt catch a fall again.

- 19 Many, o'er liquor, wou'd a conquest boast,
And vaunt that they can full as firmly tread;
Yet all, that ever try'd, the vict'ry lost,
But they, that early from the conflict fled.
- 20 Approach the fire, thy shins its heat shall feel—
Approach thou pitch, it will thy garments stain—
Approach a serpent, it will sting thy heel—
Approach strong liquor, it will turn thy brain.
- 21 Flee from a serpent, lest it sting thy heel—
Flee from the plague, lest it shou'd strike thee dead,
Flee from the fire, lest thou it's force shou'dst feel—
Flee from strong liquor, lest it turn thy head.
- 22 Of all the slaves, wherewith this world is stor'd,
The worst is he, who is his belly's slave :
For, whilst he lives, he'll seek no other LORD,
O'er him supreme authority to have.
- 23 The drunkard to the tavern goes, possess'd
Of sense, of strength, and all his pow'rs of mind :
He enters in a man, goes out a beast,
Spues like a dog, and grunts like any fiend.
- 24 The drunkard, God and all his gifts will leave,
With his possessions he'll play fast and loose,
To the first harlot he can find, he'll cleave,
His mem'ry, money ; nay, himself, he'll lose.
- 25 None scarce got drunk but vagabonds of yore,
And the most vile among the canting sort :
But there's no room now vacant for the poor ;
So thick their Betters to the inns resort !
- 26 'Tis bad to see a judge disguis'd with beer,
'Or find a justice sprawling in the street—
'Tis bad, to see a reeling, stamm'ring peer—
But 'tis far worse, a drunken priest to meet.
- 27 'Twere a good law, all drunkards to assign,
Like tender infants, to a guardian's care :

- Since they, no more than infants, when in wine,
Can rule themselves, or mind the least affair.
- 28 The sot, no reason has, himself to guide,
Nor is of instinct, for his use, possess'd :
For want of either, o'er him to preside,
He's much worse off than any other beast :
- 29 He is, alas ! so very great a fool,
He can't direct himself with any skill,
Nor suffer others his concerns to rule ;
Though he himself directs them e'er so ill.
- 30 Woe be to him that rises with the light
To drink, and still carouses on, untir'd,
Continuing his jollity, 'till night,
And 'till he's by the long potation fir'd.
- 31 The flaming pit and Satan open wide
Their jaws, to swallow up all drunken men,
E'er they can lay their bestial load aside—
Or can find time to soberize agen.
- 32 Woe be those, that in their drink are strong,
And able to contain the greatest load !
Nor roots, nor branches shall be left them long,
But they shall wholly be destroy'd by God.
- 33 Woe be to him, who, only to disclose
His neighbour's weakness puts about the bowl !
The LORD, incens'd, will rank him with his foes,
Because he tries to slay his neighbour's soul.
- 34 From drunkenness retire betimes away,
Or thou'lt be bury'd in it's nauseous slough :
When on a quicksand thou dost use delay,
Thou'rt swallow'd up, whilst thou'rt about to go.
- 45 All other sinners strive their faults to hide,
Besides the leaden-headed sot alone :
But he must foolishly display full wide
Each odious sin and crime that he has done.

- 36 *Adam* endeavour'd wisely to conceal,
 With fig-tree leaves his error and disgrace,
 But *Noah*, in his liquor, did reveal
 What Nature hid, before his children's face.
- 37 Our Saviour tells all Christians to beware,
 Lest they with fots and Epicures shou'd eat,
 And bids them shun them with an equal care,
 As they wou'd from the plague itself retreat.
- 38 As smoke will make th' half-stifled bees depart,
 However loath, from their beloved hive:
 So drunkenness will from the human heart,
 Each grace divine, and ev'ry virtue drive.
- 39 The king of *Babylon*, as *Daniel* says,
 Was to a beast transform'd for seven years:
 But, longer far than that, the drunkard stays
 Disguis'd, and all his life a hog appears.
- 40 The drunkard's wages are—a short'ned life——
 An empty lodging——an uneasy bed——
 A stomach foul——companions fond of strife——
 A tatter'd doublet——and an aching head——
- 41 His fire's inheritance, the swinish sot
 Sells, even all he has, as cheap as dirt:
 His Stock and Crop must also go to pot:
 Nay, to buy liquor, he will sell his shirt.
- 42 *Bacchus* is still the drunkard's real god;
 His church—a tavern, or a nasty inn;
 His landlady—the priestess of th' abode;
 His pot and pipe—his very next of kin.
- 43 Be sober, whilst thou art as yet but young,
 Let not thy belly ever rob thy back,
 Let not thy wasteful youth thy old age wrong,
 And make thee common necessities lack.
- 44 The law of God will have him ston'd outright,
 Who spends in criminal excess his time, Deut. xxi.
 That the fell vice may be unrooted quite,
 And others be deterr'd from such a crime.

- 45 CHRIST unawares will to the drunkard come,
 To punish him for his unseemly crime,
 And him to hell's infernal dungeon doom,
 To gnash his teeth beyond the end of time.
- 46 May God then give to ev'ry Christian grace,
 To drink no more than nature does suffice—
 Lest he himself shou'd through excess debase,
 And damn both soul and body by this vice.
-

A SONG concerning the Devil and the Drunkard.

- 1 **F**ROM the fraudulent fiend, that still without end
 Most mortals trepans and beguiles,
 Who wou'd hook us all in, to do ev'ry sin—
 God shield us, I pray, from his wiles!
- 2 As our shadows appear, when the weather is clear,
 And follow where-ever we go:
 Like a thief, so he steals, hanging close at our heels,
 And trying to bring us to woe.
- 3 May God keep us all, from Satan's sad thrall,
 (I pray from the depth of my soul!)
 And Christians secure, from vices impure,
 And hell and the tempter controul.
- 4 Intempe'rance in drink, is the chief, as I think,
 Of his wiles:—for it is from this vice,
 Theft, gluttony, strife, and uncleanness of life,
 With swearing and cursing take rise.
- 5 Where sots most abound, his trumpet he'll sound—
 "Come hither, my lads, to your beer,
 We'll drink and whore, throw the house out of door,
 And I my own self will be there."
- 6 Like a soldier, each sot, soon repairs to the spot,
 Where by Satan he's summon'd to meet;
 And swills off his bowl, not minding his soul,
 Whilst the poor are distress'd in each street.

- 7 Quite cool they begin, as the morn comes cool in,
 'Till the sun at mid-day gives it's heat:
 There's a flush in each cheek, and lisp as they speak,
 They falter and fail in their feet.
- 8 When they've drank each his quart, and ready to part,
 "Come, landlady, fetch us some more,
 He cries, "Fill each pot, with the best thou hast got,
 " We were not half jovial before.
- 9 "Come, bring us, with speed, a pound of the weed
 " From India brought over the main,
 " With pipes long and white, a hot poker, or light;
 " Nor let them be call'd for again.
- 10 "A rather next bring, salt herring, or ling,
 " 'Twill give to our liquor a taste:
 " Let's drink then away, 'till we're jolly and gay,
 " And the barrel has run out it's last!"
- 11 The noise now grows great, and each flincher is beat
 That won't push the fuddle about.
 "Come, lads! let's drink, (he still roars) and ne'er think
 " But see all our liquor quite out."
- 12 Some spue it again——some keep it with pain,
 While others just sip, and no more:
 Some English, some Welsh, some French out will belch
 While others in Erse loudly roar.
- 13 Some swagger and swear, like madmen some tear,
 Whilst the fiend spurs them on with a sneer——
 "Have at him, my boy!—thy good weapon employ,
 " For who would such injuries bear?"
- 14 They're beat black and blue, perhaps murders ensue,
 Unhappy's the place where he goes,
 The quarrelsome fiend, and the trait'rous friend,
 The monster, that causes our woes!
- 15 There's none without fault. All with errors are fraught.
 The best is not free from his vice;
 But all are inclin'd unto sins of some kind.
 And follow the old Fox's advice.

16 O God,

- 16 O God, our best friend, give us grace to amend,
 And keep *Adam's* sons from backsliding !
 Forgive us each sin, and lead us all in
 To the kingdom, where thou art residing.

Advice concerning the Government of our Thoughts.

- 1 **T**HE mind of ev'ry man, alas !
 Is naturally vile and base,
 And thinks on nought, but what is bad,
 'Till it the second birth has had.
- 2 There's no one can command his mind
 To good, however well inclin'd,
 'Till God has giv'n him grace and light
 To guide his mental pow'rs aright.
- 3 Pray therefore hard, that he wou'd deign
 To change thy purposes again,
 And all thy resolutions quite,
 'Till they be fix'd upon the right.
- 4 So God his Spirit shall impart,
 To turn th' intentions of thy heart,
 And all the counsels of thy breast,
 That thou may'st think on what is best.
- 5 Permit no ill to harbour there,
 Lest it shou'd with it ruin bear :
 For evil Thoughts still go before
 To tell that Satan's at the door.
- 6 Placethou thy thoughts, and fix thy love,
 Upon the things that are above,
 (Where thy dear SAVIOUR's even now!)
 And not upon the trash below.
- 7 Let themes celestial crowd thy mind,
 Nought earthly there a place shou'd find:
 Think on the place where thou must dwell
 For ever—think on heav'n and hell !

- 8 Reflect, what CHRIST above the skies
Has bought for thee, his blood, the price!
“ A crown of joy, the peace of God,
“ An endless life, a blest abode !”
- 9 Reflect, that thou art ev’ry hour
In sight of the ALMIGHTY Pow’r,
Who thy whole conduct can espy
With the bare glancing of his Eye.
- 10 Reflect, that thy blood-thirsty foe,
Roams, like a lion, to and fro,
And prowls around thee ev’ry hour,
Thy soul and body to devour.
- 11 Submit each thought, each work, each word,
To the direction of the LORD,
Lest either shou’d thy soul oppress,
And on the day of doom distress.
- 12 O, think how thy dread JUDGE shall come
Upon the clouds, to seal thy doom !
Prepare to meet him then, above,
As a young bride to meet her love.
- 13 Remember thou, that ev’ry thought
Must on that awful day be brought
To strict account, before the LORD,
As well as ev’ry work and word,
- 14 Reflect, that each of us must go
In turn, to his clay-cell below,
Of one coarse shroud alone possess’d,
Tho’ here with ample fortunes blest’d.
- 15 Reflect, that death, with matchless force,
Rides *Jebu*-like, on his pale horse :
Nor old, nor young, can’t ’scape his dart,
Which rives impartially each heart.
- 16 Reflect, how, like a thief, death treads,
And hovers daily o’er our heads :
No trump proclaims him on the way,
’Till unawares he gripes his prey.
- 17 Reflect

- 17 Reflect, that life is like a dream,
Or like a bubble on the stream,
Or glass, or china, by one stroke,
Too easily in pieces broke !
- 18 Think, how it swiftly passes by,
As ships, thro' th' yielding billows, fly !
O think, how oft man's time is done,
Before he dream'd one half was gone !
- 19 Think, how this world lets all men go
Quite naked to the grave below,
And underneath their feet breaks short
Like ice, when most they want support !
- 20 Reflect, that ne'er so great a sum,
Nor house nor lands, shall ever come
For any man's offence to pay,
Upon the LORD's tremendous day !
- 21 Think, when death comes, that we must quit
This world, and all that is in it ;
And be to CHRIST's tribunal brought,
To answer there for ev'ry fault !
- 22 Think, how the riches thou hadst here,
And ev'ry office thou didst bear,
Shall quickly new possessors have
E'er thou'rt scarce stiff'ned in thy grave !
- 23 O think, how sin, on that dread day,
Will on thy wounded conscience prey,
When all thy foul transgressions past
Shall in thy teeth be fully cast !
- 24 Think, how thou shalt be forc'd to give
A strict account, how thou didst live,
And answer make before the LORD,
For ev'ry idle work and word !
- 25 Think, how the mighty then shall fear,
(Who ne'er did God nor man revere)
And beg the rocks with piteous cry,
To fall upon them, from on high.
- 26 Think

- 26 Think, how the righteous shall enjoy
Eternal bliss ! their sole employ,
Their great CREATOR's praise to tell ;
Whilst all the wicked broil in hell !
- 27 Think, how the wicked tofs and turn,
As in infernal flames they burn,
And as the busy worms, each hour,
With fateless teeth their flesh devour !
- 28 O think on this ! and thou'lt despise
The world and all it's vanities,
And on God's word, thro' faith depend,
With that blest world, that ne'er shall end.
- 29 The mind of man still runs upon,
The good or evil it has done :
And if it be not fed with good,
'Twill cram itself on filthy food !
- 30 Like mill-stones, is the human mind,
It will itself to powder grind,
Unless, as grist, some virtue's thrown
To it, to spend itself upon.
- 31 The task assign'd to thee, perform,
When God gave thee a human form,
And serve him wheresoe'er thou art,
Whilst yet there's time, with all thy heart !
- 32 O think, that e'en a single day,
Whereon thou didst the LORD obey,
Is better than an age at last,
In any other service past !
- 33 O think, e'er thou dost sin commit,
How thou must answer soon for it,
And if thou, on that awful day,
Canst run from endless death away !
- 34 Habituate thy mind to good,
Nor let it feed on chaffy food,
It easily may be restrain'd,
If it betimes be tightly rein'd.

- 35 'Tis easy to put out a fire,
E'er to the roof it's flames aspire :
As easy 'tis bad thoughts to quell,
If you will them in time repel.
- 36 Then banish ev'ry evil thought
At first, e'er it becomes a fault ;
Lest Satan, full of craft and fraud,
Bad thoughts shou'd turn to deeds as bad.
- 37 Whilst young, the brood of Babel quell,
Tread on the serpent in the shell,
Cut out the cancer, e'er it spread,
Quash bad thoughts e'er they run a-head
- 38 Let but one spark thy thatch attain,
The flames will o'er thy house soon reign ;
Let one bad thought possess thy soul,
'Twill soon corrupt, and spoil the whole.
- 39 Let no bad thought lodge in thy breast,
As soon therein let Satan rest ;
For, if thou giv'st it lodging there,
The footman shews his lord is near.
- 40 To keep God's law, use all thy wit,
And live sincerely up to it ;
Ne'er from thy mind his favours cast,
But bless him for whate'er thou hast.
- 41 No wicked stratagem employ,
Thy fellow-creature to destroy ;
Murder is such a bloody deed,
Of it, throughout thy life, take heed.
- 42 Do not thy neighbour's wife desire,
Nor at her sparkling eyes take fire ;
Let not thy mind upon her run,
The thought is sin—the danger shun !
- 43 Let not a thought thy mind possess,
How thou the orphan mayst oppress ;
Before th' ALMIGHTY such a thought
Is a foul wrong, and grievous fault.

44 Nor house, nor lands, nor gold, nor gain,
Attempt by cheating to obtain :
Such covetous desires are quite
A fraud in the ALMIGHTY's fight.

45 Confine thy thoughts, nor let them go,
In search of trifles, to and fro,
Or ought that must to reck'ning come,
On the tremendous day of doom.

46 From evil thoughts thy mind command,
As thou wou'dst keep from theft thy hand :
For ev'ry wicked word and thought,
Must to a strict account be brought !

Advice, how to govern our Words according to
GOD's Will.

1 **L**ET all thy words a Christian import bear,
Let them, with grace, at all times season'd be,
That they may knowledge give to all that hear,
And edify their souls in some degree.

2 Both life and death upon thy lips are hung,
Guard thou them well from slanders vile and foul :
Let no such language e'er defile thy tongue,
Keep well thy lips, and thou shalt keep thy soul.

3 In thy expressions, imitate the LORD,
And speak, as he was always wont, the truth :
For no deceit, or no unseemly word,
Proceeded ever from his hallow'd mouth.

4 Be slow to speak, but always swift to hear,
Thy ears are twain, but single is thy tongue :
Loquaciousness does nought but error bear :
But none were hurt by being silent long.

5 Before thou speakest, think a little space —
Think what the LORD himself wou'd have thee say,
Then utter freely what is fraught with grace,
And tends to make, e'en *Pagans*, CHRIST obey.

6 Let

- 6 Let no foul language from thy heart arise,
No foolish jests, no drollery obscene,
No taunts, no vaunts, no menaces, no lies;
Let decency in all thy speech be seen.
- 7 From slander, and from calumny refrain;
So shalt thou save thy precious soul alive:
But if thou dost not thy loose tongue restrain,
Thou shalt correction for thy words receive.
- 8 Use thou the language of the holy land,
Of God, and of his Word, oft mention make:
For by thy language men will understand
From what rich mine thou didst thy treasure take.
- 9 Let not tremendous oaths thy mouth defile,
Nor by the flesh and blood of Jesus swear;
Thou tramplest on thy SAVIOUR'S gore, the while
Thou dost proceed in such a vile career.
- 10 Ne'er of the Gospel any mention make,
Without due fear, respect, and rev'rence meet:
Whoe'er in vain God's holy name does take,
Shall be found guilty at his judgment-seat.
- 11 Never speak more than what is requisite;
But when thou speakest, speak not what is wrong:
For if thou dost not speak the think that's right,
'Tis better far that thou shou'dst hold thy tongue.
- 12 Take heed thou art not of a double tongue;
For God abhors all those, that falsehoods tell:
Lies from the father of all fiction sprung,
And ev'ry liar is the child of hell.
- 13 The truth with all thy faculties maintain;
God, and good men do in the truth delight:
But liars never shall belief obtain,
Although they swear, and chance to swear aright,
- 14 Ne'er let it be thy custom to traduce
Thy absent neighbour with an evil word:
For sland'rous accusations and abuse,
Cut deep, nay deeper than a two-edg'd sword.

- 15 Bear not a tongue, that's bitter and perverse,
'Tis worse than shafts shot from a giant's bow,
Than poison from an adder's tongue 'tis worse,
Worse than the flames that in hell's dungeon glow.
- 16 If thou'dst be happy, mind this useful rule,
"Call not another by opprobrious names:"
For he, that calls his fellow-creature, fool,
Deserves to feel *Gehenna's* fiercest flames.
- 17 Utter not thou, as much as thou dost hear,
And ne'er, as much as thou dost know, reveal,
But when thou'rt call to speak the truth, be clear:
Oft, 'till thou'rt call'd, 'tis best the truth conceal.
- 18 Be cautious ever, whom thou dost commend,
Be courteous, when thou wou'dst thy manners show,
Be mild, whene'er thou dost reprove thy friend,
Be lib'ral, when thou dost thine alms bestow.

A PRAYER, concerning the Government of our
Words and Lips, &c.

- 1 **O**PEN my silent lips, O Lord! full wide,
To chant the goodness of my gracious God;
My loit'ring tongue unto thy praises guide,
That I may boldly publish them abroad.
- 2 With thy encomiums fill my mouth, O God!
That I thy name, with all my might, may bless,
And 'mongst the countless multitude applaud
The SIRE of mercies for each good success.
- 3 Frame thou my words aright, my tongue restrain,
Direct thou all th' ideas of my heart,
Close thou my lips, and open them again,
That I may nought beside thy will impart.
- 4 Guard thou the portals of my mouth, O Lord!
That I may no indecent language use,
No bounce, no boast, nor any silly word,
No false report, nor any foul abuse.

- 5 Let ev'ry meditation of my soul,
 Let ev'ry deed be innocent and right,
 Let ev'ry word be harmless on the whole,
 O LORD! and truly-pleasing in thy fight.
-

Advice, to have One's Conversation and Demeanour
 always according to the Rules of the Gospel.

- 1 **B**E thy demeanour of the Christian sort,
 Be it obliging, affable, and right,
 In ev'ry place to which thou mayst resort,
 As is becoming in a child of light.
- 2 Be like a star, that blazes forth by night,
 Be like a candle, that illumines the room,
 Be an example of the Christian light
 To all that to thy company shall come.
- 3 Be holy, in whate'er does God regard,
 Be just, nor to thy neighbour use deceit,
 Be sober, and thyself with prudence guard,
 For these three points are of the greatest weight.
- 4 Be thou, as harmless as the gentle dove,
 Be, as the serpent vigilant and wise,
 As patient as a lamb, in suff'ring, prove,
 And God will such a good behaviour prize.
- 5 Like *Daniel*, with due moderation eat,
 And keep the flesh, by temp'rate diet, low,
 Beware of wine, and of high-season'd meat,
 Lest thou shoud'st wanton and rebellious grow.
- 6 Be chaste, be clear from ev'ry act unclean,
 Like *Joseph's*, faultless let thy conduct be,
 Where'e'er thou art, thou still by God art seen;
 Be therefore pure, and from pollution free.
- 7 In all thy dealings be exactly fair,
 And in thy bargains use no fraud nor art;
 For God determines, with the nicest care,
 Between the guilty and the guiltless heart.

- 8 Let thy religion, and thy faith be right,
And fear the LORD, thy God, with all thy heart :
Do nothing that is evil in his sight ;
For he beholds thee, wherefoe'er thou art.
- 9 Unto thy Pastors due attention give,
And strive thy Rulers in all things to please,
In love and friendship with thy neighbours live,
And with all Christians in the bond of peace.
- 10 In thy expressions always kind appear,
Be pertinently just, when thou dost speak,
Be to thy promise, steady and sincere,
Be in thy actions, and demeanour meek.
- 11 In ev'ry company with prudence move,
Amongst the worst, be thou a Saint in grace,
And howe'er bad the multitude may prove,
Be good, like *Noah*, 'mongst the giant-race.
- 12 Salute each person with a cheerful air,
With courtesy to thy superiors bow,
Authority and hoary age revere,
And due submission to thy betters show.
- 13 Be calm, and contumely suffer long,
And never give, to wrath and passion, way,
But bear, e'er thou art mov'd to anger, wrong ;
For he that bears, will ever win the day.
- 14 Submit to those that are in higher place,
For God is known the haughty to detest ;
But freely to the humble gives his grace,
And those that are of lowly minds possess.
- 15 Boast not of any virtue thou hast got,
Of wealth, or honours, that to thee may fall,
But be extremely thankful for thy lot,
Lest God enrag'd shou'd rob thee of them all.
- 16 Be in thy cloathing, always neat enough,
And dress'd, according to thy calling, go :
Cut out thy coat according to thy stuff ;
And neither be a sloven, nor a beau.

- 17 Transgress not thou, thy company to please,
 Death is the sentence that on sin is past.
 As often as thou dost thy sins increase,
 So many deaths thou dost deserve to taste.
- 18 E'er since the day transgression first began,
 Death and transgression have been firm allies:
 So that whoever dares transgress, that man
 Must fall to Death a certain sacrifice.
- 19 In thy expressions never be obscene,
 Nor in the closest solitude unchaste;
 But be thy conduct in each lonely scene
 The same, as if thou on the * cross wert plac'd.
- 20 Shou'd angel, man, or fiend, desire of thee
 To sin against thy God, when most apart,
 Remember thou, his *Seven Eyes* can see, *Zach iv. 10*
 And find thee out, however close thou art.
- 21 Though man, near-sighted reptile! cannot spy
 A thousand acts that are in private done;
 God sees them with his all-surveying eye,
 Though man imagines that he sees not one.
- 22 If thou dost think thy vices to conceal,
 God will the whole of thy design declare,
 And to the world, before the sun, reveal
 How bad thy thoughts and secret actions are!
- 23 Avoid conversing with the lewd and vile,
 To ev'ry Christian virtue dead and gone;
 For they'll thy morals fully and defile,
 As pitch will soil the clothes it drops upon.
- 24 As the fresh water, by the salt, is spoil'd,
 Soon as the river runs into the main:
 So the best morals are defil'd
 By vicious converse, and imbibe a stain.
- 25 Beware the serpent's sting, or thou shalt smart,
 And from the plague, lest it shou'd seize thee, run,
 And, if salvation thou hast much at heart,
 With equal care bad conversation shun.

* Market-Cross.

- 26 Love thou each godly person as thy eyes—
 Keep correspondence with the just and good—
 Follow th' examples of the learn'd and wise—
 But utterly abhor and shun the lewd.

ADVICE concerning Eating and Drinking.

- 1 SEE, that thou fittest not to eat,
 Before thou first hast bless'd thy meat!
 Nor rise from thence, 'till thou hast given
 Due thanks unto the LORD of heaven!
- 2 CHRIST never touch'd e'en barley-bread,
 (Much less when He on better fed)
 'Till he had first his victuals bless'd,
 And for the same his thanks express'd.
- 3 For who wou'd eat the food, that's curst
 Since *Adam's* fall, e'er he had first
 (By calling on God's holy name,
 And prayer) sanctify'd the same?
- 4 'Tis terrible, and sad to see,
 (And rude unto the last degree,
 And full as impious as 'tis rude)
 Men rush, like brutes, unto their food!
- 5 But 'tis as sad, when they are fed,
 To see them rise from meat, to bed,
 Like hogs, that from their draff retire,
 To grunt and wallow in their mire.
- 6 No grace before their meat they say,
 Nor for a blessing on it pray,
 Nor when they breakfast, sup, or dine,
 More thanks return than fatted swine.
- 7 Although it be the LORD's request,
 When they their hunger have repress,
 That they to God due thanks shou'd give,
 Who fills with food all things that live.

8 Take

- 8 Take heed, lest thou shou'dst eat too much,
I wou'd not have thee dainties touch;
For dainties, eaten to excess,
Will make the carnal part transgress.
- 9 If thou the flesh, beyond it's need,
Indulgest, thou a foe dost feed
Most fatal:—If thou giv'st it less,
Thou dost a trusty friend oppress.
- 10 Drink not too much, if thou art wise,
A little, nature does suffice:
Strong drink has oft been stronger found
Than those, that were for strength renown'd,
- 11 'Twas wine, made *Noah* shew his shame,
'Twas wine, did *Lot* with lust inflame,
'Twas wine, so many did undo,
'Twas wine, did *Philip's* son subdue.
- 12 Of luxury and sloth beware——
Let not thy table be thy snare——
Lest Satan make thee go astray,
When full, and against God inveigh,
- 13 The lark, whilst at her meal, still plies
With ceaseless diligence both eyes——
One looks about for food, they say,
The other marks the birds of prey.
- 14 So use thou, night and day, thy eyes;
Lest Satan's wiles thy soul surprize—
Who, whensoever thou dost eat,
Wou'd fain ensnare thee by thy meat.
- 15 When-e'er the growse-cock feeds, for fear,
He turns his eyes still here and there;
Lest, whilst he heedless fed at ease,
The falcon shou'd his body seize,
- 16 So, whilst at meat, let both thy eyes
Be vigilant against surprize
Let one, thy Maker's works regard,
T'other, against the fiend keep ward.

- 17 Eat thou no kind of meat at all,
Shall make thy fellow Christian fall:
The scripture plainly does declare
Thou no man shalt by meat ensnare.
- 18 Chuse not alone to eat thy fare,
But give the poor and sick a share:
Call him that's weak to taste thy feast,
And let the foodless be thy guest.
- 19 Old *Tobit* never din'd, before
He call'd about him all the poor,
Nor touch'd a bit of the repast,
'Till he had given them a taste.
- 20 *Job*, never thought his morsel sweet,
Unless the poor with him did eat,
Nor ever felt true joy at heart,
'Till he had given them a part.
- 21 Like him, thy guests, the needy make,
And let them of thy meal partake,
So shalt thou likewise, as his guest,
Partake of CHRIST'S celestial feast.
- 22 Repine not, but well-pleas'd receive,
Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY deigns to give:
The Patriarchs oft contented were
With bread and water for their fare.
- 23 Beans, and a common sort of Pease,
Of old did holy *Daniel* please;
The prophets' sons were likewise fed
On homely fare, and barley bread.
- 24 Why then shou'd we not be content
With whatsoe'er our God has sent,
So it suffices to alluage
(Be it more or less) keen hunger's rage?
- 25 Our blessed SAVIOUR was content
To feast with *Abr'am*, near his tent,
On common fare, though plain and good,
And never ask'd for dainty food.
- 26 But

- 26 But now scarce one is satisfy'd
To have his table well supply'd,
Unless on sev'ral eates he dines,
With pastry, and luxuriant wines.
- 27 They must have sauce with fish and fowl,
As capers, samphire, rocomble,
E'er they can make a meal of meat:
Their luxury and pride's so great!
- 28 For useles sauces now cost more,
Than joints entire did heretofore
Of that substantial, wholesome meat,
Our good forefather's us'd to eat.
- 29 The son of *Philip*, term'd the Great,
No sauce did with his victuals eat,
But what he in his stomach brought,
When he had stoutly march'd or fought.
- 30 The elder *Cyrus* often took
His luncheon, near some purling brook,
Whence he might water freely take,
And all his host their thirst might slake.
- 31 But now whene'er they sup or dine,
Our squeamish moderns must have wine,
Claret, perhaps a pint, or so,
E'er down their throats, a bit can go.
- 32 God give provision to the poor——
God make them bounteous, who have store,
God pardon us, when we've transgress'd,
God for our food be always bless'd!

GRACE before MEAT.

1 **T**Hou, by whom erst five thousand folks were fed
With two small fishes and five loaves of bread,
Fill us, thy humble servants, with such food,
As shall to thy wise providence seem good!

2 Bless

- 2 Bless thou besides the liquor and the meat,
Which thou hast given us to drink and eat,
As thou didst bless the paschal lamb of yore,
And the two fishes, by thy wond'rous pow'r ;
- 3 And give them strength our beings to preserve,
That we thy Godhead may adore and serve——
Such strength, as of thy special favour, LORD !
Thou erst didst to *Elijah's* cake afford.
- 4 And cause them to refresh this mortal frame,
To hearten, and to satisfy the same
With nourishment as good, as that low fare
Which thou for *Daniel* didst of old prepare.
- 5 Permit us not, however rare or nice,
To take a morsel more than will suffice——
But just as much as may support this frame,
And make us fit to glorify thy name.
- 6 But cause us to resound thy praises still,
Who with thy goodness dost our bellies fill——
And make us own, that 'tis the God of might,
Who feeds us ev'ry morning, noon, and night !

G R A C E a f t e r M E A T.

- 1 **T**HOU, that feedest ev'ry creature,
Whether tame, or wild by nature,
Receive our prayers, who humbly own
The plenteous goodness thou hast shown !
- 2 'Twas thou, O LORD !—that fed'st us all,
E'er since our birth, both great and small ;
For which vast bounty to us shown,
We gratefully the favour own !
- 3 To quench our thirst, no fountains flow——
No bread we have — no strength to go——
No light to see — no pow'r to rise——
But what thy bounty, LORD ! supplies.

4 Therefore

- 4 Therefore to thee, for food and health——
 To thee, for plenty, peace, and wealth——
 To thee, for bliss and joys in store——
 To thee, be praise for ever more!
-

Another GRACE before MEAT.

- 1 **T**HE eyes of ev'ry creature here below
 Are fix'd on thee, whence all their blessings flow,
 And earnestly expect, O LORD! their food
 From thee, the Donor of each gift that's good.
- 2 Thy lib'ral hand for their relief is spread
 Full wide, and ev'ry living thing is fed
 With food, that suits their several natures here,
 Throughout the various seasons of the year.
- 3 Then sanctify, O LORD! thy servants meat,
 And ev'ry mess, and morsel, that we eat!
 O sanctify at ev'ry meal the fare,
 Which Thou alone dost for our use prepare!
- 4 And give us grace that we our notes may raise,
 In ceaseless hymns to chant thy deathless praise;
 For all thy goodness and endearing care,
 In giving us each day such plenteous fare!
-

Another, before MEAT:

- 1 **B**less thou the victuals which now deck this board,
 Impart such nutriment to them, O LORD!
 That they our bodies may invig'rate so,
 That we may serve thee, as we ought to do.
- 2 Though many of our meats are mighty nice;
 Yet in them all no innate virtue lies
 To feed us, or our hunger to repress,
 If thou thyself didst not the creatures bless.
- 3 Pour then thy blessing on the gifts, O LORD!
 Wherewith so freely thou hast crown'd this board;
 Give them nutritious juices from above
 To feed us, and our hunger to remove.

- 4 As the varieties, whereon we feed,
Oft indigestions in our stomachs breed,
And dangerous diseases oft arise,
Because we were intemp'rate and unwise :
- 5 Thy grace on us; most holy God ! bestow
That we such temp'rance at our meals may show,
That our provisions hunger may appease,
And neither cause distemper, or disease.
- 6 Infuse thro' them, to us such pow'r and might,
That each of us may worship thee aright,
And in his calling, thy blest'd name adore,
For Jesus' sake, who saves us by his pow'r.

Another GRACE, after MEAT.

- 1 **T**HE labial sacrifice, O Lord ! receive,
Which now, to thee, we for thy mercies give ;
Because so fully, whenso-e'er they need,
Thou, with thy creatures, dost thy servants feed !
- 2 So plentiful a meal at least demands
Some grateful retribution at our hands,
Though such a favour we deserve no more
Than many, who now beg from door to door.
- 3 Let all the mouths which thou with meat hast fed,
Now daily thank thee for their daily bread :
Let us at least for this repast, O God !
For ever thy benevolence applaud !

Another, before MEAT.

- 1 **A**Lmighty God, in heav'n so high,
Us, and these creatures sanctify—
These creatures, which thou, at our want,
To us, thy pastur'd sheep, dost grant !
- 2 And make us all confess, and know,
That ev'ry perfect gift below
Proceeds from thee, (for thou art good)
Even our drink, and daily food.

- 3 And teach us all to bless thy name,
And for thy gifts to laud the same;
Because thou dost thy servants bless,
More than they ever can express:
 - 4 And, for thy best-beloved's sake,
We our petitions humbly make,
That thou to ev'ry wretch in want
At least wou'd'st bread and water grant:
 - 5 And wou'd'st both day and night bestow
Thy grace, that we may here below
Serve thee, 'till to thy courts we come,
Those seats of bliss, our future home!
 - 6 Where meat and drink of richest taste,
For ever undiminish'd last,
Where thy elected son's ne'er know
Hunger, or thirst, or any woe!
-

Another, after MEAT.

- 1 **W**HY dost thou with such dainty fare,
O LORD, thy humble servants feed,
And take of us such ceaseless care,
Whilst others are in woeful need?
- 2 Why unto us, less than the least
Of all thy servants, such great store
Dost thou allow, yet leave the rest,
Our betters far, extremely poor?
- 3 For we ourselves must fairly own,
That we do not at all deserve,
That greater favour shou'd be shown
To us, than those who almost starve.
- 4 But thou, O LORD! out of thy love
And great benevolence, dost give
To us a portion, far above
What they have, who much better live!

- 5 In hopes no doubt that we shou'd give
Greater returns of praise to thee
Than they, on such mean fare who live,
And worship thee with bended knee,
- 6 Then let our gratitude now raise
(A tribute we shou'd ever pay!
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
On ev'ry meal, and ev'ry day!

A GRACE, before SUPPER.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry man, his head and grateful eyes,
To God, our gen'rous caterer, lift up,
And beg of him with supplicating cries,
To bless our victuals, whensoever we sup.
- 2 To ev'ry sev'ral animal that lives
(Altho' their kinds and numbers be so great;)
He at a proper time and season gives
It's due proportion of salubrious meat,
- 3 He is so gracious and so very good,
There's not a bird that flutters in the air,
But he provides it ev'ry day with food,
Even with more than with a parent's care.
- 4 To man, he sure will greater favour show,
Who with his own similitude was grac'd,
And freely, all he wants, on him bestow;
So that his trust on him alone is plac'd.
- 5 Herbs, corn, and beasts, and what the seas produce,
With all the diff'rent songsters of the wood,
(Since they were made entirely for his use)
God gave them wholly unto man for food.
- 6 Amongst the various fish that swim the sea,
Beasts of the wood, or reptiles of the earth,
God never made a single mouth, but He
Prepar'd it's aliment before it's birth;

- 7 But unto man, the creature of his love,
He gave whatever haunts the field, or wood;
Or cuts the waves, or wings the air above;
With liberty to use them for his food.
- 8 Why do not mortals well consider this?
Why do they not adore their God aright?
Were they thus wise, they then wou'd never miss
To praise their MAKER, morning, noon, and night.
- 9 May God illuminate our blinded eyes,
That with our mouths we ever may adore
The goodness, that conducts us to the skies,
And for his mercies praise him evermore!
- 10 Glory and honour to th' eternal Pow'r,
Who daily fills our bellies with his meat,
Be now ascrib'd, and at each future hour,
At ev'ry time, and ev'ry meal, we eat!
-

GRACE after DINNER.

- 1 **T**HOU hast, O CHRIST! our bellies fill'd;
And with thy choicest dainties fed:
Fill too the mouth of man and child
With praises for his daily bread.
- 2 Thou hast most richly deck'd our board,
And crown'd us with thy plenteous store:
Give us then grace, henceforth, O LORD!
That we, for it, may thee adore.
- 3 Thy mercies our best thanks require,
They very justly are thy due:
Give us at least a strong desire
To pay thee all the debt we owe.
- 4 A dinner thou didst now bestow
Our spirits to recruit and raise:
We therefore ought to give thee, now,
For these thy gifts our bounden praise.

- 5 Let all the creatures, thou dost fill,
For ever praise thee, whilst they live,
And bless thy loving-kindness still
For the provision thou dost give.
-

Another after SUPPER.

- 1 **F**OR ev'ry meal's refreshment we receive,
Let us to God with due obeisance bow,
Who deigns so lib'rally our food to give,
And never lets us want, or famine, know.
 - 2 Let us return him thanks, with grateful hearts,
For ev'ry gift we to his goodness owe,
For ev'ry grace and comfort he imparts,
For keeping us from poverty and woe.
 - 3 Let us submissively our God entreat,
(All for the sake of our most blessed LORD)
In his due time our famish'd souls to treat
With his celestial spirit, and his word.
 - 4 Let us beseech him plenteously to pour,
On all our heads his blessings and his grace,
That we may ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
Unite with glowing hearts, to sing his praise.
-

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **C**OME women, children, come ye rural swains,
Come praise th' Almighty for his gifts benign,
Come praise our God, who ever kindly deigns
To feed the hungry with a care divine.
- 2 Who with his goodness does each creature fill,
At ev'ry season of the rolling year,
And gives us, of his own free gift and will,
Sufficient maintenance, whilst we are here.
- 3 He from the ground give various sorts of grain,
To make us bread—and creatures wild and tame—
From the rock honey—fishes from the main,
With many dainties, that I cannot name.

- 4 All flesh he feeds with the exactest care;
 (As if oblig'd by the most solemn ties)
 Forgetting not the songsters of the air,
 The lions roarings, or the raven's cries.
- 5 E'en man, in secret, with the flow'r of wheat,
 And those rich liquors Epicures so prize,
 With roast and boil'd, and many kinds of meat,
 Our God, and none but God alone, supplies.
-

A REBUKE, for neglecting to beg a Blessing on,
 and to return Thanks for, our Food.

- 1 **O**FT have I seen a blush o'erspread the face
 Of some old sinner, when he first said Grace,
 Tho' he long since shou'd have been whelm'd with shame,
 Because he ne'er before had said the same.
- 2 But such a shame may no man ever shew,
 Th' example of his SAVIOUR to pursue:
 But may each sinner blush, shou'd he e'er dine,
 And eat his food unhallow'd, like a swine.
- 3 The ox those hands, that give him fodder, knows,
 The stupid ass, to whom his food he owes,
 And makes him all the poor returns he can;
 There's nought ungrateful in the world, but man!
- 4 But many men, more stupid on the whole,
 Know not the gracious Shepherd of their soul,
 Who feeds them in his pastures green and gay,
 And loads them with his blessings, ev'ry day.
- 5 Even the little birds their voices raise,
 And for their food their benefactor praise——
 With tuneful notes they laud him all day long;
 That 'tis a bliss to listen to their song!
- 6 With emulation fir'd on ev'ry spray,
 They seem to strive throughout the live-long day,
 Which best shall praise the bounteous God above,
 Who fills their bellies in the secret grove.

- 7 But men are much more thankless and more dull,
Who, when the LORD has fed them to the full,
Yet in his praises are, like fishes, mute,
And more ungrateful than the meanest brute.
 - 8 Do not such thankless folks as these deserve,
That they shou'd in th' infernal dungeons starve,
Because they will not their Preserver know,
Nor any thanks for all his favours show ?
 - 9 O, may no Christian ever study then,
To imitate so vile a set of men !
But if he shou'd, without the least dispute,
I shall pronounce him worse than any brute.
-

A P R A Y E R on the same Occasion.

- 1 **P**Ermit us not, O God, thy gifts to waste,
Or eat our meat, as filthy hogs eat mast,
Ne'er lifting up our heads, our hands, or eyes,
To see, from whence those benefits arise !
 - 2 But make us lift our heads aloft, and know
That all those mercies from thy goodness flow—
From thee, the Donor of our daily food ! —
From thee, the source of light, and all that's good !
 - 3 Let us then with incessant raptures laud
The loving kindness of our gracious God,
And ever in his praise our songs employ,
For health, and ev'ry blessing we enjoy.
-

ADVICE to distribute to the Poor, according to
every One's Circumstances and Abilities.

- 1 **W**OE to the rich, and mercilessly-proud,
Who stops his ears against the beggar's cry !
Unheard, unpity'd, he shall cry aloud,
From Hell's abyss, where he shall ever lye.

- 2 Whilst his relations and his children live
In luxury, and quaff the richest wine,
He, in th' infernal prisons pent, shall grieve,
And for a single drop of water pine.
- 3 In good St. *James's* holy page, 'tis said,
That he's in faith and ev'ry virtue poor,
Who does not, in distress, the widow aid,
And to the needy deal his hoarded store.
- 4 Saint *John* too tells us, that if any man
Beholds a brother troubled and distressed,
And does not give him all the help he can,
The love of God dwells not in such a breast.
- 5 CHRIST said, a camel, through a needle's eye,
Might with as little difficulty go,
As wealthy misers up to heaven fly,
Who no compassion on their brethren show.
- 6 CHRIST made us stewards of his treasures, here,
Which we are bound to deal among the poor;
Then let us freely, lest we vex him, share
Among the weak and indigent, our store.
- 7 Shou'd there but one of them thro' hunger fall,
His guiltless blood upon our heads shall lye,
Not all the riches of this earthly ball,
Shall make atonement for him, shou'd he die,
- 8 Without reserve, be lib'ral to the poor,
If thou art rich, thy riches do not spare——
A little give, if little is thy store——
Yet give it with a free and cheerful air.
- 9 Bestow thy bounty with a look serene,
The willing giver 'tis that God does love:
Whate'er thou givest, give with placid mien——
Reluctant alms CHRIST never does approve.
- 10 Though to the poor thou but a part hast shar'd
(Although the whole was his) for JESU's sake,
Yet has he promis'd thee a large reward,
Because thou didst on them compassion take.

- 11 Ne'er till to-morrow foolishly delay
To do the good, which thou to day canst do——
Give freely — give with pleasure, and ne'er stay :
Unpleasing is the gift, that's grudg'd and slow.
- 12 Give alms, says holy Paul, whilst yet you may,
And, whilst you've time allotted you, do good ;
For he that is a fov'reign prince to-day,
To-morrow may be seen to beg his food.
- 13 Dives most sumptuously at dinner far'd,
On various messes, exquisite in taste :
But was of water, e'er 'twas night, debarr'd,
And forc'd amidst infernal flames to fast.
- 14 That morn, of all the cates that deck'd his board,
The offals he to *Lazarus* deny'd——
That night, although for it he loudly roar'd,
He cou'd not, e'en with water be supply'd.
- 15 The world, and all therein, he'd now give up
For one small sup, to cool his fev'rish tongue ;
But he cannot obtain a single sup,
Though he shou'd beg and pray for't, e'er so long.
- 16 He cannot boast, of all he once possess'd,
A single drop of water now in store
(The miser, who has now the fullest chest,
Perchance to-morrow may be quite as poor.)
- 17 He went from hence as bare and naked quite,
As when he first on this world's stage was set ;
And if he heav'n cou'd purchase for a mite,
That single mite he by no means cou'd get.
- 18 To day, the rich may have it in their pow'r
Much alms, upon the wretched, to bestow !
To-morrow, they may thro' mishap grow poor,
And be reduc'd to beggary and woe.
- 19 Let us then give, what we've to give, to day
(Perhaps to-morrow we of nought can boast)
To the distress'd, their hunger to allay,
And unto those that want assistance most.

- 20 Give bread to ev'ry one that's in distress,
And God will with increase improve thy store:
Thou shalt not find thy meat, or money, less,
For what thou kindly givest to the poor.
- 21 The Widow of *Sarepta* did not know,
For what she spar'd *Elijah*, more distress;
Though meal and oil she did to him bestow,
Yet still her meal and oil were not the less.
- 22 I've seen the rich oft beg from door to door,
Because they did the indigent aggrieve;
But never did I see him truly poor,
Or much distress'd, who did the poor relieve.
- 23 Knav'ry, oppression, vanity, excess,
The woeful want of several have wrought;
But none to tribulation or distress,
Have by their charity been ever brought.
- 24 Happy the man (the royal Prophet says)
Who to the needy does assistance give!
The LORD himself shall (in his worst of days)
That man from his adversity relieve!
- 25 GOD, from all trouble will his servant take,
God, from his enemies his friend will keep,
God, will himself his bed vouchsafe to make,
When he through pain and sickness cannot sleep.
- 26 Whate'er they want unto the needy lend,
And God himself will deign to be their bail:
If thou shalt them in their distress befriend,
CHRIST will the debt repay thee, and ne'er fail.
- 27 Who but a *Jew*, wou'd not his cash lay out,
When he might have his int'rest on the day?
Who but a *Jew*, wou'd such a debtor doubt,
Who *cent. per cent.* can for his money pay?
- 28 You often trust to Chapmen that are worse,
Though you have got a debtor to your mind:
Trust then your SAVIOUR freely with your purse,
Better security you ne'er can find!

- 29 An hundred-fold is given by the LORD
To ev'ry Christian for his pounds and pence;
Dull is the usurer, who wont afford
The poor some cash, on in'trest so immense!
- 30 No money e'er to better use is lent,
Than that which Charity can fairly boast:
Since it returns the lender *cent. per cent.*
E'en at the moment that he wants it most.
- 31 There are no treasures, all the world around,
That equal price with charity can hold:
When troubles come, it will be better found
Than ready money, or than bullion gold.
- 32 Silver will rust, and gold with use will waste,
Rich lawns and silks to moths will prove a prey,
Our bread will mould, our liquors lose their taste;
But never will beneficence decay.
- 33 When houses, lands, and ev'ry worldly store,
Shall in one common conflagration rise——
Then Charity above the flames shall soar,
And, till thou comest, wait above the skies.
- 34 When pale fac'd death to summon thee shall come,
At CHRIST's tribunal naked to appear,
Then Charity will, on the day of doom,
Be the best store, thou canst bring with thee, there.
- 35 When houses, lands, and ev'ry timid friend,
Shall leave thee in the fangs of Death alone——
Then Charity thy footsteps will attend,
And guide thee to thy great CREATOR's throne.
- 36 More gains shall to the charitable soul
Accrue, who did the indigent relieve,
Than to the needy, who receiv'd the dole:
Since, for a *little*, he shall *much* receive.
- 37 Manna shall, there, for a few crumbs be had,
'And, for plain water, floods of joy be given!
Each Christian, there, by JESUS shall be clad,
For some few rags, in the gay robes of heaven.

- 38 Employ your riches properly and well;
Secure their friendship, e'er the day of doom,
That they may haul your happy souls from hell,
And with you to the blissful regions come.
- 39 Thy treasures in the upper regions lay,
Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
Nor, like an idiot, foolishly delay
To part with earth, that thou to heav'n may'st soar.
- 40 Before thee, by the poor, thy treasures send
To that safe place, which robbers can't annoy;
For whatsoever thou, to them, dost lend,
Thou shalt from CHRIST receive again with joy.
- 41 Whate'er, unto thy children, thou may'st grant,
Thy wife, or friends, belongs to them alone:
But what thou givest CHRIST, and those that want,
Is hoarded for thyself—'tis all thy own!
- 42 Before thee send thy wealth to Paradise,
Then light thy lamp; for darksome is the way;
And make thyself ('tis JESUS' own advice!)
A purse that knows no bottom, nor decay.
- 43 Whilst time permits thee, freely sow thy grain,
As God has bless'd thy labours with increase,
And thou an hundred fold shall reap again;
Unless thy labours shall, e'er harvest, cease.
- 44 Among the poor and hungry share thy bread,
And clothe the naked, shiv'ring with the cold;
Give to the needy wanderer a bed;
All this to thee by God himself is told! *Isa. lix. 7*
- 45 Be thou, instead of eyes, unto the blind,
Let thou the lame still find support in thee,
Assist the Widow, be to strangers kind,
And, to the fatherless, a father be.

ADVICE to every Master of a Family, to govern
his House in a religious Manner.

1 **I**F truly pious thou wou'dst fain appear,
And strictly Christian, whilst thou livest here,
To a small church convert thy own abode,
And make thy private house, the house of God.

2 Make thou a hallow'd church of thy abode,
And let thy family, like angels, be,
Where every one may duly serve his God,
According to his calling and degree.

3 An holy temple make of thy abode,
That all, within it's walls, may daily join,
Without cessation, to adore their God,
Early and late, with harmony divine.

4 Instead of stones, cut out and squar'd by art,
Take thou good men, to rear the sacred wall—
Men, who have ever acted well their part,—
Religious men, to build thy church withal.

5 Let not an ill-hewn stone be found in it,
Let not a reprobate the structure raise,
God will no rough, unpolish'd, stone admit,
To rear a building, sacred to his praise.

6 Then cast aside each rude, improper stone,
For God will not accept of ought prophane :—
Thy house must be the house of God alone,
An hallow'd temple, not the Devil's fane.

7 For wicked folks, therein, the good excel,
And are more proper Satan's fold to rear,
And be the fuel of an endless hell,
Than in the church of Jesus to appear.

8 One rough, uneven stone, one shapeless mass,
With all the beauty of the work deface :
One lawless man, that does in vice surpass,
Will thee and all thy family disgrace.

[9 Then

- 9 Then place not in thy wall a lump unfit,
 Odious to see, improper for the end;
 Nor ever to thy house the vile admit,
 Nor the unfaithful with the faithful blend.
- 10 Mis-shapen stones, that never felt the rule,
 Will only undermine thy temple-wall:
 So impious servants, of all vices full,
 Will soon subvert, and cause thy house to fall.
- 11 Drive the unclean far from thy house and home,
 E'er thou canst think that JESUS there will stay:
 For CHRIST will never to thy mansion come,
 'Till the impure from thence are cha's'd away,
- 12 The sons of GOD, and children of the fiend,
 In the same church are not together seen:
 No more than bees can stay, where steams offend,
 Or a pure spirit dwell with one unclean.
- 13 The Great will never amongst hogs reside,
 Whose stench and hideous grunt they can't endure:
 CHRIST and his holy Spirit can't abide
 In the same house with those that are impure,
- 14 If in thy house, a miscreant, rebel rout,
 A drunken, disobedient crew, be found,
 Cast them, as sheep that are disorder'd, out;
 Lest they shou'd sicken, and infect the sound.
- 15 As *Ismael* from *Abr'am's* house was thrown,
 Because, against his mistress, he rebell'd;
 So let the vile and sinful, from thy own,
 Without the least reluctance be expell'd.
- 16 The royal Prophet never wou'd permit
 A wicked person in his house to be:
 A vicious servant do not thou admit
 To live, for any use whate'er, with thee.
- 17 One wicked servant fixes oft a stain
 On many, who deserve a good report:
 Let not thou such, beneath thy roof, remain,
 Nor tread the precincts of thy hallow'd court.

- 18 By men of virtue let thy work be done,
If thou wou'dst endless happiness attain;
God, with success, will all the godly crown,
Whilst foul mishap attends the sinful train.
- 19 A servant, that's like *Joseph* truly good,
Will bring a blessing on his master's head,
Whilst, *Achan*-like, an irreligious brood,
On thee and thine, will num'rous evils shed.
- 20 Shou'dst thou a pious servant chance to have,
God, for his sake, will all thy substance bless,
As he, in times of old, to *Laban* gave,
For *Jacob*'s sake, unparallel'd success.
- 21 Better the servant, that is good and mild,
Who will with plenty, all thou ownest, bless,
Than the vile miscreant, that howe'er well-skill'd,
Will bring a curse on all thou dost possess.
- 22 Much better will the servant's work succeed,
That's harmless, quiet, and well-stock'd with grace,
Than all the labours of an impious breed,
Though strong, and aptly suited to the place.
- 23 A servant that is wise, and well-inclin'd,
His master may convert and all the house;
As the good wife may turn her husband's mind,
And make a Christian, of a heathen spouse.
- 24 If thou hast not a pious family,
To serve thee truly in the fear of God,
Thy house will ne'er a sacred temple be,
But Satan's den, or some vile fiend's abode.
- 25 Servants of mighty strength will not avail,
The bus'ness of thy farm or shop, to do.
If in their duty to their God they fail,
And are not strong to do His business too.
- 26 Unless he in the faith be found sincere,
Receive not any one to thy abode;
And by no means admit a servant there,
Until he be the servant too of God.

- 27 The Church of God does not a Turk admit,
Nor any one, that of true faith is void,
To her communion : Do not thou permit
A reprobate to be by thee employ'd.
- 28 A servant, without faith, can ne'er be true
Unto his master, whether God, or man :
For 'tis the custom of the faithless crew
To sell them both, like Judas, if they can.
- 29 Get thee a set of servants to thy mind—
Servants that know their duty to their God—
Servants that are well-nurtur'd, well-inclin'd;
If thou wou'dst make a church of thy abode.
- 30 Be thou to all thy family a light—
A light which shall to their improvement shine—
Be thou to them a pattern fair and bright,
In all that's honest, moral, and divine.
- 31 Be thou a good example unto all,
In word and deed. and in thy dealings just,
Within thy parlour, kitchen, or thy hall,
Where-e'er thou art, and whatsoe'er thou dost.
- 32 Like *Enoch*, walk thou humbly with thy God,
For ever vigilant, for ever wise :
For ev'ry where, at church, at home, abroad,
Thy SAVIOUR sees thee with his seven eyes.
- 33 Ne'er say, nor do, the thing that is not right,
The thing that is not strictly just and fit,
Whether thou art in the ALMIGHTY's fight,
At church, or in the market-place dost fit.
- 34 Be thou as pure and prudent in each act,
Full as much care and vigilance exert,
Full as religious be, and as exact,
In thine own house, as if in church thou wert.
- 35 It is a debt, a debt all masters owe,
To teach their servants the true Christian lore ;
That they may God and his commandments know,
Believe in CHRIST, and rightly him adore.

- 36 As *Abr'am* all his family of yore
The fear of God, and his true worship taught :
So do thou teach thy household to adore
And know the LORD, and serve him as they ought.
- 37 Teach thou thy children, teach thy servants, how
Their heav'nly Sire they truly may obey,
Teach them the SAVIOUR, whom God sent, to know :
For that to heaven is the certain way !
- 38 The law of God, in ev'ry servant's breast,
Implant — of that, on all occasions talk,
Whenever thou dost rise, or go to rest,
At home, abroad, when thou dost sit, or walk.
- 39 'Tis God's command, that ev'ry fire shou'd shew
His statutes soon unto his children dear —
Or, like *Phylact'ries*, on their garments sew,
That they the same, in mind, shou'd always bear.
- 40 Each night and morn, unto thy menial train,
A chapter from the holy Bible read :
Make them repeat it, if they can, again —
Make them such lives, as it has taught them, lead.
- 41 Be thou a counsellor, priest, judge, and king,
Unto thy children, and domestic train,
That thou may'st all beneath thy orders bring,
And make them, in obedience meet, remain.
- 42 Be thou their Priest, the Christian faith to teach,
Be thou their Council, to advise them well,
Do thou to them the Gospel doctrines preach,
And pray that they in virtue may excel.
- 43 Be thou their king, to force them to obey,
And punish those, who hurt the Christian cause,
And to confirm them in the proper way,
By just coercion, and by wholesome laws.
- 44 Over thy household, as a judge preside,
And sentence pass in an impartial way :
Unto the good and just, rewards provide —
But punishments to those that disobey.

- 45 Make thou a fair and equitable law,
To bind thy congregation with it's bands,
And cause thy people, through a pious awe,
To live exactly as that law commands.
- 46 Teach ev'ry one his duty to his God,
And with thy finger point him out the way,
And, when he's perfect in it, let the rod
Oblige him, though reluctant, to obey.
- 47 Observe their conduct with a father's care,
With hand and eye their sev'ral motions guide,
Let no one by his words or actions dare,
Without due punishment, to step aside.
- 48 Let all thy family, like stars, appear——
Like stars, that decorate the brow of night,
And yield to all the country, far and near,
Instruction, honour, and celestial light.
- 49 Make all that under thy direction dwell,
In goodness and in piety exceed :
As *Noah* did the former world excel
In holiness, and ev'ry virtuous deed.
- 50 Make thou thy bosom-wife to be a star,
Righteously-mild, and cheerfully-serene,
Make her, to all her sex, a pattern rare,
In words and works, throughout life's various scene.
- 51 Make thou thy children to thy rule submit,
Make them examples to a sinful age,
Make them obey thy orders, as 'tis fit,
Like *Rechab's* offspring, in the sacred page.
- 52 Make thou thy folk, to be the folk of God,
Like *Philemon*, in holy writ renown'd,
Who made a temple of his own abode ;
So much in piety did it abound !
- 55 Such pious lives make thou thy servants lead
In thine own house, as in the house of God,
Make them as cautiously in private tread,
As if they in a sacred temple trod.

- 54 Permit them not to dwell at large, at home,
Or do worse things, than if in church they were,
Nor let them a less virtuous air assume;
But make them live as regularly, there.
- 55 Permit them not to violate the least
Of God's commands, e'er thou dost them reprove;
But soon as they shall have in ought transgressed,
Do thou their souls to true repentance move.
- 56 Permit not thou one servant of them all,
To swear by his CREATOR's holy name——
Or give that person, whether great or small,
Due and condign correction for the same.
- 57 Permit them not to spend their sabbath-days
In idleness, beneath the Christian name——
In revellings, or in unrighteous ways,
Without reproof immediate for the same.
- 58 Let none amongst them hear the word in vain,
And never put in practice what they hear;
But let them talk, and talk it o'er again,
Until their progress in their lives appear.
- 59 Let none presume to go to bed at night
'Till, on his knees, he has his homage paid——
His bounden homage——due to God of right,
E'er to repose he has his body laid.
- 60 Let none amongst them, whether great or small,
Their wonted labours any day resume,
'Till freely on their bended knees they fall
To worship God each morning, in their room.
- 61 Let none their hands unto the plough-tail move,
Nor let them unto any work draw nigh,
'Till they have rais'd their minds to God above,
To beg his aid and blessings from on high.
- 62 Let no man whatsoe'er a journey take,
Ride to a fair, or sail upon the main,
'Till he his fervent pray'r to God shall make,
That he may homewards bring him safe again.

- 63 Let no one his unhallow'd victu'ls eat,
Or stuff his paunch like a voracious swine,
'Till he has begg'd a blessing on his meat,
And gratefully acknowledg'd aid divine.
- 64 Let no one quit, like a brute beast, the board,
Where he has his ungodly belly cramm'd;
'Till he for his support, has thank'd the Lord,
And with due gratitude his praise proclaim'd.
- 65 Whene'er thou worshippest the Pow'r divine,
Let ev'ry one unto the room repair,
And that none there's indiff'rent or supine,
Do thou thyself take a peculiar care.
- 66 Let them not use themselves to vain discourse,
To loose expressions, or unmanly taunts——
Let them no scandal vent, nor swear and curse——
No boastings use, or unbecoming vaunts.
- 67 Thy children and thy household firmly bind,
To use such words, as may their morals mend——
Words that will please and edify the mind,
And to each auditor's improvement tend.
- 68 Permit them not unlucky tricks to use——
Permit them not the simple to distress——
Permit them not a cripple to abuse——
Permit them not the needy to oppress.
- 69 Permit them not to revel and carouse——
Permit them not to swill thy drink, like swine——
Permit them not to smoke, within thy house,
The weed—that makes their backs and bellies pine.
- 70 Permit them not in fashions to delight——
To curl their locks—or costly garments wear;
But let them still be creditably tight,
And let them all with decency appear.
- 71 Ne'er let them saunter on a sabbath-day
To the green booths, where worldlings rendezvous,
Nor in the brutish tippling-houses stay,
(Where Satan holds his revels) to carouse.

- 72 Each Sunday to thy parish-church repair,
There let thy family attend thee, all
There with the congregation join in pray'r—
There publickly on thy CREATOR call.
- 73 Let not thy family remain at home,
Nor during service-time behind thee stay—
Let them not loiter, near the sacred dome:
If they must play, let them the morrow play.
- 74 Lay not too cumb'rous, nor too great a load
Upon thy servants, on their working days;
But let some hours of respite be allow'd,
That they their backs, when tir'd with work, may raise.
- 75 Let them not, on the sabbaths, roam abroad,
But make them search with care the sacred page,
And do with diligence the work of God,
E'er they in any other work engage.
- 76 Instruct thy household ev'ry sabbath-day,
In psalms and hymns their MAKER to applaud,
And argue with them, in a friendly way,
On their Belief, and on the word of God.
- 77 Whene'er they dine; nay, ev'ry time they eat,
By one of them be there a chapter read;
That the poor soul may have it's proper meat
And due repast, whene'er the body's fed.
- 78 Both morn and night, let some one in thy house
The service read, and for the others pray;
For 'twou'd be better they their meal shou'd lose,
Than lose the sacred service of the day.
- 79 Let not thy family, on any day,
Without it's Matins and it's Vespers be;
Thy sacrifice, both morn and ev'ning, pay,
For all the mercies God has shewn to thee.
- 80 Let ev'ry corner of thy house be kept
Quite clean (with nought impure let it be stain'd !)
And with the besom of repentance swept,
'Till thou the favour of thy God hast gain'd.

81 Wash

- 81 Wash thou with briny tears the hallow'd ground—
 It's walls, instead of stones, with virtues raise—
 Let not thy altar without fire be found,
 Nor without incense—such as, “pray'r and praise.”
- 82 Do thou thyself perform the parson's part,
 Do thou thyself invoke the Pow'r divine,
 And make thy people, with a glowing heart,
 Along with thee in each petition join.
- 83 Each honest master of a household ought
 To act with care, and on a proper plan;
 And, as a priest, reprove them when in fault
 With the most pow'rful language that he can.
- 84 The same good order, which our church pursues,
 To keep her members all beneath her sway,
 Each private Christian in his house shou'd use,
 To make his servants his behests obey.
- 85 Some one, or two, thy own assistants make,
 Who, o'er the rest, as wardens may preside,
 And thy affairs to their direction take,
 And, when thou'rt absent, with discretion guide.
- 86 Thou must the morals of thy folks inspect,
 And their behaviour carefully observe,
 That each delinquent may in time be check't,
 And duly censur'd, as his faults deserve.
- 87 Punish the wicked, equal to his crime,
 Nor let him ever uncorrected go;
 Lest others shou'd transgress another time,
 Because thou mercy unto him didst show.
- 88 Let each offender of his faults be told,
 And be admonish'd twice, or thrice, or more,
 E'er he's expell'd, and exil'd from the fold:
 But turn him out, if he'll not then give o'er.
- 89 If thou hast hir'd a maid that is a shrew,
 And does not honour to her mistress pay,
 The door to her, as 'twas to *Hagar*, shew,
 And let thy wife have, as she ought, her way.

- 90 To keep thy people idle, is not good,
Give each his task, and make him do the same :
For idleness supplies each vice with food,
And is the parent, and the nurse of shame.
- 91 See, that thy family go ev'ry night
Early to rest, and proper bed-time keep ;
For 'tis a custom, far from being right,
That they shou'd go, whene'er *they* please, to sleep.
- 92 When it is time for them to go to sleep,
Desire of CHRIST on them his Grace to shed,
Desire of CHRIST securely them to keep,
Then take thy leave, and go thyself to bed :
- 93 But, first, exhort them on their God to call,
(With minds replete with a religious fire,
Upon their bended knees) both great and small,
Before they to their nightly rest retire :
- 94 And, lest that God should take them unaware,
And unprovided, to his judgement-seat,
Conjure them all, each ev'ning to prepare,
Before they sleep, their awful JUDGE to meet.
- 95 If thus thou shou'dst thy house and household rule,
Both thee and them, thy gracious God will bless,
With ev'ry Grace he'll crowd your bosoms full,
And crown you all with ev'ry Happiness.
- 96 CHRIST in thy temple, then, will still remain,
CHRIST, when distress'd, will hear thy plaintive cries,
And, CHRIST will take thee, and thy menial train,
To all th' ecstastic joys of Paradise.

The Duty of CHILDREN to their PARENTS.

- 1 **A**LL honour, reverence, and due regard,
My son ! unto thy parents ever give :
'Tis God's command !—and thou, for thy reward,
Shalt, through his Grace, to length of days arrive.
- 2 Do thou whatever they wou'd have thee do,
And act in ev'ry thing, as they desire,
To all their orders strict obedience show :
So they no sin, nor any crime, require.

- 3 Receive thy father's counsel and reproof—
Receive the Precepts, which he deigns to give—
Receive his discipline, however rough,
And thy instruction at his hand receive.
- 4 If dull, if blind, if mad, if full of fire
And fierce impatience——if to dotage gone,
Pity thy aged mother and thy fire,
And bear their frailties, as a dutious son.
- 5 Shou'd they e'er fall to poverty and need,
And not have means enough to find them bread,
With kind indulgence the old couple feed;
As thee they, in thy helpless childhood, fed.
- 6 Take thou example from the stork, that feeds
His fire, when old, and to him succour brings,
Righting his nest, and fetching what he needs,
Or soft'ning him, when weak, beneath his wings.
- 7 Do thou a lesson from the dolphins draw,
Which help their parents when by age o'erpower'd,
And guard them, when they're weak, with filial awe,
Lest they, by other fish shou'd be devour'd.
- 8 It is a shame the sons of men shou'd be
Worse than the rav'nous flutt'ers of the air;
Nay, worse than e'en the fishes of the sea,
To those, to whom, for life, in debt, they are.
- 9 If thou art, by thy rank or office great——
However high thy calling, don't neglect,
(Though they be mean, and of a low estate)
To give thy parents honour and respect.
- 10 Though *Joseph*, at his pleasure, *Egypt* sway'd,
And *Jacob* by the famine, then, was press'd,
Yet to his father he due honour paid,
Howe'er impov'rish'd, and howe'er distress'd.
- 11 Though *Solomon* then, wore the *Jewish* crown,
And sat in state above the vassal crowd,
Yet from his throne he oft descended down,
And to his mother in obeisance bow'd.
- 12 Though

- 12 Though CHRIST was God as well as man, and high'r
Than all our race, and all in worth outweigh'd,
Yet, to his mother and reputed fire,
He proper honour and obedience paid.
- 13 Though thou wert made a duke, thou still art bound
To give thy parents, howe'er poor, respect;
And though in wealth thou vastly shou'dst abound,
Thou must not them, on that account, neglect.
- 14 Thy father is thy father still, tho' poor,
And thou his son, although a lord or squire:
Whilst thou'rt a son, and it is in thy pow'r,
God ties thee down to help thy humble fire.
- 15 When in thy infancy thou scarce cou'dst move,
And hadst not meat nor drink, nor warm array;
What then preserv'd thee, but thy mother's love?
Such obligations, how canst thou repay?
- 16 Long in her womb th' uneasy load she bore,
And with her blood nine months sustain'd thee there,
Then calm'd thy hunger with her breasts sweet store;
Canst thou enough reward her for such care?
- 17 Full many a night, when sick, she kindly try'd
To ease thy pain, although her sleep she lost,
And, when without that care thou must have di'd,
Still in her arms, 'till day-light, gently tost.
- 18 Thy parents therefore filially revere,
For the vast love they unto thee express'd:
The weight of penury ne'er let them bear,
Whilst thou'rt alive, and with a penny bless'd.
- 19 For the respect, the honour, clothes, and meat,
Thou giv'st thy hoary fire in his distress,
Thy son shall thee with equal justice treat,
When palsy'd age thy powers shall oppress.
- 20 Shou'dst thou e'er for thy father's bed presume
To lay a hair-cloth coverlet, thy son
Shall keep the same in some cold outer-room
For thee, before thy death, to lie upon.

- 21 The usage thou dost give thy fire, when old,
 Shall be return'd to thee, if thou shalt live;
 His grandson shall requite, as I've been told,
 The scanty measure thou to him didst give.
- 22 Be therefore to thy aged parents free,
 Be good, be kind; be dutiful, and give
 To them whate'er they can expect from thee,
 That in thy turn thou may'st the like receive.
- 23 Never clandestinely, like *Eſau*, wed,
 E'er their consent thy parents freely give:
 God never blesses such a marriage-bed;
 Or 'tis a chance if it shou'd ever thrive.
- 24 With disrespect their counsels ne'er requite,
 Nor with irreverence their checks repay,
 Nor ever undervalue them, nor slight;
 But earnestly for their amendment pray.
- 25 Thy father's curse, lest thou incur, take heed,
 It ne'er departed from *Cham*'s footy race:
 For *Noah*'s curse still cleaves unto the breed;
 You see it still in ev'ry negro's face.
- 26 Because his fire he offer'd to despise,
 A grievous stain upon *Cham*'s offspring came;
 In their black skins it still deep rooted lies,
 And nothing can eradicate the same.
- 27 *Absalom*, though most beautiful and young,
 Was, to his aged fire, and king, unkind:
 God therefore in an oak the rebel hung,
 Whence by his hair he dangled in the wind.
- 28 Then to thy parents shew all due regard,
 Assist them both, when they assistance need;
 So God shall thee with length of days reward,
 Where-ever thou may'st chuse thy life to lead!

Things which a Person ought to meditate upon on the LORD's DAY, by going to Church, and how he ought to demean himself there.

REFLECT a while, whilst yet upon the road,
Where? before whom thou go'st! on what design!
E'er thou arrivest to the house of God:
Then calmly enter to that place divine.

2 Thou goest to th' ALMIGHTY's own abode,
Before the greatest Sov'reign to appear,
Thou goest with thy MAKER and thy God,
Upon thy knees, a conference to bear.

3 Thou goest to *Jehovah's* sacred place,
To hear the language of thy gracious LORD,
And commune with him, tho' not face to face,
Yet through the medium of his blessed word.

4 Thou goest to confess thy sins, before
Thy God, who dwelleth in the realms above;
Thou goest his forgiveness to implore,
And grace and strength, thy errors to remove.

5 Thou goest help and pardon to implore,
With grace and absolution from the LORD,
By the Priest's lips, for all thou didst before,
In contradiction to his holy word.

6 Thou goest to address thy heav'nly Sire,
Who promises each needful boon to grant,
Which those corporeal frames of our's require,
With ev'ry grace our sinful souls may want.

7 Thou goest to applaud th' ALMIGHTY's name,
For ev'ry gift which he vouchsaf'd to thee,
Thou goest his encomiums to proclaim,
Where his blest votaries assembled be.

8 Thou goest, with a pleasure-blended awe,
CHRIST's Gospel, and the word of life, to hear,
God's will reveal'd from heaven in the law!
Which only can direct a Christian there.

9 Thou

- 9 Thou go'st the share of that good gift to gain,
Which God does of his own free will bestow,
To make the way wherein thou walkest plain,
And prosper ev'ry thing that thou shalt do.
- 10 Go therefore to the house of God with glee,
With ardent zeal unto his temple go,
And long within his sacred courts to be,
As for the brook of *Siloh*, longs the roe.
- 11 Go cheerfully, go joyously to pray,
Go boldly, yet with awful rev'rence go,
Go speedily, go early in the day,
Go with submission and prostration low.
- 12 Go to the temple with the first that come,
And be not idle, whilst thou there dost wait;
But be amongst the last returning home,
And do the work of God without deceit.
- 13 Behave not there with listless indolence,
But do thy work, whilst life endures, with care
For cursed is the man, who void of sense
Performs God's work without respect or fear.
- 14 Low, on thy bended knees, with rev'rence fall,
Upon heaven's King with accents cry,
With importunity unto him call,
Nor, if a Christian, use hypocrisy.
- 15 Receive the Gospel with a ready ear
And in thy mind the precious treasure store,
Watch it, lest fable fiends the seed thou'd bear,
"Till 't has produc'd an hundred fold, or more.
- 16 Thine eyes from roving diligently keep,
And hear the Gospel, or devoutly pray,
But neither idly chat, nor dully sleep,
Or from the temple quickly haste away.
- 17 The righteous Judge no hypocrite can bear,
Who wou'd be thought the Godhead to adore;
But with feign'd services and in sincere,
Treats th' **ALMIGHTY** and Omniscient Power.

- 18 The minister through ev'ry pray'r attend;
And be with him in each petition join'd;
Repeat each word unto the very end,
In perfect unison of voice and mind.
- 19 When'er he preaches the celestial word,
Fix on the priest attentively thine eye;
Let all his words be in thy bosom stor'd,
And all his precepts zealously obey.
- 20 When'er he preaches the inspired word,
See, that thou turnest not thy head away;
The Gospel is the power of the Lord,
Which leads us safe along salvation's way.
- 21 Return not thoughtlessly, nor simply, home,
Before the service of the day be done;
Nor e'er, for fear of some great curse, presume
To quit the church, until the priest be gone.
- 22 Let thy demeanour in the church be right,
Let it be Christian-like, sincere, and free,
As if thou wert in th' ALMIGHTY'S sight,
And ev'ry angel did thy actions see.

ADVICE to prepare ourselves, before we come to
worship GOD in public.

- 1 **P**ULL of thy shoes, and make thy garments white,
And sanctify thyself, e'er thou dost dare
Approach the throne of the dread Sire of light
In his own house, to offer up thy pray'r.
- 2 Goad up thy soul, to active life arise,
Above terrestrial matters nobly soar,
And view th' invisible with Faith's keen eyes,
E'er thou addresses the ALMIGHTY Pow'r.
- 3 When thou, my soul! before thy God dost come,
How vast the distance, think! 'twixt him and thee;
And to approach thy Sov'reign ne'er presume,
But with submission, on thy bended knee.

- 4 The King of heav'n, who gave the angels birth,
The God of vengeance, and the Source of day,
The Judge of men, and MAKER of the earth,
Is he, to whom thou now wou'dst homage pay!
- 5 Come then with rev'rence, come with ardour near,
With holiness and faith his presence gain,
Before the Deity with zeal appear,
And thou thy bosom-wishes shalt obtain.
- 6 Lift up thine eyes, and spread thy hands betimes,
And bend thy knees with supplication meek,
Beat, beat thy breast, repent thee of thy crimes,
Confess thy sins, and for God's favour seek.
- 7 Invoke thy heav'nly Sire, each stated hour,
Seek thou his kingdom and his righteousness,
In his Son's name, with spirit and with pow'r,
And thou shalt largely all the rest possess.
- 8 Seek thou God's glory in the foremost place,
Seek next the things above this earthly ball,
Seek then with zealous earnestness his grace,
Seek all thou wantest, thou shalt have it all.
- 9 Before thou to the temple ent'rest in,
Be sure that thou with upright steps dost come,
Dismiss each bad design, each latent sin,
And leave each worldly-minded thought at home.
- 10 As faithful *Abr'am*, e'er he went to pray
Upon the mount, did leave his ass behind;
So ev'ry man shou'd cast his sins away,
And each presumptuous thought securely bind.
- 11 *Moses* himself took off his shoes to pray,
E'er he approach'd the radiant Source of light;
Do thou, like him, throw ev'ry vice away,
E'er thou appearest in the Godhead's sight.
- 12 *Joseph* array'd him in a decent dress,
E'er he did to the *Egyptian* king appear;
Do thou, like him, prepare thyself no less,
E'er thou dost to the King of kings draw near.

13. The pious *Esther* wash'd herself, before
 She by the *Persian* monarch wou'd be seen:
 E'er thou approachest the ALMIGHTY Pow'r,
 Take heed that thou'rt from all pollution clean.
14. Whenever thou dost at the church appear,
 Observe, how pleasant is the LORD's abode!
 When there thou comest, come with awful fear,
 And due respect, before the LORD thy God.
15. Fall on thy bended knees, before the LORD,
 Before him in his courts submissive bow,
 Nor let thy lips once drop a single word,
 E'er thou hast prais'd him with prostration low.
16. None among all the glorious saints above
 Presume to laud the Ruler of the skies,
 'Till they their crowns do from their heads remove,
 And fall upon their knees in humble wise.
17. How then can dust and ashes e'er presume
 To tread his courts without submission due?
 Nay, even then, when they to worship come,
 And for forgiveness humbly ought to sue.
18. Our Master Jesus, when he pray'd, fell low
 Upon his face, before his glorious SIRE:
 Yet scarce will any of his servants bow
 A knee, whatever they of God require.
19. The greater *James* so oft his GOD ador'd
 Upon his naked knees, that they at last
 (So very often he address'd the LORD!)
 The camel's knees in callousness surpass.
20. *Moses* and *Aaron*, *Joshua* of old,
 With each good king, that rul'd the Jews of yore,
 And ev'ry prophet, that GOD's will foretold,
 Shew'd us, how we the GODHEAD shou'd adore.
21. When thou hast fallen on the earth, before
 Thy Great CREATOR, with all due respect,
 His gracious aid and favour to implore,
 E'er thou dost speak, on what thou say'st, reflect.
22. *Daniel*

The

- 22 *Daniel*, before he spake unto the king,
 Reflect long on what he had got to say:
 So ev'ry man shou'd due reflexion bring,
 E'er he presumes unto his God to pray.
- 23 When thou hast well consider'd what to say,
 Thy bosom bear, before thou dost begin,
 Own thy unworthiness and humbly pray
 For pardon and remission of thy sin.
- 24 Cry out thus to him with a heart contrite,
 "Let me, O God! thy gracious favour gain,
 "Though I'm unworthy of thy favour quite,
 "Or that I shou'd the least request obtain."
- 25 God is benign to all that beg his aid,
 To ev'ry one that asks, he freely grants,
 He gives to all, and never does upbraid,
 He gives abundantly to each their wants.
- 26 Whate'er thou askest, that thou'lt have, believe,
 Take no denial, but with fervour crave,
 And what thou askest, doubt not to receive:
 Urgently ask, and thou the boon shalt have.
- 27 Doubt not thy heavenly FATHER'S pow'r or will:
 Who gives to all, will freely give to thee:
 For he is well inclin'd, and able still,
 A ready aid, and bountifully free!
-

A Prayer for them, who go to worship God in public.

- 1 **T**HOU God of mercy! Source of light and day!
 Giver of grace, and ev'ry useful boon!
 For JESUS' sake, O, hear us, when we pray,
 And grant thy people their petitions soon.
- 2 We now unto thy altar, LORD! draw near,
 And are assembled in thy awful sight:
 O, may we there, just as we ought appear!
 O, give us pow'r to worship thee aright!
- 3 Our solemn meetings, my CREATOR, bless,
 To ev'ry soul alacrity impart,
 Our meditations prosper with success,
 That we may worship thee with faithful heart.

- 4 O! place our souls in apt and proper frame,
Make us all ready and alert, O LORD!
To praise and glorify thy sacred name!
And hear with reverential awe thy Word!
- 5 Prepare our hearts, and sanctify each thought,
Quicken our zeal, O LORD! increase our love,
That we a true demeanour may be taught,
And worship with true faith the God above.
- 6 Up-lift our hearts, our sluggish minds up-lift,
Our cold affections with thy grace inflame,
Fix thou our thoughts, and for each gracious gift
Teach our mute lips to magnify thy name.
- 7 Tear from our hearts each vile and bad design,
And suffer not our thoughts to wander far,
Make us with profit hear thy word divine,
And with warm zeal to offer up each pray'r.
- 8 Let thy blest spirit teach us all to pray
With ardent zeal, and vehement desire,
That thou may'st lend an ear to all we say,
And give us whatsoever we require.
- 9 Place thou thy fingers on our ears, O LORD!
That we may hear thy Gospel as we ought,
Enable us to understand thy Word,
And to apply aright, what we are taught:
- 10 And when we've conn'd and understood it well,
Empower us to do it as we ought,
Empower us to practice it with zeal,
'Till it a large return of fruit has brought.
- 11 Do thou O LORD! our parish-pastor bless,
That he, with knowledge, grace and pow'r may preach
The Word of Life, and with desir'd success,
Thy servants from the sacred Gospel teach
- 12 Enlighten thou his mind and thoughts O LORD,
Inflame his heart, his tongue with knowledge fill,
That he may properly divide thy word
To all, according to thy holy will:

- 13 That we thereby may, from the shades of death,
Be brought to light and comfort's sweet abode
From the dark dungeons and the pow'rs beneath
Unto the fold and kingdom of our God.
- 14 Make thou his sermons fruitful in each mind,
Make us digest them with an ardent zeal,
Make us unto his person well-inclin'd;
If, as he ought, he labours for our weal.
- 15 Do thou, on him and us, thy blessings show't,
Do thou make pure and sanctify each heart,
Do thou instruct us by thy grace and pow'r,
That each may, as he shou'd, perform his part;

A PREPARATION for the holy Communion.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry Christian who wou'd chuse to know,
How he shou'd to God's blessed table go,
These precepts learn, and in his mem'ry bear,
E'er rashly he presumes to venture there.
- 2 E'er to the altar you abruptly go,
Consider well, what you're about to do,
And meditate on that mysterious cheer,
Which you are soon to be refresh'd with, there.
- 3 It is not at the feast of some great lord,
Or at an emperor's tyrannic board,
That you are speedily about to eat
A food, which is than manna much more sweet.
- 4 More sweet than manna if with faith sincere,
You at CHRIST's sacred table shall appear,
But worse than poison far, if void of grace,
You, Judas-like, approach that holy place.
- 5 Receive it then, as it deserves, be sure,
With Christian decency and morals pure,
With faith, with hope, with sanctity of mind,
With perfect Charity for all mankind,
- 6 Take heed lest, full of sin, you madly run
To CHRIST's blest table—such a rashness shun;
Lest you damnation for your pains obtain,
Where others mercy and salvation gain.

7 Remember

- 7 Remember well, what purity of mind!
What care! what preparation! God enjoin'd,
E'er *Israel* was permitted erst to taste
The paschal lamb, or touch that blest repast.
- 8 Remember too, how at that awful scene
Our blessed SAVIOUR wash'd his servants clean,
And wip'd with his own hands each happy guest,
E'er he shou'd taste of that celestial feast.
- 9 O come not near the table of the LORD,
Defil'd by lust, or any crime abhor'd,
E'er you are fully cleans'd from ev'ry fault
And filthy stain, wherewith your souls were fraught!
- 10 Cast out all sin, and ev'ry foul deceit—
Cast out wrath, envy, drunkenness and hate—
Cast pride, and each fallacious art, away;
For CHRIST will never with such inmates stay.
- 11 Remember how the Devil, fatal guest!
Erst enter'd *Judas's* unhallow'd breast,
When he receiv'd the sop, and rashly eat,
Though plung'd in sin, the consecrated meat.
- 12 Do thou beware, lest this befall to thee,
(What once has been, thou know'st, again may be!)
If, to the Eucharist, thou shou'dst presume
Laden with sins, and unprepar'd, to come.
- 13 Keep the *Corinthians* ever in thy mind,
Who erst with several diseases pin'd,
Because they unprepar'd and rashly went,
Without due thought, unto the sacrament.
- 14 Take heed, lest thou thyself shou'dst e'er draw near
To that blest board, without a pious fear:
Reflect what awful viands on it lie;
Lest thou for thy temerity shou'dst die.
- 15 Examine well thyself—be fully sure
Thy heart is perfectly sincere, and pure—
That thou hast quite repented of each fault,
And are with faith, hope, charity, well fraught.

- 16 Condemn thyself without the least deceit,
Lest God thy condemnation shou'd complete,
And, if thou dost in ought deficient live,
Beg thou of God to grant it, or forgive.
- 17 Four things are absolutely requisite,
For ev'ry one that wou'd receive aright——
True Christian faith—Repentance unconfin'd——
Love universal—and a thankful mind.
- 18 No one can safely be without the least
Of those, who goes to that celestial feast:
Whoe'er, without them, eats that hallow'd food,
From his presumption can expect no good.
- 19 A proper faith is necessary, first,
To own that CHRIST, upon the cross accurst,
Himself a sacrifice for sinners gave,
That by his suff'rings he the world might save.
- 20 Faith does that pardon, with it's fruits, obtain,
Which CHRIST for us did by his passion gain;
And, in the supper he so freely gives,
Faith, CHRIST with all his righteousness receives.
- 21 CHRIST is not food, to glut the paunch design'd,
Or for the stomach and the teeth to grind,
But the soul's hunger fully to allay,
Through ardent faith, in a mysterious way.
- 22 None in the spirit can enjoy the LORD,
Nor eat his body at the blessed board,
Unless he's of that lively faith possesst,
Which issues from the contrite sinner's breast.
- 23 It, from the Gospel, is exceeding plain,
That CHRIST does in the realms above remain,
And that no mortal can his body eat,
But as a mystic, immaterial meat.
- 24 Faith therefore all, to gain their SAVIOUR, need,
Faith all must have, their famish'd souls to feed,
Faith all must have, to elevate their heart;
If, in their SAVIOUR, they wou'd have a part.

- 25 CHRIST is a food, for hungry souls design'd,
CHRIST is a food, to feed each faithful mind,
CHRIST is a food, that must thro' faith be eat,
CHRIST is a spiritual and mental treat!
- 26 Whene'er thou eatest this celestial bread,
In sad remembrance of thy master dead,
Lift up, above this wicked world thy heart,
That thou, thro' faith, in CHRIST mayst have a part.
- 27 Repentance, next to faith, must be obtain'd
From ev'ry sin wherewith thy soul is stain'd,
With resolution to amend each day,
And from thy former faults to turn away.
- 28 Repent thou truly, with a heart sincere,
And for thy sins shed many a briny tear,
Nor dare the table of the LORD attend,
E'er thou repentest, lest thou shou'dst offend.
- 29 Cast out the dregs, and keep thy body pure,
Nor in a cask unsweet thy wine secure,
Lest it shou'd fret, and force a passage out,
And from the riven vessel fly about.
- 30 Nor Father, Lamb, or Dove, will e'er remain,
Where hate, and gloomy-minded malice reign:
Then make thy vessel clean, if thou wou'dst taste
Thy SAVIOUR's flesh, and share the sweet repast.
- 31 Disgorge thy fulsome load, conceal thy shame,
All trifling talk, and vain pursuits disclaim,
Suppress thy wanton heat, thy temper reign,
Amend thy life, from idleness refrain.
- 32 Wash thou thy hands in innocence, thy soul
In righteousness, in charity, thy whole:
So shall the man entire, from head to heel,
Receive his SAVIOUR, and his influence feel.
- 33 Love justice, and sobriety pursue,
Use purity and holiness, indue
The robe of perfect love, and let no stain,
However slight, defile thy soul again.

- 34 Let not things holy e'er be hurl'd to dogs,
Nor precious pearls be flung to filthy hogs,
Nor manna to a dirty dish consign'd,
Nor the communion to an impious mind:
- 35 But, in a golden pot, thy manna place,
CHRIST'S body with the finest linen grace,
In a clean cask thy gen'rous wines secure,
And the communion in a heart that's pure.
- 36 The third thing requisite, which thou must get,
E'er thou dost eat, is charity complete:
Ill-will, or spite, to no man thou may'st bear,
Whether thy friend or foe, from far, or near.
- 37 Love is the banner by CHRIST'S servants shown,
Whereby they are from any other's known;
And 'tis by love, (as men by liv'ry coats)
That CHRIST distinguishes his sheep, from goats:
- 38 For CHRIST will not permit that any guest
Shou'd e'er partake of his celestial feast,
Who has not a sincere and guiltless mind,
That is in charity with all mankind.
- 39 Though of a thousand gifts thou were possessor,
Thou shalt not be to CHRIST a welcome guest;
But all those gifts will be of no avail,
If thou in perfect charity shou'dst fail.
- 40 In love unfeign'd, with all thy neighbours live,
With all thy heart thine enemies forgive,
And if a wrong to any thou hast done,
Be reconcil'd, or let thy work alone.
- 41 Take heed, and come not to the feast of CHRIST,
Unless from spite and malice you desist:
Lest Satan with the bread shou'd enter in,
And fill you full of ev'ry filthy sin.
- 42 Learn of the adder, though a worm, to cast
Each pois'nous passion from thy breast in haste,
E'er to approach GOD'S altar thou dost dare;
Lest those fierce passions shou'd destroy thee, there:

- 43 For as some say, who have the action seen,
The adder lays her poison on the green,
Before she quenches at the stream her thirst;
Lest she shou'd by th' envenom'd potion burst.
- 44 So cast all anger from thy bosom quite,
All envy, rage, malèvolence, and spite,
Or else, like wild and furious beasts, they will
Without distinction their own Keepers kill.
- 45 If these three virtues, 'faith, repentance, love,'
Adorn thy soul, thou shalt most welcome prove;
Thou then may'st go, and be thy master's guest:
For CHRIST himself invites thee to his feast.
- 46 Think, when thou see'st the Priest divide the bread,
And view'st the wine into the chalice shed,
Think, how the spear transfix'd thy Saviour's side,
And how his heart, pour'd out it's crimson tide!
- 47 When bread and wine, just hallow'd at the board,
Thou dost receive, receive in thought the LORD,
Receive him in thy heart with mind sincere,
And fully feast thy soul upon him, there.
- 48 We masticate him not, (when CHRIST we eat
Nor turn him down our throats like common meat;
But 'tis by faith, and by a faithful heart
Alone, that we in CHRIST can have a part.
- 49 Lift up thy mind, and soar above the skies,
And look at CHRIST with supplicating eyes,
Reflect then what he did and felt for thee,
Whilst for thy sins he hung upon the tree.
- 50 Believe that CHRIST when nail'd unto the tree,
For thee was sacrific'd, and di'd for thee!
Believe that he, to buy thy soul, did bleed:
'Tis then! 'tis thus, thou eatest CHRIST indeed?
- 51 But shoud'st thou ask what good can thence arise,
Or in the sacrament what profit lies,
Shoud'st thou receive it with a Christian mind,
True faith, and charity for all mankind?

- 52 Why! **CHRIST** to thee, there absolution gives,
And freely all thy sumless sins forgives,
An absolution by thy **GOD** made good——
An absolution, seal'd by **CHRIST**'s best blood!
- 53 Pardon and life, are thence, to thee supply'd,
With comfort, health, and ev'ry gift beside,
He gives his spirit, with each grace divine,
And he himself, with all his gifts, is thine.
- 54 He makes thee all his mighty blessings share,
Such blessings, as no language can declare!
He will, in spirit, in thy heart remain,
And, if thou'rt grateful, there will ever reign.
- 55 He feeds thy fainty soul with fat'ning food,
With his own body and his precious blood,
And gives thee his blest spirit from on high,
As a sure pledge of immortality!
- 56 How art thou bound such goodness to applaud,
And sing the praises of thy **SAVIOUR-GOD**,
Who made thee of his glorious supper eat,
An entertainment with each good replete?
- 57 O, what returns canst thou to Him e'er make,
For all He did or suffer'd for thy sake——
To Him—who fed thy soul with heavenly food——
With His own body, and most precious blood?
- 58 Then be not such a brute, the church to leave,
When thou so lately did such food receive,
E'er thou thy thanks hast to thy **SAVIOUR** paid
With grateful mind, for his celestial aid.
- 59 **CHRIST** e'en barley-bread wou'd never eat,
Much less more delicate and sav'ry meat,
Before he thank'd his Sire—nor wou'd forget,
Where-e'er he was, to pay that bounden debt.
- 60 How canst thou then presume the **LORD** to eat,
And feed on **CHRIST**, the very worst of meat!
Yet never for the boon thy thanks impart,
Thy bounden thanks—e'en from thy very heart?

- 61 Nor yet invite heav'n, earth, and man to join
The Seraphim, and all the hosts divine,
To celebrate with thee the LORD above
For his immense benevolence and love?

A Prayer to be said before receiving of the Sacrament.

- 1 **O** LORD! who graciously wast mov'd
To give us CHRIST thy best-belov'd,
To be for our transgressions slain,
And souls desponding to sustain!
- 2 O give me grace with pious care,
Like a good Christian to prepare,
That I, by faith, may eat CHRIST's flesh,
And on the LORD my soul refresh!
- 3 O make my heart and conscience clear,
And make my vessel still appear
Quite pure, and purg'd from ev'ry sin,
That CHRIST may freely enter in!
- 4 Strengthen my faith, my hopes remove,
Inflame my breast with perfect love,
My body cleanse, my spirit guide,
That CHRIST may in my heart reside!
- 5 Lift thou my thoughts above the skies,
Where my REDEEMER JESUS lies,
My soul let him, thro' faith, sustain,
That I may grace from Him obtain.
- 6 Persuade me that there is from heaven
A pardon to all sinners given,
And that I for CHRIST's sufferings sake,
Shall of his wond'rous works partake.
- 7 Make me believe, that he will reign
And in my bosom still remain,
And that His spirit from my heart
Will never, 'till my death depart.

8 O let me not, like any brute,
The temple of my God pollute,
But ever keep the sacred scene,
Where he vouchsafes to sojourn, clean.

9 O make me chant, both day and night,
His praises forth with all my might,
And may He ev'ry hour be blest,
For the good cheer found at his feast!

STANZAS' concerning some Persons and Things,
that are mentioned in the Holy Scriptures.

1 **F**ROM *Adam's* lapse, this useful lesson learn,
“As the least sin, there's nothing costs so much”
Thence, too, the danger thou may'st well discern,
“All things forbidden by the LORD, to touch.”

2 Old *Eve*, by her offence and fatal crime,
Has thrown a powerful warning in thy way;
That thou shou'd'st never dare at any time,
Satan, before th' ALMIGHTY, to obey,

3 If *Adam* met with so severe a doom,
Who only did a single apple eat;
Think thou, what they must suffer, who presume
To live entirely on forbidden meat!

4 How dang'rous is the fruit, whose acid juice
Corrodes the teeth of all the human race?
Be thou not one of those, my son, who chuse
To feed on fruits like them, in any case.

5 Had not our blest SAVIOUR been so kind,
To suffer death for us upon the cross;
The world had, for that fault, been all confin'd
In Hell, and none cou'd have repair'd the loss.

6 The dragon, though so dang'rous, never dread,
But in the woman's promis'd seed confide,
Who has already bruis'd his baneful head,
Pluck'd out his sting, and low'r'd his crested pride.

- 7 If the old serpent has transfix'd thy soul
With sin's keen sting, thou'rt gone beyond resource,
Or nothing in the world can make thee whole,
'Till to the brazen One thou hast recourse.
- 8 Old *Adam* for a single apple lost
The blissful scenes of ancient paradise,
Take heed, lest thou the New One, to thy cost,
Shou'dst for such trifles lose, if thou art wise.
- 9 Whoe'er, like *Cain*, with a felonious heart,
Shall evil do : (for so the Scriptures teach)
Evil shall never from his house depart,
Until God's vengeance shall the culprit reach.
- 10 Lest thou, like *Cain*, that murderer of yore !
Shou'dst shed a guiltless person's blood, take heed :
Whoever sheds his fellow-creature's gore,
Shall surely by his fellow-creatures bleed.
- 11 Commit no murder in the gloom of night ;
Just *Abel's* murder God himself reveal'd :
He will in public all thy crimes requite ;
Though by the veil of solitude conceal'd.
- 12 Thy life with *Abel's* innocence adorn,
Fear God, and often to his courts repair,
And offer on thy knees, both night and morn,
To Him the constant sacrifice of pray'r.
- 13 And when thy off'ring's to the altar brought,
Be it the best and choicest in it's kind :
The GODHEAD hates, or is not pleas'd with ought
That's wan and weak, or either halt or blind.
- 14 If thou an offering dost freely make,
God will as readily the same receive :
But he will never that oblation take,
Which thou dost not with real pleasure give.
- 15 Though all the world were grown reluctant quite
To serve the omnipotent, and cease to pray :
Do thou, like *Enos*, all the World excite
To worship God without the least delay.

- 16 Exhort them all to serve the LORD their God ;
 'Tis each true Christian's duty, to do so :
 Proclaim his might, his praises spread abroad,
 And thou to his eternal joys shalt go.
- 17 Walk thou, like *Enoch*, with the LORD most high,
 His footsteps trace and imitate his ways :
 Remember too that his all-seeing eye
 Thy ev'ry act, nay ev'ry thought, surveys.
- 18 To *Enoch*, what a recompence was given
 For his devotion, piously observe !
 E'er death he saw, he went direct to heaven :
 Who wou'd not then so good a master serve ?
- 19 From *Enoch's* story these three truths are plain——
 First, that thy precious soul shall never die——
 Next, that thy body shall be rais'd again——
 Last, that rewards awaits the just on high.
- 20 Commit no sin, for though in private done,
 God will soon bring the secret crime to light :
 But always live, as if each act was known
 To Him, and thou wert always in his sight.
- 21 Though thou wert with a giant's strength endu'd,
 God, when he pleases, can thy pride subdue,
 And make thee soon each creeping insect's food,
 If thou wilt still the paths of vice pursue.
- 22 If from the flood the giants cou'd not run,
 Nor from the wat'ry vengeance erst retire :
 How can the present pigmy race e'er shun
 The inundation of o'erwhelming fire ?
- 23 However vile the world be all around,
 However numerous the sinful crew,
 In thy CREATOR's sight be perfect found,
 And *Noah's* pattern all thy life pursue.
- 24 The custom of the vulgar crowd eschew,
 Who rush to sin, as fast as e'er they can :
 Better his steps, though single, to pursue,
 Who fears his God, and has respect to man.

- 25 How odious all Adult'ry is, observe!
How hateful sin is in the sight of God!
Since nothing less to punish it, wou'd serve
Than the wide deluge, which the world o'erflow'd.
- 26 If thou like holy *Noah*, canst be pure,
And canst perfection, like that patriarch, boast;
Like *Noah*, thou salvation shalt secure,
While all the rest, beyond redress, are lost.
- 27 Better it is that patriarch's steps to trace,
With faith, perfection, and each virtue crown'd,
Than 'tis the world's vile maxims to embrace,
And with the vicious multitude be drown'd.
- 28 Whilst 'tis the time of grace, construct thine ark,
E'er yet the deluge covers all the strand:
It is by much too late to build a bark,
When th' inundation overwhelms the land.
- 29 Better by far it is, upon the whole,
Safely with *Noah* in the ark to keep,
Than in a sea of vice to plunge one's soul,
Lost with the crowd in the unfathom'd deep.
- 30 Whene'er thou dost the rainbow's curve survey,
God's sacred covenant recall to mind:
His mighty deeds it's glorious deeds display,
For-ever merciful, for-ever kind!
- 31 Reflect with awe upon it's changeful hue!
Azure and red, are it's prevailing dyes:
The watry deluge, was the azure-blue,
In fi'ry-red, the future judgement lies.
- 32 When both the horns of this celestial bow
Are bent to earth, without a shaft or string,
It is design'd that happy peace to show,
Which reigns, thro' Christ, 'twixt man & heav'n's king.
- 33 Beware of Satan, and his latent nets,
When void of care, and most at ease, at home;
Thy steps, like *Noah*, hourly he besets,
And sily waits the moment to o'ercome.

- 34 Tho' *Noah* cou'd not, to adult'ry's net,
By Satan in his youthful days be brought ;
Yet in a fatal hour success he met,
And in his toils the hoary drunkard caught.
- 35 Shou'dst thou in some *Gomorrhah* chance to stay,
Where drunkenness and fornication reign ;
Like *Lot*, from their vile converse haste away,
Lest their pollutions shou'd thy morals stain.
- 36 Shou'dst thou the town, where thou dost sojourn, see
Sin against God at an enormous rate :
Like *Lot*, from *Sodom* and it's confines, flee,
Before the storm descends upon thy pate.
- 37 Better it is upon a desert plain
To be with *Lot*, or in a cavern'd rock,
Than in a sinful *Sodom* to remain,
Expos'd, like it, to such a dreadful shock.
- 38 Who, whilst in *Sodom*, kept himself so well,
So free from ev'ry fault, as holy *Lot* ?
Yet, in a cave, thro' drunkenness he fell,
And there his former principles forgot.
- 39 Tho' thou hast 'scap'd from vice's dang'rous snare,
And ne'er didst in *Gomorrhah*'s stews appear,
Of sin's assaults in thy own house beware,
When none besides thy bosom-friends are near.
- 40 If thou hast once the luck, the fire to shun,
And art unhurt from flaming *Sodom* come :
Take heed, lest thou a second time shou'dst run
To equal danger for thy sins at home.
- 41 If thou from *Sodom* hast the luck to fly,
Return not there by any means again :
Lot's wife, because she backward glanc'd her eye,
Was turn'd to salt upon th' adjacent plain.
- 42 Open thine eyes, look round, and trembling own,
That sin's severely punish'd by the LORD :
Since he upon *Gomorrhah*'s lustful town
A dreadful storm of fire and brimstone show'r'd.

- 43 Ah me!—how loud is vice's yelling noise,
Dinning the GODHEAD's ears both night and day!
No respite knows her never-ceasing voice,
'Till God with vengeance shall her crimes repay!
- 44 How foul, how fatal, were the monstrous crimes,
Which brought perdition upon *Sodom's* race!
The district stinks e'en to the present times,
And smoke and sulph'rous steams still mark the place!
- 45 Never an angered father's curse deserve;
Ham and his seed, cou'd ne'er wipe out the stain;
It's lasting marks the Negroes still preserve,
And in their skins it ever will remain.
- 46 Like *Shem*, the foibles of thy fire conceal,
With filial piety his errors hide;
Nor when his snowy locks his years reveal,
Like *Canaan* the uncover'd fot deride.
- 47 With laudable respect thy mother grace,
And pay her all th' obedience that's her due;
On thy right hand the honour'd matron place,
As royal *Solomon* was wont to do.
- 48 Never in any work employ thy hand,
To whate'er place thou travellest abroad;
Before, like *Abraham*, in the foreign land,
Thou rear'st an altar, to adore thy God.
- 49 Believe each Word the LORD thy GOD has spoke,
For it is perfect, strictly true, and pure;
The heav'ns and earth shall pass away, like smoke;
But that for ever shall, each jot, endure.
- 50 Where-e'er the LORD thy GOD commands thee, go,
His dictates with alacrity obey,
Whate'er thou dost, like *Abraham*, quickly do,
And his behests perform without delay.
- 51 Offer thy son, shou'd God that task require,
And circumcision with respect receive,
Abjure the idols of thy pagan fire,
And at God's nod thy native country leave.

- 52 From *Isaac* meekness and submission gain,
From him, whatever happens, learn to bear;
So shalt thou favour from mankind obtain,
And always live in thy CREATOR's fear.
- 53 Beware, lest thou defile thy spouse's bed,
Be pleas'd with her, that is already thine;
As *Isaac* erst was pleas'd with her, he wed;
For that is pleasing to the Pow'r divine.
- 54 If thou with *Jacob*'s gentle voice art blest,
Of *Esau*'s rough and bloody hands beware:
The Deity can ne'er enough detest
Foul deeds, tho' veil'd beneath expressions fair:
- 55 When thou resolvest first a maid to woo,
To *Jacob*'s conduct give especial heed:
Like him, thy parents counsel still pursue;
So shall prosperity attend thy seed.
- 56 Never unto thy belly be a slave,
Esau was with the greatest shame oppress'd;
Who his own birthright unto *Jacob* gave
For one poor mess of pottage ready-drest.
- 57 Fie on all waste! on all excesses fie!
Sell not heav'n's joys for either drink or meat;
Esau from *Canaan* was oblig'd to fly,
Who sold his birthright for a sorry treat.
- 58 If with thy mistress thou art ask'd to lye,
However private, yet refuse the joy;
Like *Joseph* from her hot embraces fly,
Nor for a kiss thy precious soul destroy.
- 59 Go thou to prison, ev'ry woe endure,
And lye in chains extended on the floor,
E'er thou with action lustful and impure,
Givest CHRIST's member to a filthy whore.
- 60 Love not a prostitute, nor e'er defile
The temple, where the LORD of Hosts remains:
Joseph wou'd ne'er have done a thing so vile,
Though he was all his life to rot in chains.

- 61 Like *Eſau's*, 'tis a bargain moſt unwiſe,
A bargain, that will make thee wail and weep,
To ſell thy bright reverſion in the ſkies,
A night perhaps with ſome lewd punk to ſleep!
- 62 Becauſe he wou'd not with his miſtreſs lye,
Nor condeſcend her wanton heat to cool,
Joſeph was rais'd by Providence on high,
And *Egypt* rul'd, who did his paſſions rule;
- 63 Better it is to be with *Joſeph* chaſte,
Although, in jail, you for your virtue be,
Than on a throne, like *Herod*, to be plac'd,
With an *Herodias* on your guilty knee.
- 64 Shou'dſt thou thy father's bed with inceſt ſtain,
Though firſt-begotten, thou his curſe ſhou'dſt get,
And *Judah* thy inheritance obtain;
Whiſt thou haſt nothing but a long regret.
- 65 To ſell thy brother, *Simeon*! is not wiſe;
Thou knoweſt not what chance may yet prevail:
Joſeph, when ſold, to ſuch a height ſhall riſe,
That he ſhall order *Simeon* to a jail.
- 66 Like *Moſes*, ſweetneſs of behaviour ſhew,
Like him, be meek, and harmleſs as a child,
Faithful, ſubmiſſive, affable, and true,
Brave, without raſhneſs, without ſoftneſs, mild.
- 67 See!—what an army God of old employ'd,
A mighty Monarch's ſtubborn heart to bend!
By lice and locuſts, flies and frogs annoy'd,
Pharoah wou'd fain his wicked ways amend!
- 68 If thou a ſlave in *Egypt* wou'dſt not be,
But go, where milk and honey bleſs the ſhore,
Thou muſt paſs through the *Erythr'an* ſea;
Tho' ſtrong it's ſurge, and terrible it's roar!
- 69 A man with too-much manna may be cloy'd;
But who can't touch it, muſt be nice indeed;
Yet thou muſt be of taſte and reaſon void,
If thou, before it, wou'd'ſt on garlick feed.

- 70 E'er God will leave his faithful foll'wers need,
He'll rain a show'r of manna from on high,
Or else on quails his favourites will feed,
At his command descending from the sky.
- 71 Never resist the pastor of thy soul,
Nor on the herald of th' Almighty jest,
Lest th' earth shou'd open and ingulph thee whole,
If thou, like *Korah*, shou'dst insult thy Priest.
- 72 To thy vocation or profession cleave,
And let the Clergy their own bus'ness mind;
God to their care alone his ark will leave,
Who to that sacred office were design'd.
- 73 From hence it may to all be clearly known,
How strictly we shou'd keep the sabbath day!
Since God enjoin'd the *Jewish* host to stone
The man, who broke it first, without delay.
- 74 The sabbath in devotion spend, and come
Unto the temple, in thy best array,
Nor, whilst thou livest here on earth, presume
To do the Devil's work on that blest day.
- 75 The power of God we hence may all behold,
Who, at a man's entreaty, stopp'd the sun:
For one whole day it's motion he controul'd,
And stay'd it's course, until his people won.
- 76 How shameful is it then, remember all,
That that vast orb shou'd God's command obey?
Whilst we, vile worms! despise his gracious call,
And will not, at his mighty bidding, stay.
- 77 Shou'dst thou ever go, where idols are ador'd,
Boldly, like *Joshua*, this answer give,
"I, and my family, will serve the LORD,
"And will not own another, whilst I live."
- 78 The shining sword, O *Zimri*, *Zimri*! fear,
Hung by the God of vengeance o'er thy head!
Behold, in *Phineas*' hand, the pointed spear,
Lifted, to strike thee, and thy strumpet, dead!
- 79 O *Balaam*!

- 79 O *Balaam*! *Balaam*! ope thine eyes, and see
The angel just descending from above!
Return, return, nor touch the venal fee,
But hear the ass, thy avarice reprove.
- 80 A harlot love no better than the fiend,
Thy bosom-secrets ne'er to her impart——
The stiffest neck she, like a twig, will bend,
Though strong as *Samson*, she will break thy heart.
- 81 Never encourage those that are to blame,
But from their vices studiously refrain;
Gibeah, with all her wealth, was set on flame,
Because she did not her rude sons restrain.
- 82 With heed, O *Benjamin*! my words attend:
Why wilt thou strive to pull the wrath divine,
(Because thou wilt thy daring youths defend
In all their vices) upon thee and thine?
- 83 From *Eli*'s fate, take warning, and beware!
Thy children teach, and carefully correct:
Whenever the fire is us'd the rod to spare,
God with the sword will punish the neglect.
- 84 Learn thou from *Samuel*, whilst yet a youth
With strict fidelity to serve thy God,
And to the last, unshaken hold the truth,
Unshock'd by injuries, unstain'd by fraud.
- 85 From that just judge these useful lessons draw,
“All in their properties alike protect,——
“Give sentence still, according unto law,
“And as the rules of justice shall direct.”
- 86 What gains cou'd *Joel* from injustice boast,
From brib'ry and corruption, void of shame?
He lost his credit, and his office lost,
But gain'd reproach, and a detested name!
- 87 Touch not the ark, like *Uzzab*——but beware——
Leave to the priest, what to the priest is due——
Be thy own calling and concerns thy care:
For thou hast nothing with the ark to do.

88 When

- 88 When thou with pain and sickness art oppress'd,
Like *Job* thy patience silently display——
Never blaspheme, however sore distress'd :
'Tis God that gives, and God that takes away !
- 89 Though God shou'd take thy substance all away,
Or by some sickness seem to call thee hence——
" Though God shou'd kill me, yet (resign'dly say)
" I still in him will place my confidence."
- 90 Like royal *David* from thy bed arise,
And humbly on thy knees thy God adore——
At midnight let thy pray'rs ascend the skies;
Whilst others on their downy pillows snore.
- 91 It is a meet and mighty pleasant thing,
Unto the LORD at dead of night to pray,
And for his various gifts to thank heav'n's king,
Soon as the dawn proclaims the new-born day.
- 92 Like *David*, that renowned seer ! repent
Of all the crimes and evil thou hast done——
Like him, with ceaseless tears thy sins lament,
'Till thou God's favour and his love hast won.
- 93 Weep, 'till thy couch with briny floods is drown'd——
'Till with thy bread thou hast thy tears devour'd——
Wear sackcloth—roll thyself along the ground——
'Till thou hast pardon for thy sins implor'd.
- 94 Although thy locks be of a lovely dye,
Yet from all pride on that account forbear ;
Lest thou, like *Absalom*, shou'dst hang on high,
Caught, and entangled by thy flowing hair.
- 95 If *David* in the dark, and dead of night,
Shall with *Uriah*'s charming consort sport ;
Another, in the sun's meridian height,
Shall to his wives, without disguise, resort.
- 96 How short did that precarious pleasure last,
For which his life incestuous *Amnon* lost ?
Ah me ! how bitter was it, when 'twas past ?
How dear at length the transient rapture cost !

- 97 Thy precious soul in danger never leave,
Thy carnal lusts and pleasures to fulfil:
For thou, one day, most bitterly shalt grieve,
That thou, on *Tamar*, hast obtain'd thy will!
- 98 Thy house and thy concerns in order set,
Like *Hezekiah*, with convenient care;
Thyself in readiness this moment get,
And still for death, before death comes, prepare.
- 99 Thy neighbour's vineyard seek not to obtain:
Oppression daily pulls God's vengeance down:
For if thou thus, thou'dst *Naboth's* portion gain,
Thou for that sin shalt forfeit *Israel's* crown.
- 100 O *Abab!* *Abab!* with strict justice deal,
Nor lust thy neighbour's fortune to enjoy;
If thou, thro' purjury, his land shalt steal,
God will thy offspring to a man destroy,
- 101 How great foe'er thy toil and trouble be.
Thrice ev'ry day, like pious *Daniel*, fall
Before thy MAKER, on thy bended knee;
For of all business that's the best of all,
- 102 Shut up thy closet door—kneel on the floor—
Lift up thine eyes—unlock thy lips to pray—
With humble attitude thy God adore
And humble heart, at least three times a day.
- 103 Though thou shou'dst to the lion's den be cast,
Omit not, even there, thy wonted pray'r;
The wildest beasts will shun their wish'd repast,
And ev'ry true believer learn to spare.
- 104 Thy knee before an image never bow,
Tho' thou wert, therefore, forc'd to quit the world,
And tho' like *Shadrach*, thou wert doom'd to go
Headlong, into a fiery furnace hurl'd.
- 105 Nought must be worshipp'd but our God alone:
An idol is a trifle, nothing more;
Whether of gold, of silver, or of stone,
'Tis but a helpless scare-crow, void of pow'r.
- 106 When

- 106 When to thy lip thou liftest up the bowl;
 Blaspheming God, but in the banquet blest—
 Beware—lest angry death shou'd seize thy soul,
 Like king *Belshazzar's* at his impious feast !
- 107 When, round the board, the goblet briskly flies,
 Behold the hand, upon the stucco'd wall,
 Writing thy dreadful doom before thy eyes,
 And thy intemp'rance's certain fall !
- 108 Thy charity, like *Tobit*, largely deal;
 To all that need, dispense around thy store;
 And never with contentment eat a meal,
 'Till thou some part hast given to the poor !
- 109 Support the feeble—and interr the dead—
 The naked clothe—the friendless widow guide—
 The orphan's cause with real ardor plead—
 Nor treat the stranger with tyrannic pride.
- 110 Whene'er thou purpos'st to take a bride,
 Beg thou of God his necessary aid :
 A *Raphael* then thy wand'ring steps shall guide;
 And lead thee to the most accomplish'd maid.
- 111 Before thou goest with thy spouse to rest,
 Beseech the LORD thy genial bed to bless,
 And hand in hand prefer your joint request,
 That He may crown your nuptials with success.
- 112 Thy parents, as *Tobias* did, revere,
 And, whilst they live, ne'er their commands oppose;
 When dead, their bodies decently interr,
 For that's a duty ev'ry Christian owes !
- 113 As strictly just, throughout thy life, be found,
 As one who ne'er the Gospel's lustre saw,
 And let thy death with as much faith be crown'd,
 As if thou nought hadst heard e'er of the law !
- 114 Shou'dst thou, O Christian ! ask, who sung those strains,
 And strove these truths in metre to comprize ?
 It was a Christian priest, who took the pains,
 In hopes thereby to help thee to the skies.

The Author's Letter to a Clergyman, who had desired him to put the CATECHISM of the Church of England into Verse.

- 1 **I** Know, my brother, 'twas thy fervent zeal
For God, and for the Christian commonweal,
That made thee ask me at the present time,
To turn our church's doctrines into rhyme.
- 2 The *Welsh*, 'tis true, as thou may'st well discern,
Are much more apt some idle song to learn
Than truths—that, far more worthy of their care,
And of more value and importance, are.
- 3 Thou therefore didst desire me, as I guess,
That I shou'd all those points in verse express;
That so the younglings of our flocks by rote
Might learn to sing with ease, what thus was wrote,
- 4 As soon as thou hadst thy design express'd,
Immediately I granted thy request,
And strove those sacred precepts to restrain
In artless Stanzas', and in language plain.
- 5 I labour'd not at any thing exact,
But a short measure, pleasing, and compact,
Which the worst memory might with ease retain,
That heard it only twice, or once again,
- 6 Receive with candour then this little task,
Which thou didst lately with such fervour ask;
And, though the work be not at all complete,
Yet it wou'd fain thy approbation meet.
- 7 If God some glory shall from hence obtain,
And our own flocks some small improvement gain,
We both shall have, I fancy, what we want;
Success to it may the ALMIGHTY grant!
- 8 May all thy wishes be by Him supply'd——
May He be thy inseparable guide——
But, as my haste is great, don't think me rude,
If I beg leave at present to conclude, &c.

The CATECHISM.

- Q. MY lovely, little child, declare,
What is thy christian name? and then in brief,
With serious heart, and an assumed air,
Repeat aloud thy faith, and thy belief.
- A. The Christian name I bear, is *Constantine* *;
And tho' in *Adam* I was lost of old,
Yet now, at last, I'm sav'd through grace divine,
By CHRIST, the true MESSIAH, long foretold.
- Q. Who gave thee, say, the name by which thou'rt call'd,
Tho' thou wert erst with all the human race,
By *Adam's* shameful lapse, to sin enthrall'd,
The child of wrath and in a wretched case?
- A. My sponfers at the font with faith sincere,
(As I have since been made to understand)
Gave me the name that I am proud to bear,
According to our SAVIOUR's own command,
- Q. But what advantage thence to thee has flow'd,
When thou wert at the sacred font baptiz'd
With water, by the minister of God:
Since so much woe is in thy life compriz'd?
- A. A member I of CHRIST, am made thereby,
A child of the ALMIGHTY GOD above,
An heir apparent of the realms on high,
And happy in my blessed SAVIOUR's love.
- Q. What was the vow thy sponfers then exprefs'd?
What was the solemn promise that they gave,
By which with equal tenure to the best,
Thou wast entitled all those rights to have?
- A. Three several things they promis'd in my name,
Which I shall never, whilst I breathe, forget;
But thro' God's grace, will strive to do the same,
'Till I have paid, far as I can, the debt.

* A pupil, as 'tis supposed, of our Author, for whose instruction this Catechism, perhaps, was at first versify'd.

- Q. What were the things they promis'd to fulfil
For thee — 'till thou to proper age shou'dst grow,
When of thyself thou hadst no pow'r, nor will?
Tell me aloud, if thou the same dost know.
- A. First I observe, that I renounce entire
The wily fiend, and his infernal deeds,
This wicked world with ev'ry vain desire,
And sinful lust, that from the flesh proceeds.
Take notice, next, I did by them engage
The Christian Faith for ever to maintain,
I mean those doctrines of each sacred page,
Which all may from their creed, in short, obtain,
Thirdly, that I, with reverential awe,
Shall God's commands and will reveal'd obey,
And live according to his given law,
A godly life, unto my dying day.
- Q. To this belief art thou engag'd so fast?
And is thy obligation, say, so great,
That thou the promise, which for thee they past,
Must now make good, and their whole vow complete?
- A. All this I must believe, and, what is more,
I'm bound the same entirely to fulfil,
As far as is consistent with my pow'r;
And if I'm able, by God's grace, I will:
And hearty thanks I to my MAKER owe,
That he vouchsaf'd such favour to afford,
As his salvation unto me to show,
Thro' JESUS CHRIST, my ever-blessed LORD:
And earnestly I pray that he wou'd deign,
To me, the grace of constancy to give,
That I may, in this hopeful state, remain,
'Till I, with him, in endless bliss shall live.
- Q. Rehearse, with voice distinct and solemn air,
Those articles the Christian Faith requires,
That I may thence collect, how just they are,
And on what grounds thou foundest thy desires.

The C R E E D,

A. In GOD, the FATHER, whose ALMIGHTY Pow'r
 Did heav'n, earth, sea, into existence call,
 I do believe, and ever will adore
 Him, as the Governor supreme o'er all.
 In JESUS CHRIST, his only Son our LORD,
 Who was conceived by the HOLY GHOST,
 And born of *Mary*, prov'd upon record
 A spotless virgin, I still farther trust.
 The same who suffered a most shameful death,
 (Whilst *Pontius Pilate Judah's* sceptre sway'd)
 And when upon the cross depriv'd of breath,
 Like a mere mortal, in the grave was laid.
 Then for our sakes he into *Hades* went,
 That seat of pain and never-ending woes!
 But the third day he after that descent,
 From the dark chambers of the dead arose:
 But not till he had over Death obtain'd
 A victory, in ev'ry sense complete,
 And from the fiend, that foul deceiver, gain'd
 Ample amends for the first man's defeat:
 To the third heavens then ascended he,
 Where he does now on God's right hand reside,
 And where he shall, for endless ages, be
 To all the church a never-erring guide.
 From thence, with Glory and great Pow'r, he'll come
 As Judge, both o'er the living and the dead,
 That terribly-important day of doom,
 When they'll be call'd to his tribunal dread.
 Another point, I do believe, is this,
 (For so I find it in another creed)
 That th' HOLY GHOST, who gives us life and bliss,
 Does from the FATHER, and the SON, proceed.
 I, furthermore, beyond all doubt am sure,
 That there's in ev'ry age and realm reserv'd
 A church, that keeps the Christian doctrines pure;
 And, therefore, it shall be, thro' CHRIST, preserv'd.

And I believe that all the Saints below
Shall of the gifts (with those above) partake,
Which from our blessed SAVIOUR'S merits flow,
Who suffered death and sorrow for our sake.

The resurrection likewise of the just
I do believe, with confidence sincere,
When the last trump shall raise them from the dust,
And they, above the clouds, shall all appear.

I am convinc'd with faith, which nought can move,
That all, who worthily their GOD adore,
Shall endless happiness enjoy above,
When this terrestrial scene shall be no more. *Amen.*

Q. What dost thou chiefly learn by this belief,
The sum of which thou hast repeated now?
Endeavour it's contents to show in brief,
With all the benefits which, from it, flow.

A. First, I believe in GOD, as I am taught,
The SIRE supreme, on whose stupendous plan
This world was wholly to existence brought,
And this my frame, with that of ev'ry man.

Next, I believe in GOD, the filial Pow'r,
Our gracious LORD, to mercy still inclin'd,
Who by his blood, in a most happy hour,
Redemption brought to me, and all mankind.

Thirdly, in GOD the HOLY GHOST I trust,
Who from all kind of sin does make me clean,
And sanctifies, along with me, the just,
All the elected sons of GOD, I mean.

Q. Thou didst a promise by thy sponsors make,
That thou wou'dst GOD'S commandments keep with care;
Come, tell me then for thy REDEEMER'S sake,
How many, if thou knowest them, they are?

A. GOD gave us Ten—it was the sum express,
That we might keep them with the strictest care,
Nor must we either of them all transgress;
Lest we shou'd die, if such a crime we dare.

Q. Which

- Q. Which be they?—tell me, for thy SAVIOUR's sake,
 If thou hast ever learn'd them out by heart,
 These holy statutes for thy pattern take,
 And never from the faultless rules depart.
- A. They are the same, which the ALMIGHTY spoke
 On *Sinai's* hill, and publish'd as his law,
 Involv'd in circumambient fire and smoke,
 Which all the trembling congregation saw.
- They are the same, which he to *Moses* gave,
 On two fair tables of unchisel'd stone,
 Where GOD's own finger did those laws engrave,
 That they to all the people might be shown :
- And even now you may, if so inclin'd,
 The same from the inspir'd scriptures learn :
 In *Exodus* with ease you may them find,
 If you'll but to the twentieth chapter turn.
- Q. Which is the first of those commandments, say?
 And then the next?—and then the next again?
 Each, in it's proper place, before me lay,
 Until thou hast repeated all the ten.

The TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- A. I. I am the LORD thy GOD, supreme in pow'r,
 For tender mercy and compassion known :
 Then, on thy life, no other GOD adore ;
 For there is really none, but me alone.
- II. Thou no carv'd image for thy GOD shalt take,
 Like any being, in the heav'n on high,
 Or earth beneath, or in the seas vast lake,
 Or like a bird, that thro' the air does fly.
- Before such vanities ne'er bend thy knee,
 Nor any such vile deities adore,
 Either of earth, of wood, or stone, they be,
 By human labour form'd, and void of pow'r.
- For I th' ALMIGHTY am a jealous GOD,
 And vengeance from the children oft require,
 Who tread the paths their wicked fathers, trod :
 Thus the son suffer for his sinful fire !

I frequen

I frequent punishment inflict on those
(Though to the third or fourth degree remov'd)
Who like their fires profess themselves my foes
And senseless idols have, before me, lov'd:

But unto them thy mercies I extend,
Who keep my statutes wholly untransgress'd,
Their long-continu'd line shall never end,
But in a thousand ages hence be bless'd.

III. Ne'er mention thou *Jehovah's* glorious name,
Without respect and reverential awe:
For thou shalt not be free from guilt and blame,
If thou presumest to transgress this law.

IV. Remember thou in virtuous acts to spend,
And holy exercise, the Sabbath-day,
And like a Christian, to thy latter end,
Worship thy God thereon, and to him pray.

Six days the Lord vouchsaf'd to give to thee,
Whereon thy temp'ral business shou'd be done:
But, on the seventh, thou art no ways free
To mind ought else besides God's work alone.

Upon that day thou must from labour rest,
On pain of death, thou and thy family,
Both men and maids, with ev'ry lab'ring beast,
And ev'ry sojourner that stays with thee.

Within six days God form'd this wond'rous ball,
With ev'ry thing that in the same remains,
The sky, the earth, the ocean vast, and all
The countless tribes, that swim it's liquid plains.

To work, upon the seventh day, he ceas'd,
Though unfatigu'd he from creation came;
Wherefore to bless that day he then was pleas'd,
And hallow'd to eternity the same.

V. Unto thy parents all due honour give,
To their commands a proper deference show.
That thou may'st long in that blest station live,
Which God shall on each duteous son bestow.

VI. Take

- VI. Take heed, thou dost not any person slay,
 Nor any blood, without good reason, shed;
 The voice of blood is heard a mighty way:
 God will pour vengeance on each murd'rer's head,
- VII. Avoid adultery, that cursed thing!
 And always of thy bosom-wife make much,
 The waters quaff that gush from thy own spring;
 But ne'er thy neighbour's cover'd cistern touch.
- VIII. Aim not the smallest trifle to possess
 By stealth, which to another appertains:
 Use no deceit, nor any one oppress,
 Tho' thou wert forc'd to bear the fiercest pains,
- IX. Of perjury, and wilful lies, beware,
 Nor by thy evidence thy neighbour wrong:
 But still the truth of ev'ry one declare,
 And ne'er with defamation stain thy tongue.
- X. Neither thy neighbour's house, nor yet his wife,
 Or man, or maid, horse, ass, or working beast,
 Or any thing of his, desire thro' life,
 But that of which thou justly art possess.
- Thy mercy, LORD! unto thy servants show,
 Inspire each breast with a religious awe,
 Our stubborn hearts, and inclinations bow,
 That we may faithfully fulfil each law:
- Pardon, good God! the crimes that we have done,
 Remember not how often we transgress:
 But all those laws, as formerly on stone,
 Upon the tablets of our hearts impress!
- Q. Tell me, what dost thou chiefly gather hence?
 What do the laws, thou hast rehears'd, express?
 Give me their plainest, and their truest sense,
 In as few words as thou thy thoughts canst dress.
- A. Two duties I have learn'd from thence to know,
 To which by love and gratitude I'm bound;
 The one, I to my great Creator owe,
 The other, to my neighbours all around.

Q. First,

Q. First, let me know, if thou the same canst say,
What is thy bounden duty to the LORD——
The duty, that compels thee to obey
His sacred laws, and to respect his word?

A. First, to believe that God exists, I'm bound,
(And this I must believe with heart sincere)
To fear him, with a dread and awe profound,
To love him, as the thing I hold most dear.

Then I must worship him, with all my pow'r,
In such a manner, as his Word makes known,
And bless and thank his goodness, ev'ry hour,
For all the kindness he to me has shown:

My trust in him I must entirely place,
And in all stations call upon the LORD,
His faith I must, on no account, disgrace,
But honour and obey his name and word——

Then in such manner I must chant his praise,
And him, the Sov'reign of the world, adore,
That I must serve him truly all my days,
In ev'ry case that comes within my pow'r.

Q. What is the duty, thou dost chiefly owe
To ev'ry man, with whom thou art concern'd?
The same to me with just precision show,
If thou hast it by heart completely learn'd.

A. The same true love, that to myself I bear,
The like I to my fellow-creature owe;
It must, like that, be real and sincere,
Even although he were my greatest foe:

I likewise must to ev'ry person do,
Whatever I cou'd from my heart require
That he shou'd do to me, and to him show
No stricter measures, than I shou'd desire:

My parents also I am bound, to love,
To honour, and in poverty relieve,
I ne'er must do the thing they disapprove,
But due obedience to their orders give:

The

The king, with loyalty I must obey,
 With all his officers in their degree,
 To their commands just homage I must pay,
 So they are lawful, howe'er harsh they be :

To all my governors I must submit,
 My masters, and my guides of ev'ry kind,
 With all my pastors—(as is just and fit)
 Who guide my conscience and improve my mind.

Unto my betters, whether great or small,
 I must with decent deference behave,
 And due submission show unto them all,
 And ne'er licentiously against them rave.

I must not injure any one alive,
 In word, or deed; nay, even not in thought—
 Nor malice bear—nor blow unto him give,
 By which his life may be to danger brought :

To keep my body temp'rate I must strive ;
 Nor into riotous excesses run ;
 But soberly and chasteley always live,
 And, as the plague, all lust and lewdness shun :

My hands from pilfering I must restrain,
 And must not in the paths of robbers tread,
 From all deceit and wrong I must refrain,
 And rather labour for my daily bread :

From slander also I must keep my tongue,
 From falsehoods, and untruths of ev'ry kind,
 And never talk of any to their wrong,
 Like infidels, who no religion mind :

The goods of others I must not desire
 With lustful eye, and avaricious heart ;
 But labour—as the laws of God require—
 As well, as e'er I can, to act my part.

2. Know this, my child !—and, what I say, is right,
 Thou canst not such a burden undergo,
 Nor all those things, by thy own proper might,
 Vile sinner as thou art—pretend to do

Thou

Thou canst not keep God's statutes undefil'd,
 Or follow them with never-erring pace,
 Thou canst not serve him worthily, my child!
 Unless he deigns to give thee special grace:
 On which account, thou must hereafter strive,
 Through prayer's aid, God's favour to implore,
 That He to thee this needful grace may give,
 Whereby thou may'st more justly Him adore.
 Let me the Prayer of our Lord then hear,
 (If in thy mem'ry thou dost it retain)
 Repeat it without bashfulness or fear,
 Or thou must stay to con it o'er again.

The LORD'S PRAYER.

- A. Our Father, who the Universe didst frame——
 Our Father, from whose love all blessings flow,
 Hallow'd for ever be thy glorious name,
 By all the saints above, and men below.
 Soon may thy kingdom come, O gracious Lord!
 When we on earth, shall join th' angelic host,
 And all be govern'd by thy sacred word,
 And by the guidance of the Holy Ghost:
 Thy will divine, amongst us mortals here
 On earth, implicitly be ever done,
 As it is always in a higher sphere,
 By ev'ry angel, seraph, pow'r, and throne.
 Forgive us, Lord! forgive us here below;
 All the offences, we have ever done;
 As we forgiveness for our brethren's show,
 May we expect forgiveness for our own:
 Permit us not by sin to be ensnar'd,
 Let no temptation our frail hearts entice—
 Our souls from this world's vain delusions guard,
 From Satan's toils, and ev'ry sensual vice.
 The sov'reignty of all the world is thine——
 Omnipotence belongs to none, but thee——
 All glory too, that attribute divine,
 Is thine — and so shall it for ever be! *Amen.*

Q. What dost thou of the LORD thy GOD desire
In this short Prayer—when with uplifted eyes,
And mind quite rapt with a celestial fire,
Thou dartest thy petitions to the skies?

A. First, of the LORD my GOD, and heav'nly SIRE,
His aid and kind assistance I implore,
That He wou'd give us all that we require,
That as we ought, we may his name adore.

Whatever blessings we may chance to want,
I, next, beseech, that He'd be pleas'd to send,
And ev'ry necessary likewise grant,
To clothe our bodies, and our souls defend.

I farther beg, that He wou'd quite discharge
Our long accounts—I cannot say how long!
And take compassion upon all at large,
That ever did us any harm or wrong:

I also pray, that he wou'd still defend,
And by His mighty pow'r keep us whole,
From all the ills and dangers that attend,
As well this mortal body, as the soul.

All this, I trust, He'll of His mercy do,
Through JESUS CHRIST, his ever-blessed SON,
And for His sake, to all, compassion show,
Therefore, I say, *Amen!*—May this be done!

Q. Thus far thy answers have been full and plain—
Now tell me, without any fly reserve,
How many sacraments did CHRIST ordain,
Which his whole church was always to observe?

A. Two only, to salvation requisite,
He in the Gospel left upon record—
That is to say—if (as I think) I'm right—
Baptism—and the Supper of our LORD.

Q. If thou dost understand the question, say,
By this word, Sacrament, what dost thou mean?—
Thy sentiments of it before me lay,
And, if thou canst, explain the mystic scene.

A. It

- A. It is a visible and outward sign
Of an internal, spiritual grace,
Whereby I'm sure that CHRIST himself is mine,
With all the gifts he grants his chosen race.
- Q. How many parts do each of those contain,
Before the present congregation say,
And make them to the meanest Christian plain,
As is the sunshine that illumines the day?
- A. In either sacrament, two parts there are,
One, is the visible and outward sign,
The other does an inward grace declare,
A mental pow'r, and energy divine.
- Q. What is the outward sign, that may be seen,
Or sacred form in baptism reveal'd,
Whereby all Christians are from sin made clean,
And by a grace, to them peculiar, seal'd?
- A. Water, wherein the person is baptiz'd
(Who can this sign of his religion boast)
In those dread names, by Christians so much priz'd,
I mean, "the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST."
- Q. What is the inward, spiritual grace,
Which cannot by the carnal eye be seen,
Whereby God shows to all his chosen race,
That they are wash'd from their offences clean?
- A. It is the blood of CHRIST, God's only Son,
Which ev'ry soul from native filth does lave,
And sin—whereby it had been else undone,
Whereas, before, it was the devil's slave:
'Tis that alone, which does man's sins efface,
And to a new-born righteousness restore,
'Tis that which makes him heav'n's child thro' grace,
When he, by nature, was God's foe before.
- Q. Tell me, my child! what is requir'd of those,
Who, to the font, to be baptiz'd are brought?
And fluently the benefits disclose,
Which by that holy Sacrament are wrought?
- A. A lively

- A. A lively faith, and penitence sincere,
 By all, who are baptiz'd, must be express'd,
 And ev'ry one must both these badges bear
 Of the religion that's by him profess'd,
 Repentance, ev'ry error to resign,
 And ev'ry sin entirely to forsake——
 Faith, to believe the promises divine,
 Which God to them did, in this office, make.
- Q. How then can infants at the font engage
 All this, and such a burden undertake;
 When they, by reason of their tender age,
 Cannot perform the promises they make?
- A. Because their sureties answer, in their room,
 That they shall all those promises fulfil——
 Which promises, when to due years they come,
 They must perform with an obedient will.
- Q. Why was the holy *Eucharist* ordain'd?
 And why, e'er since our LORD first kept that feast,
 Has it by all good Christians been maintain'd,
 With a devotion, that has never ceas'd?
- A. It was, that we might ever bear in mind
 The death of CHRIST, who for our sins was slain,
 And the vast benefits which all mankind
 May, from his painful sufferings, obtain.
- Q. What is the visible, external part
 Of that blest feast, or Sacrament divine,
 That seals the promis'd grace? tell me by heart——
 Tell me, I say, what is it's outward sign?
- A. It is the bread and wine, our blessed LORD
 Commanded us to take, for his dear sake,
 When we his Body and his Blood record,
 And of that Soul-sufficing food partake.
- Q. What is th' internal part, the pow'r divine,
 The grace, that in this Sacrament does lie,
 Or thing intended by the bread and wine?
 I beg a ready and concise reply.

A. CHRIST

- A. CHRIST's Body and his Blood are signify'd
 Thereby—which he for all his people shed,
 When man was sav'd, and God was satisfy'd,
 And with the Bread of Life we all were fed.
- Q. What are the benefits that thence accrue
 To all, who worthily receive the same,
 And, at this sacramental banquet shew,
 The great regard they bear their SAVIOUR's name?
- A. Our souls are fed upon our SAVIOUR's flesh,
 And on his gifts divine with vast delight:
 Our feeble faith the banquet does refresh,
 And all our sins, through Him, are cancell'd quite:
 For as the tasteful bread and wine are good,
 To strengthen and rejoice the heart of flesh:
 Just so our SAVIOUR's Body and his Blood,
 The souls of good communicants refresh.
- Q. What is requir'd of ev'ry worthy guest,
 (Besides all proper rev'rence and respect)
 Who without dread comes to this holy feast,
 If he, from it, can any good expect?
- A. He thoroughly must scrutinize his heart,
 If he detests the devious paths he trod,
 And from his sins determines to depart,
 Whether committed against man, or God:
 And, next to that, he fully must intend
 Never to lead the life he led before;
 But all his former wicked ways amend,
 As God himself commands, and sin no more:
 He likewise for a certainty must know,
 Whether he does a lively faith possess
 In all the mercies, that so freely flow
 From God, thro' CHRIST—whom we must ever bless:
 He, farther, must in JESUS CHRIST believe,
 And in the blood that did for him atone,
 Who by his death did all our souls reprieve,
 When none cou'd rescue us, but CHRIST alone:
 Lastly,

Lastly, his heart he must examine well,
 Whether, in charity with all, he lives,
 And can so far his rebel passions quell,
 That he their trespasses to all forgives.

Things to be consider'd, and made use of, when
 Night comes.

1 **T**HINK, how thy life does steal away !
 'Tis daily shorten'd by a day ;
 And thou art now to death more near
 By twelve months, than the former year.

2 Go not a single night to rest,
 E'er thou hast sin cast from thy breast,
 And thy accounts in order put,
 E'er thou presum'st thy eyes to shut.

3 Let not the setting sun descend
 Upon thy wrath, shou'd some offend :
 'Tis better with a Bear to rest,
 Than sleep with malice in thy breast.

4 Much greater risques each man attend
 In bed (if CHRIST be not his friend)
 Than *Daniel* erst experienc'd, when
 He lay within the lions' den.

5 The Scriptures tell us, that the fiend
 Does, day and night, our steps attend,
 Like a fierce lion, ev'ry hour
 Contriving whom he may devour.

6 Who does the lion's rage restrain
 But CHRIST, the faithful Shepherd-swain,
 That, day and night, untouch'd by sleep,
 Doth from the fiend protect his sheep ?

7 Full many go in health to bed,
 Who in the morning are found dead,
 And ne'er shall wake, until they come
 At the shrill trumpet's sound, to doom.

- 8 When thou hast toil'd and toil'd all day,
And night comes on, strive hard to pay
Thy ev'ning sacrifice apart,
With proper words and pious heart.
- 9 Welcome with pray'r each rising sun,
And end each day, as 'twas begun,
With pray'r it's gates, each ev'ning, bar,
Unbar them, ev'ry morn, with pray'r.
- 10 God will his his off'ring have at night,
As well as with the dawning light:
He, morn and eve, does praise expect—
His praise nor morn, nor eve, neglect,
- 11 Convene thy family each day,
And constantly your prayers say,
A Chapel make of thy abode,
And be thyself the man of God,
- 12 Upon thy knees devoutly pray,
And read the scriptures ev'ry day,
Thy children teach what to believe,
And thou shalt endless blifs receive.
- 13 On each days work, reflect at night,
And put whate'er was wrong, to right;
If God thou'lt vex'd, for pardon sue,
If thou'lt had grace, his praises shew,
- 14 Ne'er go to sleep immers'd in vice,
Lest thou shou'dst so, to judgment, rise:
To close thy eyelids be affraid,
'Till thou hast for forgiveness pray'd.
- 15 He, that presumes to go to rest,
E'er he from sin has clear'd his breast,
Does hazard more, than if a snake
He to his bed at night shou'd take.
- 16 Lest thou from sleep shou'dst to the bay
Be call'd, at midnight, to appear,
Go not abrupt, like one of those,
Who nothing mind, to thy repose,
- 17 When

- 17 When, to thy bed thou turn'st thy eye,
Think on the grave, where thou must lie;
And, when thou lay'st thee down to sleep,
Thy latter end in mind still keep.
- 18 And, as thou takest off thy clothes,
All but thy shirt, to seek repose,
Think how they all must be resign'd,
Besides thy shrow'd, and left behind.
- 19 When *Peter's* monitor first crows,
And wakes thee from thy night's repose,
Reflect e'er thou dost quit thy bed,
How the last trump shall rouse the dead!

A HYMN, to be sung before One goes to Sleep.

- 1 **M**Y gracious God, and faithful guard!
Who, night and day, dost watch and ward
Thy servant, be thou ever blest,
Who dost protect me, whilst I rest!
- 2 This day I'm circl'd by a band
Of angels, who at thy command
Are charg'd to bear me, ev'ry one,
Lest I shou'd stumble at a stone.
- 3 Thou hast preserv'd me by thy care,
From the infernal serpent's snare,
Who, night and day, seeks to decoy
Me to his toils, and then destroy.
- 4 This day thou gavest me to eat
Rock-honey, and the flour of wheat,
And fill'd'st me a flowing bowl
To quench the thirst, that parch'd my soul.
- 5 Thou didst preserve me from each cross,
From trouble, injury, and loss,
From ill-success, disease, and shame;
Whence, from my heart, I praise thy name.
- 6 Thou took'st of me, ALMIGHTY SIRE!
More care, than I cou'd well require,
As if thou hadst no other son
To take care of, but me alone.

- 7 Bless'd be the lifter of my head,
Who nightly watches near my bed,
And does to me such favour shew
By day and night, where-e'er I go!

A Thanksgiving for Fire, Warmth, &c.

- 1 **T**HOU, that dost best provide, what we require —
That dost our bodies and our souls uphold,
I bless thee for thy glorious creature, Fire,
Which thou hast made to warm us when we're cold!
- 2 How graciously, O God! didst thou ordain
Food against hunger—drink, when we are dry —
Fire, against cold—and houses, against rain?
And all, thy froward creatures to supply!
- 3 For if thou hadst not form'd this useful slave,
Our bodies with it's pleasing warmth to cheer,
How long had men been absent from the grave?
Or how cou'd he have sojourn'd here.
- 4 Although it be so requisite a thing,
But few among so many millions join
(How few alas!) their grateful thanks to bring,
And praise thy goodness for the gift divine?
- 5 LORD, open thou our eyes, that we may see,
How vast the blessings thou on us hast shed —
Open our mouth's, that we may trumpet thee,
Each of us, for his house, his fire, his bed!
- 6 Better than us, have often lain abroad,
Shiv'ring with cold, beneath a bitter sky:
Cherish *them* with thy favour, O my God!
And make *us* ever thankful, 'till we die!

A PRAYER at going to Bed.

- 1 **T**HOU, that dost guard thy people, and protect!
Thou castle of defence, the weak to keep!
For Jesu's sake, do not my suit reject,
But hear my cry, before I go to sleep.

- 2 ALMIGHTY GOD ! upon my bended knee
By my bedside, I now most humbly own,
That I'm not worthy to lift up to thee
My eyes—much less than to approach thy throne.
- 3 And yet I still presume to hope that I
Shall get thee (for my blessed SAVIOUR's sake)
Not only to give ear unto my cry,
But to accord whate'er request I make.
- 4 Be thou, my strength, and kind protector still——
Be thou my prop, and guardian of my right——
Be thou, my shield from each impending ill,
That may befall me, e'en this very night !
- 5 LORD ! I am going now to my repose,
And die I must, but can't say where, or when :
For once he falls asleep, no mortal knows
Whether, or no, he e'er shall wake agen.
- 6 Good reason, then, that man shou'd recommend
His soul, each night, unto his MAKER's care,
And make him, e'er he goes to rest, his friend,
Lest he shou'd ne'er again breathe vital air.
- 7 On which account, I come, this night, to thee,
My guardian, and my GOD, whom I adore !
With contrite heart, and with a bended knee,
Thy mercy and assistance to implore.
- 8 Be thou my fort, and castle of defence——
Be thou, my rock of strength, my secret den——
To keep me safe, this night, from all offence,
And shelter me from ill-designing men !
- 9 The lion, who ne'er sleep nor slumber knew,
Wou'd fain devour me, both by night and day,
And I can see no method to eschew
My fate, thou'dst thou not baulk him of his prey.
- 10 Receive me, then, to thy paternal breast,
And in thy fost'ring bosom safely keep,
That I, this night, may comfortably rest,
Lull'd in the arms of mercy fast asleep.

- 11 Extend thy wide-stretch'd pinions o'er my head,
And screen me from the insults of my foes,
That I, beneath them, free from any dread,
May find a sweet and undisturb'd repose.
- 12 Place thou a band of angels round my bed,
To guard me from all terrors and alarms,
And bid them, o'er me, their gay pinions spread,
To shade me whilst I'm sleeping in thy arms.
- 13 Do thou thyself, with thine all-seeing eye,
Watch o'er me, with a care beyond the rest,
Lest any thing injurious shou'd come nigh,
And hurt me, whilst I am with sleep oppress'd.
- 14 Give me this night, and at all other times,
An unannoy'd repose, and tranquil peace——
Give to my soul, true bliss, undash'd with crimes——
Give to my body, it's due rest and ease :
- 15 And, lest I shou'd unto my doom be led,
Whilst yet scarc'd wak'd from sleep, and unaware,
Let me not, any night, e'er go to bed,
Before I for that awful scene prepare.
- 16 Never let sleep upon my eyes descend;
'Till I have pleaded hard with thee——and till
I on my pardon fully may depend,
For all I did, repugnant to thy will.
- 17 Make me confess each wrong and injury,
Each crime, and ev'ry frailty of my soul——
That, after I've confess'd them all to thee,
I may obtain remission of the whole.
- 18 Make thou me weep, O LORD! and grieve full sore,
Because I've div'd so very deep in sin;
Make thou me wail, as no one wail'd before,
Because my life so very loose hath been.
- 19 Make me retire to bed, each night I live,
As true a penitent, as if I knew
I shou'd not for another night survive,
Wherein I might again repentance shew.

20 Make

- 20 Make thou me earnestly for pardon sue
 ('Through the dear blood and passion of thy Son)
 For all the sins that I did ever do,
 That they may be forgiv'n, ev'ry one.
- 21 In the Lamb's blood wash thou all o'er thy slave,
 The Lamb, that was for our redemption slain!
 And bury all my vices in his grave,
 And never suffer them to rise again.
- 22 O, do not any of my sins enroll,
 But from thy book erase them ev'ry one;
 Lest one alone shou'd sink with shame my soul,
 When I appear before thy awful throne.
- 23 Let me each hour, both of the day and night,
 Be always in the nuptial robe array'd,
 My lamp well fill'd with oil, and blazing bright
 Waiting my SAVIOUR'S Advent undismay'd.
- 24 Assure, beyond all doubt, my fainting heart,
 That there's reserv'd for me a glorious lot,
 And that I shall enjoy no trivial part
 Of that vast bliss, CHRIST for his brethren got.
- 25 I, therefore, now, O LORD, will lay me down
 In peace, to take my necessary sleep:
 For it is only thou, O God! I own
 That dost mean while my soul in safety keep.

A Midnight Meditation.

- 1 **H**OW proper, and how sweet a thing,
 It is with all the heart to sing
 To GOD at midnight, when the rest
 Of mortals are with sleep oppress!
- 2 How good, how grateful, and how right,
 To praise him with the dawning light,
 And meditate with active mind
 On th' attributes to GOD assign'd?
- 3 The body, sunk in sleep, to raise,
 And with a serious heart to praise
 'The GODHEAD, is a deed most right,
 And fills the soul with vast delight:

- 4 As 'tis, like *David*, to arise
When midnight darkens all the skies,
And without ceasing to applaud
For his kind aid, the LORD our God:
- 5 Bearing his mercies still in mind —
His various favours to mankind —
And patience shewn to sinful man,
At all times since the world began;
- 6 Giving at our bedside to God,
For all the goodness He has shew'd,
Most hearty thanks for evermore;
Whilst other heedless mortals snore.
- 7 All glory, honour, thanks and might,
And adoration, day and night,
Be to th' eternal GODHEAD paid,
For his unceasing care and aid!

Twenty-Third P S A L M.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the LORD above,
Who ne'er will suffer me to rove;
In Him I'll trust; he is so good,
He'll never let me want for food.
- 2 By his strong arm I'm firmly bound,
And by his Grace begirt around;
So that, nor man, nor maid, nor Devil,
Can e'er prevail, to do me evil.
- 3 To pastures green and flow'ry meads,
His happy flock he gently leads,
Where water in abundance flows,
And where luxuriant herbage grows.
- 3 When o'er my bounds I chance to roam,
My shepherd finds and brings me home;
And when I wander o'er the plain,
He drives me to the fold again.
- 5 Or shou'd I hap to lose my way,
And in Death's gloomy valley stray,
I need not ever be dismay'd;
For God himself will be my aid.

- 6 In whate'er pasture I abide,
He still is present at my side;
His rod, his crook, his shepherds staff,
At all events shall keep me safe.
 - 7 My soul with comfort overflows,
In spite of all my num'rous foes;
And thou with sweetness hast, O LORD!
And plenty crown'd my crowded board.
 - 8 His precious balms, my God hath shed,
Upon my highly-favour'd head;
And with the blessings of the LORD,
My larder is completely stor'd.
 - 9 His bounty, and his mercies past,
Shall follow me unto the last;
And, for his favours shewn to me,
His house, my home shall ever be.
 - 10 To GOD, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit—Three-in-one,
Let us our bounden homage pay,
Each hour, each moment of the day!
-

How a Person ought to rouse up both Body and Soul
in the dead of Night, to praise his GOD.

- 1 **A** Wake, my sluggish soul! from sleep awake,
And with a heart sincere attempt to sing
(In the most daring flight thy thoughts can take)
The glorious praises of th' eternal King!
- 2 Awake, awake, for thou hast wond'rous cause,
And, like the nightingale, thy vigils keep,
To give the LORD his justly-due applause,
Nor spare an hour of all the night to sleep.
- 3 Awake, awake, and to thy mind recall
The mercies shewn thee by the LORD, each morn,
And how the best Redeemer of us all
Supported thee, e'er since thou first wert born.

- 4 'Tis he alone, that can assistance bring,
He is thy way, thy strength, and thy defence,
Thy Rock, thy Christ, and thy ALMIGHTY KING,
Who rescued thee in ev'ry exigence.
- 5 'Twas He, that fram'd thee on so wise a plan,
'Twas He, who freed thee from sin's galling chain,
'Twas He, restor'd to life thy inward man,
And by His Holy Spirit form'd again.
- 6 'Twas He, that call'd thee to believe the whole
The Gospel teaches, from among the blind,
'Twas He, that freely justify'd thy soul,
Through faith in Christ, the Saviour of mankind!
- 7 With dainty fare thy famish'd soul he fed,
And cloth'd thee in a suitable array,
To mighty honours he rais'd up thy head,
And drove each pain and evil far away.
- 8 He gave thee a good character and name,
He gave thee grace, success, content, and health,
He gave thee credit, and an honest fame,
He gave thee virtue, and he gave thee wealth.
- 9 He caus'd thee to be very much lov'd,
To be with universal favour crown'd,
To be by all degrees of men approv'd,
Without a foe in all the countries round.
- 10 He never did invidiously reserve,
Whatever thou didst earnestly request,
Tho' at his hands thou never didst deserve
The very crumbs, wherewith thou hast been blest.
- 11 Of all men living there's not one does owe
More to his MAKER —— or that is more bound
To praise the Holy Trinity, than thou ——
Than thou thyself, art in the country round.
- 12 " Therefore awake, and to thy mind recall
" The kindness shewn thee by the Lord, each morn,
" And how the bless'd Redeemer of us all
" Supported thee, e'er since thou first wert born."
- 13 And

- 13 And whilst thou hast a head and tongue, proclaim—
 Proclaim for ever, to the hour of death,
 With ceaseless voice his goodness and his fame—
 Proclaim them still, whilst thou hast life and breath.
- 14 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, the GOD—
 The sacred Three-in-one, whom we obey,
 Let us ascribe all proper praise, and laud,
 Each day, each hour, each minute of the day!

Thanks for our Election and several Spiritual Gifts.

- 1 **O** LORD, my GOD most high!
 Say, by what means can I
 Thy praise at large display,
 And my due thanks repay?
- 2 E'er th' universe was made,
 Or it's foundations laid,
 Thou grace to me hadst given,
 To be a son of heaven.
- 3 From dust thou gav'st me birth.
 When but a clod of earth,
 And with thy form didst grace
 A creature vile and base.
- 4 Forth from my mothers womb
 I did uninjur'd come,
 When I might thence have came
 A cripple, maim'd and lame.
- 5 Thou didst the favour give
 I with thy saints shou'd live,
 Whereas I might as well,
 With *Jews* been doom'd to dwell:
- 6 And when to Satan sold
 For *Adam's* fault of old,
 From hell's sulphurous flood
 Thou sav'dst me thro' **CHRIST's** blood
- 7 Nor didst thou, for me, spare
 Thine only Son and heir,
 But gavest him to lie
 Upon the cross, and die.

- 8 Thou didst me then renew,
(Such favour thou didst shew !)
To be thy child once more,
Although the fiend's before.
- 9 A Father, thou to me,
I then a son to thee,
And, in thy image bright,
Became an heir of light.
- 10 Thou called'st me, O LORD!
By thy celestial Word,
And by thy Holy Spirit,
Salvation to inherit —
- 11 Thou called'st me aloud,
From the dull, drunken crowd,
From the blind heathen throng,
To live thy saints among.
- 12 In CHRIST's blood purify'd,
And fully sanctify'd,
A ray thou gavest me
Of thy Divinity.
- 13 Though in a wretched case,
Though all my works were base,
Thou saved'st me, when undone,
Through faith, in thy dear Son.
- 14 Thou gav'st me hopes, that I,
At the angel's awful cry,
Though dead in flesh, thou'd rise,
And soar above the skies :
- 15 And thou'd for JESUS' sake,
Of endless blifs partake,
And the immense reward,
For saints, above prepar'd :
- 16 Where I shall meet with peace,
And joys that never cease,
With honour and respect,
And blifs without defect.

17 For

- 17 For all those graces given,
I'll laud the LORD of Heav'n,
His praises I'll proclaim,
And glorify his name:
- 18 I'll constantly adore,
And praise him evermore,
For his great lenity,
And goodness shewn to me.
- 19 Be all due honours paid,
To him, the world, who made——
To him, who sav'd it, lost,
And to the HOLY GHOST! *Amen.*

A PRAYER, against the Oppression of One's Foe,

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, why wilt thou sleep, my GOD!
Never before hast thou been known to nod!
Thou art not *Baal*!—thy assistance give,
And from this sore distress my soul relieve!
- 2 Wipe off my tears, destroy each wily snare,
Preserve my soul, and blunt each keen-edg'd care;
Behold my woes, my piteous wailings hear,
Judge thou my cause, and then thy servant clear.
- 3 Thou art my rock, let me not tumble down——
Thou art my fort, let me not be o'erthrown——
My LORD! my GOD! to my assistance haste,
And let me not be over-pow'r'd at last!
- 4 Omnipotent thou art, and help canst give,
All-wise, and therefore know 't how to relieve;
O SIRE of mercy! quickly me redress,
For thou'rt a present aid in each distress.
- 5 My adversaries' full-swoll'n pride abate,
Assuage their malice, and their causeless hate,
Confound the schemes of the blood-thirsty train,
And, for CHRIST's sake, relieve me from my pain.
- 6 O GOD! my Rock, my Refuge, and my Fort,
O GOD! my Health, my Trust, and my Support,
Lend thou an ear, and listen to the cries,
Of one, that in the deepest trouble lies!

- 7 Thou hast permitted my invet'rate foes,
Without a cause, to multiply my woes,
And bring my days entirely to an end,
If thou dost not in time assistance lend.
- 8 Thou gavest foreigners, without controul,
A full permission to destroy my soul,
And them, with whom I'm unacquainted still,
Leave to despoil, and load me with each ill.
- 9 They, that I'm quite a stranger to—and they
Whom I did never injure, or gainsay,
With those, on whom I never cast my eyes,
Attempt to make my precious soul their prize.
- 10 They have, O God! thy servant's soul ensnar'd,
And, to destroy me, fully are prepar'd,
Unless my wrongs thou speedest to redress,
And to deliver me from my distress.
- 11 Awake, my only SAVIOUR—ope thine eyes,
My Bark in great distress and danger lies;
Rebuke, O LORD! the wind and raging main,
Or I shall soon beneath it's waves be lain.
- 12 Let not my ship be shatter'd by the sea,
Be thou my haven, thou my anchor be,
Still thou the storm, that rages o'er my head,
Lend me thy hand, or I shall sink like lead.
- 13 Thou hast commanded me to come to thee,
My kind protector, in adversity;
To thee I come, O God! with woes oppress'd:
O, let my grievances be now redress'd!
- 14 Thou promised'st to hear my plaintive cry,
Whene'er I call to thee in misery,
To thee, O LORD! I daily call amain:
O rescue me from ev'ry woe and pain!
- 15 The pray'r of *Jonah* thou didst hear of yore,
Before the whale disgorg'd him on the shore,
From all his griefs thou didst the Seer relieve:
Hear then my plaint, and thy assistance give!
- 16 Thou

- 16 Thou *David* erst from *Saul's* assaults didst free,
When thro' the deserts he was forc'd to flee:
Deliver me, O LORD! from all my woes,
And from the hands of my insulting foes.
- 17 *Elijah*, thou didst save, from *Israel's* king,
And from a graceless woman's malice, bring:
Rescue thou me from each corroding grief,
And send me from my bloody foes, relief!
- 18 Thou erst with pleasing looks and language mild,
Didst treat the fire of the demoniac child:
Like pity, O my God! on me bestow,
Who for thy aid with equal ardor glow!
- 19 To her of *Cana*, thou didst mercy show,
Only because she importun'd thee so:
To thee, like succour, O my God! impart,
Since equal zeal with her's inflames my heart!
- 20 Since none on earth the dragon can restrain,
And the invader of my peace enchain:
Yet thou, O LORD! his scaly crest can't low'r,
Thou, Lord! canst bind him, thou canst quite o'erpow'r.
- 21 Take up thy spear, and rise to fight my foes,
With it, their long-extended ranks oppose,
Blast their vain schemes, their hostile bands disarm,
Nor suffer them to do me any harm.
- 22 Let thou thy angel scatter them abroad,
That wou'd distress thy servant, O my God!
Thy swift-wing'd shafts to their destruction send,
Who fain wou'd bring my life unto an end.
- 23 Thou, at thy pleasure, canst thy servant free,
Thou from my troubles canst deliver me,
Do thou then, in compassion, comfort give,
And me, by any means, from death relieve.
- 24 Let not my soul be by the foe devour'd,
Let not me be confounded, or o'erpow'r'd,
Let not the world, and all it's worldlings say,
That I'm become their victim or their prey.

- 25 Shew me some gracious token from above,
Some token of thy goodness and thy love,
That all the wond'ring world around, may see
How much, O God ! how well, thou lovest me !
 - 26 I ask no aid from any earthly thing,
From any prince, proud potentate, or king,
I ask no aid but from th' Almighty's throne,
Who is my Keeper and my God, alone.
 - 27 Do not, O God ! my trusting heart deceive ;
For I, in thee, and thee alone, believe :
Bring me salvation from thy holy hill,
For I on thee place my assistance still.
 - 28 Do not, O God ! my trusting heart deceive ;
For I in thee, and thee alone, believe :
Come then, O LORD ! with comfort to my soul,
Nor long, for it, let my strain'd eyeballs roll !
 - 29 Come, LORD ! to my assistance come, with speed,
Come, save my soul, now in the time of need,
That I of thee in joyful strains may sing,
For the assistance thou didst deign to bring !
-

A Thanksgiving, for Relief from one's Enemies.

- 1 **Y**E angels, and ye human sons of care !
Ye heav'ns and earth, and all that in them are,
Praise ye the LORD—praise him with all your might—
Praise Him (who rescu'd me) both day and night !
- 2 In trouble and distress, in need extreme,
I pray'd to him, who did my soul redeem,
And he, amidst th' angelic hosts on high,
Heard my petition and my piteous cry.
- 3 The wily serpent laid his dang'rous snares
And fatal gins, to catch me unawares :
But God his snares and gins in pieces tore,
And my sav'd soul from sure destruction bore.
- 4 He sent his holy angel to unbind
My limbs—his Spirit to compose my mind ;
His spreading wings he kindly o'er me threw,
And out of all my pressing troubles drew.

- 5 The Father heard the piteous plaints I made,
The Son, for me, as intercessor pray'd,
The Holy Spirit sooth'd me in my grief,
And in adversity brought me relief.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature praise the Eternal Mind,
According to it's nature and it's kind,
For the great favour He has shewn to me,
In setting me from all my troubles free!
- 7 The bulls of *Basan* compass'd me around,
The fiery serpents strove my soul to wound,
Fierce wolves and unicorns, with savage joy,
My precious soul endeavour'd to destroy.
- 8 Both men and women, of a bloody mind,
A secret ambush for my soul design'd,
And, tho' the same religion they profess,
Yet they rejoic'd to see me in distress.
- 9 But God reveal'd each evil they design'd,
God brought to nought the malice of each mind,
God all their machinations did undo,
And God reliev'd my soul from all it's woe.
- 10 Let ev'ry creature then with one accord,
And notes united, laud the living Lord,
Who sav'd my soul from all it's sev'ral woes,
And pour'd confusion upon all my foes.
- 11 All praise and might, and majesty, and pow'r,
All honour and thanksgiving, ev'ry hour,
By night and day, unto the GODHEAD be,
Who from my countless troubles set me free,

Another Shorter Poem, on the same Subject.

- 1 **L**IKE *Daniel*, when among the lions cast,
Like *Jonah*, in the whale imprison'd fast,
I lifted to the LORD my voice on high,
And, from above, he quickly heard my cry.
- 2 The rav'nous lion's fury he restrain'd,
The whale's enormous jaw with ease he rein'd,
The serpent's fateless appetite he quell'd,
Short'ned his claws, and his attacks repell'd.

- 3 Ye heav'ns above, earth, water, fire, and air,
Ye boist'rous winds, with ev'ry creature fair,
Your great CREATOR ever praise and bless,
Who has reliev'd his servant from distress.
-

Part of the Sixty-ninth P S A L M.

- 1 **P**Reserve, O LORD ! my precious soul
From the deep floods that o'er me roll,
And hourly compass me around,
That I'm in dread of being drown'd.
- 2 I sank into th' abyss of woe,
And found no bottom to the slough,
The billows broke above my head ;
So that, through fear, I'm almost dead.
- 3 To God, till I was tir'd, I cry'd,
My throat grew hoarse, my spittle dry'd,
I look'd, and look'd so long, for thee,
My eyes grew dim, I cou'd not see.
- 4 My foes, e'en than my hairs, are more,
Or than the sands upon the shore,
They all are swift and strong and wise,
Who causelessly against me rise.
- 5 Nay, very powerful are they,
Who seek my guiltless soul to slay ;
More than their due I did restore,
Though I was then extremely poor.
- 6 My follies LORD ! thou knowest well,
Thou my simplicity canst tell,
And my transgressions naked lie,
Before thy-all surveying eye.
- 7 O, let not them, that trust in thee,
Be scandaliz'd, because of me !
O, let not those, that seek thy face,
On my account, endure disgrace !
- 8 For why ? I've often suffer'd blame,
For thee, and been o'erwhelm'd with shame,
And often been oblig'd to take
A thousand insults for thy sake.

- 9 I, to my brethren, am become
A perfect stranger, tho' at home :
So much an alien there I'm grown,
I'm to my mothers sons unknown.
- 10 Unto thy house such zeal I bear,
It thocks my soul, their scoffs to hear;
For all those scoffs revert to me :
O hear me, when I cry to thee !
- 11 A flood of scalding tears I wept,
A fast the live-long day I kept,
And strove thereby my flesh to tame,
Yet e'en my abstinence they blame.
- 12 Sackcloth and ashes on my head,
Like one with grief o'ercome, I spread,
'Till my wan face, and heart oppress,
Made me become each drunkard's jest.
- 13 But, LORD, to thee my pray'r I pour,
O hear me in a happy hour !
O hear me, God of mercy, hear,
And turn to my complaint an ear !
- 14 O take me from the mire and clay !
Ne'er let me fall from thee away !
Deliver me from ev'ry woe,
And pluck me from th' abyss of woe !
- 15 Let not the water-floods o'erpow'r——
Let not the pit my soul devour——
Let not the loud-resounding tide,
Beneath it's waves, thy servant hide !
- 16 LORD, listen to my loud complaint——
Refresh me kindly lest I faint,
And turn to me thy radiant face :
For sweet is thy assisting Grace !
- 17 Thy countenance, LORD, do not hide,
For I'm distress'd on ev'ry side ;
O come unto my aid with speed,
And hear me in the time of need !

- 18 To my endanger'd soul draw nigh,
And save it from it's misery!
O save me from the hands of those
I hate—O save me from my foes!
- 19 To thee, my fears and shame are known,
To thee, is my dishonour shown,
My foes are ever in thy fight,
LORD, turn their hearts, and set them right!
- 20 My heart is ready now to break——
My woes are great I scarce can speak——
Yet I no faithful friend can see,
To shew compassion unto me.
- 21 Come then, my God! O come with speed,
Give me the comfort that I need!
Remove whatever cares annoy
My heart—that I may laugh for joy!
- 22 Judge thou, just God! thy servants cause,
According to thy righteous laws,
And mark the insults and the woes
I've born from despicable foes.
- 23 Be thou, O CHRIST, my advocate,
And enter for me to debate,
Nor let the overbearing foe
Insult a man so very low!
- 24 And thou, soft Pity's Sire, console
My sad and sin bespotted soul,
Cheer my sunk heart, and make me rest
In endless joy, among the blest!
- 25 From thy salvation, O my King,
To me again assistance bring;
With thy free Spirit fill my breast,
Nor let me be with woe oppress!
- 26 O let me hear thy glorious voice,
That I may in the sound rejoice;
And that the heart thou hast distressed,
May leap for joy within my breast!

The Thirtieth PSALM, a Thanksgiving for
Deliverance out of Trouble.

- 1 **F**ROM dust and dirt, where low I lay,
From crowds, from mire, from clogging clay,
Thou didst, O LORD, thy servant raise;
Thy name I'll therefore ever praise.
- 2 Thou didst the triumphs of my foes,
And all their well-plann'd schemes oppose,
When I cou'd not their rage repress,
So very deep was my distress!
- 3 I call'd, O LORD, upon thy name,
Lest I shou'd to the pit with shame
Be thrown—thou didst attend my cry,
And sent'st me succour from on high.
- 4 Thou didst preserve my soul from hell,
That with the damn'd I might not dwell;
Thou didst my feeble body save
From all the horrors of the grave.
- 5 Men, saints and angels, then, accord
To chant the praises of the LORD—
The praises of the Trinity,
Who dealt so graciously by me.
- 6 His anger but a little space
Endures—but his all-saving grace
Does life exceed : grief lasts the night;
But joy dawns with the morning light.
- 7 Whilst I enjoy'd the world at will,
I said—"I ne'er shall suffer ill;
"My pleasures nothing can remove;
"I still shall lead the life I love."
- 8 Thus I presum'd, and boasted long,
As thou hadst made my hill so strong—
"Till, angry at my sinful pride,
Thou turn'st thy countenance aside.
- 9 Soon as thou didst avert thy face,
Because of my neglect of grace,
I hourly fell to some distress,
More dire than language can express.

10 I then

- 10 I then did earnestly complain,
And humbly cry to thee again,
That thou wou'dst pity take betimes,
And pardon me my countless crimes.
- 11 What profit is there in my blood,
O LORD—I argu'd—or what good
Flowst hence? what glory canst thou have
From me—when I am in my grave?
- 12 Can senseless clay thy name applaud,
Or, rightly worship thee, my God!
Can I thy truth with language fit
Exalt, when bury'd in the pit?
- 13 Take then some pity on my grief,
And quickly grant to me relief——
To me, who now, without thy grace,
Am in a miserable case.
- 14 It comes, it comes—the wish'd relief!
Thou hast to joy turn'd all my grief——
My sackcloth thou hast stript away,
And made the mourner blithe and gay.
- 15 On which account, most gracious God,
All worthy men shall thee applaud;
And I to theirs will join my song,
Because thou didst my life prolong!

Concerning the END of the WORLD.

ALL mortals fain the time wou'd know,
When CHRIST shall judge the world below;
But better 'tis they shou'd prepare,
E'er they to judgment shall repair.

How foolish is the son of man,
Who wou'd know more than angels can,
And by mere gues-work understand
The secret counsel GOD has plann'd?

For if no angel, fiend, or man,
Can comprehend the mystic plan——
If the whole world cannot divine,
Or clearly ken his least design——

- 4 In vain wou'd any one reveal,
What GOD determines to conceal,
Or shew, by a mere guess alone,
What was to CHRIST, as man, unknown.
- 5 Learn then of CHRIST, what he reveals,
Aim not to know what he conceals :
What in the Gospel is exprest,
Belongs to man—to GOD the rest.
- 6 Then study not to understand
The secret things, which GOD has plann'd,
Or if thou shou'dst—twill be in vain,
And nought but shame thou'lt thence obtain.
- 7 Full many in the deep are drown'd
Who seek it's vast abyss to found ;
Full many blinded are, who try
To view the sun, with stedfast eye.
- 8 Full certain is the day of doom,
Though none, but GOD, knows when 'twill come:
Why then shou'd man attempt to show,
What none, but GOD himself does know ?
- 9 Though ev'ry man shou'd speak his mind,
Yet neither angel, man, or fiend,
Can tell the hour, the day, or year,
When CHRIST to judge them shall appear.
- 10 Stand therefore all upon your guard,
And for his advent be prepar'd :
The day, the hour, no soul can trace,
When CHRIST will come with silent pace.
- 11 *Peter and James* of CHRIST inquir'd,
Before He from the earth retir'd,
“ LORD, shew us, e'er thou dost ascend,
“ The time, this world shall have an end.”
- 12 But he to them made this reply,
“ It is not mortal man's—to pry
“ Into the time, the day, and hour,
“ Which GOD has kept in his own pow'r.”

- 13 This secret is, to God alone,
And to no other Being, known:
Be still prepar'd to meet your doom;
For no one knows when CHRIST will come.
- 14 The wisest of the sons of men,
The best-lov'd angel knows not, when
He'll come—then of deceit take heed,
Nor add vain stories to your creed.
- 15 *Elias*, as some say, foretold
This world six thousand years wou'd hold;
And after that in flaming fire
(Though it shall be renew'd) expire.
- 16 Two thousand, e'er the law was spoke—
Two thousand, under *Moses'* yoke—
As many shou'd (since CHRIST) be past—
If it indeed so long shou'd last.
- 17 It's ages, as they say, are three—
The first from any sanction free—
The next, by *Moses'* law was bound—
The third is by the gospel crown'd.
- 18 Two of them are already past,
The third as yet is seen to last;
But how much longer, can be known
To none, but unto God alone.
- 19 One thousand and six hundred years,
With twenty more, as it appears,
Of this are now elaps'd—then mind,
There can't be much of it behind.
- 20 The greatest doctors all agree
The last is shortest of the three;
As God has promis'd it to make
More short, for his *Elected's* sake.
- 21 We find that, in *John's* sacred page,
This age is term'd the latter age,
If so, when he his writings penn'd,
It now must needs be near it's end.

1 John ii. 18.

22 The

- 22 The end of all things was at hand,
When *Peter* preach'd, I understand : 1 Peter iv. 7.
If, in his time, 'twas so—'tis clear,
That it must now be very near.
- 23 If, in *his* days, th' apostle *Paul*,
The time, the day, the hour, did call.
The last—then this (all must agree)
Must needs the last of minutes be.
- 24 This world, as Saint *Augustine* told,
Is like a man, that's lame and old,
On crutches propp'd, his body bent,
And can't have many days unspent.
- 25 Let us all vigilant appear,
The great, th' important, day is near ; Mat. xxiv. 33.
CHRIST says, 'tis even at the door,
Oil in our lamps, then, let us pour.
- 26 'Tis certain **CHRIST** will soon appear,
But the time when, is not yet clear :
How soon, is not to man declar'd ;
Let us then always be prepar'd.
- 27 There's neither man, nor heav'nly pow'r,
That knows (**CHRIST** says) the day, or hour :
It is a mystic secret known
Unto th' Eternal **SIRE** alone.
- 28 It therefore is absurd and vain
That men shou'd labour to attain
A knowledge of the times, which he
Has hid from all eternity.
- 29 Yet *Napier* nam'd the very year,
When th' end of all things shou'd appear ;
And said it shou'd (so sure was he)
One thousand seven hundred, be.
- 30 Let any man say what he can,
There's neither angel, fiend, or man,
That knows the hour, the day, or year,
When **GOD** in judgment shall appear.

- 31 Let each in readiness begin,
To-day, to-night, to leave his sin :
For CHRIST will, like a sudden guest,
Arrive, when we expect him least.
- 32 Her time, as *Rachel* did not know,
Until she felt the child-birth throe :
So, 'till it comes, man ne'er can say
What day shall be his dying day.
- 33 But when the labour of the dame,
However unexpected, came,
She was deliver'd of her load
Beneath an oak, upon the road.
- 34 So shall the earth, whose teeming womb
Has pregnant, now long since, become,
Bring forth her dead from under-ground,
When summon'd by the trumpet's sound.
- 35 As show'rs of fire and brimstone came,
And soon set *Sodom* on a flame :
So shall the day, we call the last,
Arrive, when most are sleeping fast.
- 36 Since none the hour or time can say,
Then let us watch both night and day,
And, like the prudent virgins, stand,
Each with his lamp li't in his hand.
- 37 The signs are past, which CHRIST of old
So very punctually foretold,
Only that some among the *Jews*
The holy Gospel still refuse.
- 38 Th' Apostles, and a countless train
Of Martyrs, have long since been slain,
Who for the faith their lives laid down;
As it to all the world is known.
- 39 The holy city's wholly gone,
And not a stone left on a stone,
Burnt is the temple too of God,
And all the *Jews* dispers'd abroad.

- 40 The Gospel, on it's milk-white horse,
O'er all the world has gone it's course,
There's not a land beneath the sun
To which it, some how, has not run.
- 41 False christs have here and there appear'd
Thro'out the world (as most have heard)
Who, by the first deceivers art,
Made many from the truth depart.
- 42 Wars have already been 'tis plain,
Betwixt the *Turk* and *Christian* train,
Nor does the talk of wars yet cease :
May God, to those he loves, give peace!
- 43 Pale famine, and a dreadful dearth,
Have almost over-run the earth,
A plague and pestilence of late
Have ravag'd almost ev'ry state.
- 44 An earthquake, such as none e'er knew,
Diana's temple overthrew,
And many a fort and fenced town
Were by the shock then tumbled down.
- 45 The sun eclips'd withdrew it's light,
The day was almost turn'd to night,
The sea leap'd o'er it's lofty mound,
Whereby some thousands then were drown'd.
- 46 Lo ! Antichrist long since is come,
And roars, e'en now, aloud at *Rome*,
And ceases not their blood to shed,
Who will not own him for their head.
- 47 True charity is grown so cold,
E'en daughters with their mothers scold,
Fathers and sons hate one another,
And brother does not love his brother.
- 48 Faith ne'er so very low was known,
To a mere skeleton she's gone ;
In places, once for saints renown'd,
There's scarce a Christian to be found.

49 There's

- 49 There's not a sign but what is gone,
Besides the *Jews'* return alone :
Let us then still be on our guard,
And for that awful day prepar'd !
- 50 The mighty judge begins to move,
And means to quit the realms above,
Whence soon he'll come, with hasty tread,
To doom the living and the dead.
- 51 Already has he whet his sword,
And th' arrows in his quiver stor'd,
Already has he bent his bow,
Prepar'd into the field to go.
- 52 His potent arm is stretch'd out wide,
His angels hover on each side,
He'll, like the fi'ry deluge, come
To give the world it's final doom.
- 53 Let us then think to watch, and wait
For his arrival at the gate,
And each a just account prepare,
Before he comes, with anxious care.

A Memento Mori---or Remember Death.

- 1 **H**OW short the date of man ! how soon he's gone !
To-day, alive—to-morrow, in the tomb !
Strong as a giant now—a corpse, anon !
Such is our state on earth, and such our doom !
- 2 Not one of us, in a few moments space,
Shall, unremov'd, remain beneath the sun :
O, let us think then of our destin'd race ;
It must perchance be this next night begun !
- 3 As hastes the sun unto the close of day,
Or as a taper spends itself full fast,
Or as the full-blown rose drops from the spray,
Or as a mist upon the lake is past :
- 4 So soon all mortals to their exit haste !
So soon they all are spent, and gone away !
So soon the fleeting life of man is past !
So soon his beauty falls unto decay !

- 5 As ships at sea, or posts upon the road,
 Shafts from the bow, or cowards from their foe,
 Or smoke before the wind, or as a flood——
 So swiftly hence we short-lif'd mortals go.
- 6 Life breaks, like ice—or like an arrow flies,
 Or melts like wax, or like a post it hastes,
 Falls like a leaf, or like a flowret dies,
 Scuds like a mist, or like a taper wastes.
- 7 We all shall, like a fleeting shadow, pass,
 We all shall melt away, like thawing snow,
 We all shall wither, like the new-mown grass,
 We all, like froth, shall into vapour go.
- 8 No trace of us shall any more be seen,
 Than of the bark, that thro' the billows drives,
 Or of the snake, that glides along the green,
 Or of the shaft, the yielding air that rives.
- 9 O let us then, this very day, or night,
 Prepare to move from hence without delay,
 And wean ourselves from ev'ry vain delight;
 Since long we cannot here expect to stay!
- 10 We, here, reside in tenements of clay:
 A little storm will make our houses fall:
 Let us then watch, lest death our souls shou'd slay,
 Or, whilst we sleep, throw down the mud-built wall!
- 11 As fish are kill'd by the keen fisher's stroke,
 As pheasants by the fowler are fetch'd down,
 As tender flowers by the wind are broke,
 As verdant meadows by the scythe are mown;
- 12 So man unweetingly receives death's stroke,
 So is he tumbled by that tyrant down,
 So are his strength and stay to pieces broke,
 So are his hopes, like verdant meadows, mown.
- 13 As erst the deluge pour'd down from on high,
 As fire on *Sodom* fell, like sudden rains,
 As lightning, or as meteors from the sky,
 Or as a woman seiz'd with child-birth pains:

- 14 So rapidly, and with so swift a course,
 So suddenly, so full of woe and dread,
 So terribly, and with so fierce a force,
 Will death pursue, and in our footsteps tread.
- 15 Frail is our flesh, and little is our pow'r,
 Weak is our strength, and wretched is our case ;
 The slightest shock, the sickness of an hour,
 Can put an end to any of our race.
- 16 An old wife's distaff may knock Heroes down,
 A single hair may suffocate a swain,
 A crooked pin may choke the stoutest clown :
 Alas ! how easily may man be slain.
- 17 The weak, the mean, the Fool, whom all despise ;
 The poorest peasant with a pebble-stone,
 May slay the strong, may disconcert the wise,
 May storm a fort, or strike a giant down.
- 18 What then is man, but vapour, smoke, or grass,
 (Although the best and bravest of his kind)
 Froth, or a flow'r, a piece of ice, or glass,
 An earthen vessel, or a puff of wind ?
- 19 The bold, the gay, the cunning, the belov'd,
 Even our chief, our rock, our prop, our stay,
 The strong, the wise, the leader most approv'd,
 Have each by Death's huge scythe been cut away.
- 20 As leaves are from the trees soon blown away,
 Or as the shears divide the thick-pil'd fleece,
 Or as the lilies of the field decay,
 Or as the brittle glass is broke with ease :
- 21 So shall we all decay, so wither all,
 So shall be broke the brittle life of man,
 So shall we soon, without exception, fall,
 So shall the shears of fate snip short our span.
- 22 We all shall, like the cabin of a herd,
 Be mov'd, or, like a gorgeous robe, decay,
 Or shall be shatter'd, like a potter's sherd,
 Or vanish, like a morning's mist, away.

- 23 We shall no longer than our fathers stay,
 But must, like them, go to the dreary tomb :
 Before the Judge we our account must lay,
 And leave this scene, to make for others room.
- 24 We cannot here remain from age to age,
 Our bus'ness in the mart of life to do ;
 But in our turn we all must quit the stage,
 And, where a world has gone before us, go.
- 25 Where-e'er we be, Death follows with his bow,
 And aims his shaft directly at the heart ;
 There's no man can escape the deadly blow,
 Nor guard against the venom of his dart.
- 26 Through ev'ry company, on his pale horse,
 He daily rides—though none his coming spy :
 None ever can evade his matchless force,
 To whate'er place, or country, they may fly.
- 27 Though *Asahel* erst was like the roe,
 Though *Saul* in speed an eagles flight surpass,
 Though *Jebu* did in swiftness *Saul* out-go,
 Yet neither cou'd from death escape at last.
- 28 Though *Samson* all the world in strength excell'd,
 Yet Death the strongest in the world subdu'd :
 We likewise to the potent shade must yield,
 Although we were with *Samson's* strength endu'd.
- 29 The *Macedonian*, once so known to fame,
 Where-e'er he march'd, did all the world subdue,
 But Death that glorious conqueror o'ercame,
 And after all his bloody slaughters, slew.
- 30 Death slew the Victors of the East and West,
 Death *Galen*, that well noted Leach ! destroy'd,
 Death slew Saint *Luke*, of Doctors far the best :
 If Death slew them ; who then can Death avoid ?
- 31 As fierce war-horses tread beneath their feet
 (Whate'er their rank) the dying and the dead :
 So unrelenting Death does, on the great,
 As well as on the poorest peasant, tread.

- 32 Death, murder'd *Abel*—innocent in vain !
 Death, *Aaron* seiz'd, for piety renown'd !
 By Death, both *Cain* and cursed *Ham*, were slain :
 Death never yet to spare a man, was found.
- 33 *Pharoah*, the king, and *Eli*, though a priest,
Isaiah, though of the prophetic train,
Noah, that ancient Patriarch, and the rest
 Who liv'd of old, have all by Death been slain.
- 34 As cruel *Herod* ne'er was known to spare,
 Or big, or little, of whate'er degree :
 So Death, I ween, (whate'er their ages are)
 Gives no reprieve—relentless quite as he.
- 35 Tho' Death shou'd waggon-loads of treasure have,
 The kingdoms of the earth, and all their pelf ;
 Yet, for a single hour he'll no man save,
 Tho' one shou'd bribe him with the world itself.
- 36 None their desire from him shall e'er obtain,
 Whate'er entreaties they may chance to use :
 No more than *Pilate* cou'd the favour gain,
 To save our SAVIOUR from the harden'd *Jews*.
- 37 Death, when he comes, will not a single hour
 Of respite give, that we a watch may keep,
 Nor any notice of his coming——more
 Than the dumb dog before he kills a sheep :
- 38 But unawares with soft and silent tread,
 He, like a thief, will to our houses creep,
 E'en whilst we slumber, free from any dread ;
 So stole his foes on *Samson*, in his sleep.
- 39 Shou'd we provisions for our journey lack,
 Oil for our lamps, or requisite array ;
 Pale Death will not permit us to go back,
 Nor, if we loiter, for our coming stay :
- 40 But as the *Babylonian* king of old,
Shadrach into the fi'ry furnace, cast :
 So Death will all (on whom he can lay hold)
 Imprison, in his clay-built dungeon, fast.

- 41 To rob some miser of his hoarded wealth,
As in the dead of night the burglar creeps :
So Death, to man's destruction, comes by stealth,
And unawares attacks him, whilst he sleeps.
- 42 As fishers strike the salmon with their spear,
Whilst in the limpid pool he rests unscar'd :
So Death assaults us, when most free from fear,
And when, for his reception, least prepar'd.
- 43 As the poor pigeon knows not when, or where
The sportsman's shot shall her of life deprive ;
None can the manner, time, or place declare,
How, when, or where, the archer will arrive.
- 44 We come into the world, one way alone,
And always, at our entrance to it, weep :
But, by a thousand ways, men hence have gone,
And no account, we of their going, keep.
- 45 Death came to *Abel*, as he drove his sheep
To some sequester'd pasture, there to feed :
Whilst therefore thou thy flocks and herds dost keep,
Do thou of Death's unerring dart take heed.
- 46 No place so safe, so private, can be found,
Where Death will not his gaffly visage show,
His dart still meditates the secret wound :
O, let us then be ready for the blow !
- 47 As she a journey took, upon the road,
Death did sweet-temper'd *Rachel* rudely greet,
Beware, I warn thee, whilst thou art abroad,
Lest thou shou'dst with the rambling spectre meet.
- 48 When all *Job*'s children were together met,
Death came amongst them to the genial feast :
Thou hast no certainty, but at some treat,
Death will appear, an uninvited guest !
- 49 The blust'ring *Holofernes* di'd asleep,
As on his bed, o'ercome with wine, he lay :
Do thou, if wise, from all excesses keep,
Lest Death shou'd thee thyself, in liquor, slay.

- 50 *Belshazzar*, tho' of many realms posselt,
Was kill'd, when drunk, with all his reeling train:
Do thou take care, lest at some jovial feast,
Thou shalt thyself, amidst thy cups, be slain.
- 51 A mortal stroke Death unto *Herod* gave,
As on his judgement-seat he proudly sate:—
Monarchs shou'd think of Death, and of the grave,
Even when seated on their thrones in state!
- 52 As in his chariot he triumphant rode,
Death shot a deadly shaft through *Abab's* heart:
Shou'dst thou e'er in thy coach be whirl'd abroad,
Beware therein of Death's envenom'd dart!
- 53 Death, like a murderer, on *Eglon* prest,
As quite alone he in his parlour sate:
Do thou, when in thy chamber gone to rest,
Of his fell dart beware—'tis tipp'd with fate.
- 54 When *Dives*, in his silks, a figure made,
And cocker'd up himself with costly fare,
Death came and slew him, for his proud parade:—
Foplings and Epicures, of Death beware.
- 55 When the rich Fool had built his barns anew,
And grain therein for many' a season stor'd,
Death came, and all his fancy'd schemes o'erthrew,
E'er he had tasted of the treasur'd hoard.
- 56 Do thou, O Churl! who hast for many a year
Heap'd riches up, of Death's attacks beware,
Lest, unexpected, he shou'd seize thee, e'er
Thou hast enjoy'd thereof the smallest share.
- 57 The sons of *Aaron* erst were both struck dead,
As they their off'rings on the altar laid:—
Each priest shou'd Death, e'en at the altar, dread,
And of his sudden coming be afraid.
- 58 Whilst on his knees *Sennacherib* did pray,
E'en in the temple—Death pursu'd him there,
And in the temple did the monarch slay:
Death, e'en in church, and whilst at prayers, fear.
- 59 Death

- 59 Death unto *Zimri*, gave a gashly wound,
 As, with the harlot *Cosbi*, he transgress;
 Do thou take heed, lest thou by death art found,
 As thou some strumpet claspest to thy breast.
- 60 Light thou thy lamp, the wedding-garment wear,
 And ev'ry proper ornament put on,
 For God's inspection thy account prepare,
 E'er thou art call'd before his awful throne.
- 61 Be ready then to-day, or e'en to-night,
 (Thy lamp well fill'd, and thou in trim array)
 To come into thy glorious Judge's sight:
 To-morrow, possibly, may be the day!
- 62 Not *Paul*, nor *Peter*, no created pow'r,
 Not any man on earth, or fiend below,
 Can for the certainty declare the hour,
 Nor our approaching dissolution know.
- 63 Whether by day or night—by sea or land,
 In sickness or in health—or great or small,
 In town, or country—let us ready stand:
 We can't tell when, or where, Death's stroke will fall.
- 64 Do all your work, whilst yet the day does last,
 Gather your manna with the rising sun,
 Accept of grace, e'er yet the time is past,
 Lay in fresh store, before your stock is done.
- 65 E'er yet the race is lost, e'er evening late,
 E'er the tree's fell'd, e'er in the slough thou'rt fast,
 E'er to the hill thou'lt fled, or shut's the gate,
 E'er the trump sounds, and e'er thy doom is past—
- 66 Run swift the errands of thy God to do,
 Bear fruit abundantly, and of the best,
 Unto the nuptial feast make haste to go,
 And gain, e'er thou departest, thy request.

A POEM on the Year 1629, when the Corn was unwholesome by Reason of excessive Rain.

- 1 **T**HOU Sov'reign of mercy ! thou Sire of all pow'r !
Who feedest the hungry, with-hold not our food
From us, who forgiveness repentant implore ;
Tho' long in a shameful rebellion we've stood.
- 2 For sake of thy mercy, and might most immense,
For sake of thy Son, O, abate thy fierce rage !
Give ear to each prayer, forgive each offence,
Our woes and adversities kindly assuage.
- 3 Against thee we've sinn'd, at so shocking a rate,
And brought on ourselves this affliction severe,
With all those great griefs which our bosoms now grate:
But, O, how unable the burden to bear !
- 4 Thy laws, so complete and so just, we have broke
A thousand times o'er, e'er we stirr'd from the place;
As if we imagin'd thy threats but a joke,
And thou hadst no eye to perceive our bad case,
- 5 Thy name we've blasphem'd, and we've hated thy word,
And under our feet thy sweet gospel have trod—
Thy sabbaths we've broke, and thy temple, O LORD!
Deserted—thy faith we've corrupted, my GOD !
- 6 Thy laws we've transgress'd, just as if we did right,
And thought that no vengeance wou'd fall on our pate,
Or, as if we fancy'd that thou hadst no might
To plague us, for sinning at such a rate.
- 7 Thou sentest thy prophets, thy will to declare,
And by gentle usage to shew us the way :
But we stopp'd our ears, and their voice wou'd not hear;
Like th' adder, that wou'd not the charmer obey.
- 8 Thou sentest thy servants, to summon the blind,
That they to thy feast and thy court shou'd repair ;
To come they deny'd, and, with covetous mind,
They each of them went to his farm, or to fair.
- 9 Our delicate stomachs, e'en manna refuse,
And that blessed bread, which for ever will last ;
Yet garlick and onions and cucumbers chuse
Before them, like infidels, void of all taste,

- 10 The gospel, because it gives conscience a bite,
We will not admit, but turn from it averse;
It neither shall teach, or reprove us aright,
Because it resists all our passions perverse.
- 11 The scriptures shall not our vile natures correct,
The law their obliquities ne'er shall redress,
But ev'ry one lives, as his passions direct,
Nor tries his vain follies and lusts to suppress.
- 12 Because on thy law we have trampled, alas!
Because from thy statutes we widely have swerv'd,
Like sheep that break into the corn from their grass,
Tho' they in the pound for their feast are half starv'd:
- 13 Our riot and pride, like *Gomorrab's* excess,
Cry out for some trouble to lower each crest,
And ne'er will be silent, 'till woeful distress,
And famine our gluttonous lusts have suppress.
- 14 Of ev'ry degree, be they little or great,
Men strongly endeavour to anger the Lord;
As if from the skies each, upon his own pate,
Attempted dire vengeance to pull with a cord.
- 15 The priest, he permits them to plunge into vice,
And headlong to leap to the yawning abyss,
Or shou'd he endeavour to give them advice,
They at his instructions contemptuously hiss.
- 16 Our indolent rulers their duties neglect,
And suffer transgressors the country to fill,
And use not the sword, those dull fools to correct,
Who trample thy laws underfoot at their will.
- 17 The vulgar around (like to *Israel* of old,
Without either monarch, or prophet, or priest)
All live vicious lives, by no sanctions control'd,
Since they nor of law, faith, or hope, are possess.
- 18 The guileless, our bailiffs oppress without dread,
And pillage them, worse e'en than thieves on the whole,
Our usurers eat up the needy, like bread,
Or as the huge whale swallows up a small sole.

- 19 Our servants and hirelings do nothing but play,
Our labourers sit on the ground without heed,
Or lie at their ease on the grass all the day,
Not chusing to work, 'till compell'd to't by need.
- 20 Our common mechanics, of ev'ry employ,
Must all leave the callings, whereat they have been;
Nay, they that good farms, and large tenures enjoy,
Wou'd fain do the like, and be keeping an inn.
- 21 Their spinning and carding our matrons give o'er,
To brew, they their knitting and sowing lay by;
They sell all their wheels and their reels, and such store,
Casks, bottles, and such sort of lumber, to buy.
- 22 The murd'rer, the stroller, the pimp, and the knave,
The robber, the thief, and the clerk, we are told,
Nay, women are suff' red a licence to have;
Beer, ale, and tobacco, to vend uncontrol'd.
- 23 Shou'd the De'il, or his Dam, ever have a desire
A temple, near that of our MAKER's, to raise,
They, for a mere trifle, a temple might hire,
Expresly devoted to *Bacchus's* praise.
- 24 As thou art accusom'd, LORD! lend us thy hand,
And pull down all those that our principles spoil,
E'er they eat up each other, and ruin the land,
And thy pure and spotless religion defile.
- 25 So nice and so dainty, our servants are grown,
That they quite as well as their masters must eat,
And many are pregnant, 'tis very well known,
Because they were fed on too delicate meat.
- 26 All callings amongst us make light of thy name,
They all are so selfish and covetous now,
They seek not thy glory, O LORD! to proclaim,
To whom ev'ry favour and blessing they owe.
- 27 Because thou perceivedst we all did transgress,
And lead such bad lives—thou didst try as a friend,
By a gentle correction, and transient distress,
To goad us our morals and ways to amend.

- 28 By tender compassion and mercy, O GOD !
 And by all fair means, thou to win us didst strive;
 By a series of blessings into the right road
 The sheep, that had wander'd, thou foughtest to drive.
- 29 But when kindness fail'd to amend us, O LORD
 Thou threatnedst to plague us by ways more severe,
 Thy arrows thou pointed'st, thou whetted'st thy sword,
 And thy dreadful arms didst for battle prepare.
- 30 When ready, thou warn'dst us, before thou didst wound,
 Thy threatnings proceeded the terrible stroke——
 Thou saidst, if we turn'd, grace was still to be found;
 But we, even then, at thy threats did but joke.
- 31 But when thou perceivedst, threats not to avail,
 Thy arrows flew fast, our rebellion to quell——
 With manifold woes thou our hearts didst assail——
 Nor cou'd we evade thy keen shafts, or repel.
- 32 Thou thy servants didst call, and didst muster thy host,
 With thy furious steeds—the red, black and white,
 And drivest them on, (as we found to our cost)
 Until we poor wretches ! were vanquished quite.
- 33 A hard winter's frost, and a hot summer's sun,
 With boisterous tempests that scattered our grain,
 High floods and high tides, that our lands over-run,
 And various misfortunes besides, gave us pain.
- 34 A dangerous fever, a famine severe,
 A fatal mortality to sev'ral parts,
 Thou sentest, to force a repentance sincere,
 And spur us, entirely to give thee our hearts.
- 35 But when thou didst see, that all these wou'd not do,
 To turn us from sin, and our manners to mend,
 A dearth and a plague (thy displeasure to shew)
 And the horrors of war thou didst afterwards send.
- 36 The plague with scarce credible fury, mow'd down
 More thousands than I can in numbers well name;
 Each church-yard was fill'd up, and empty'd each town,
 Where-e'er the raging infection once came.

- 37 A war, unsuccessful, has beggar'd our coasts,
The merciless sword has unpeopled the land——
Our substance and wealth are consum'd, and our host
Reduc'd to a weak and dispirited band.
- 38 Our ships thou didst sink, and our projects defeat,
The edge of our swords thou didst blunt in the field,
Thou our sages didst blind, mad'st our heroes retreat,
And to our inveterate enemies yield.
- 39 The plague and the sword fill'd us all with dismay,
And we did repent, for a morning, or two :
Then beg'd thee, aside those destroyers to lay,
Until thou wert pleas'd, all we ask'd for, to do.
- 40 But when thou the pest and the war didst remove,
Again to our sins we did eagerly go,
Like dogs to their vomit, to forfeit thy love,
And force thee no favour or mercy to show.
- 41 Thy tempests and storms thou didst order abroad,
And plagu'dst us, for all our excesses, with rain,
'Till thou hast our harvests quite ruin'd, O God !
And damag'd the far greatest part of our grain.
- 42 So heavy, so thick, thou thy curses didst shed
On our corn, and our victuals of every kind,
That even the dogs wou'd not taste the bad bread,
Which was eat every day by each labouring hind,
- 43 The horse and the hog both refus'd the repast,
When once it began to be mouldy, and grow ;
So loathsome and bad is the grain to the taste,
That comes from each damag'd, and far-yielding mow.
- 44 O LORD, we the curse have most justly deserv'd,
Which thou on our ricks and our staddles didst send :
From death and diseases we were not preserv'd,
Because thou our coasts did not deign to defend.
- 45 Our scandalous waste, and abuse of our food,
Will force us to eat, what we give to our hogs——
Hips, haws, or the fruits of the hedge or the wood,
Or the crusts we us'd lately to fling to our dogs.

- 46 Was any bad taste on the meal we employ'd,
The bread we wou'd spit from our mouths with disdain;
E'en beggars on common provisions were cloy'd,
And nothing wou'd taste but the best of all grain.
- 47 We lately both eat, and we drank to excess,
And, like the *Gomorrites*, thy gifts did abuse;
At dinner and supper their meat none did bless,
Till they had incens'd thee beyond all excuse.
- 48 We swill'd, 'till our stomachs were so much enlarg'd,
That we cou'd scarce stir from the riotous scene,
Until on the spot we the burden discharg'd,
Than dogs, or the vilest of brutes, more unclean.
- 49 More guests in each alehouse on *Sundays* remain'd,
Who their guts and the Devil devoutly ador'd,
Than were in our churches, when fullest, contain'd,
And met there on purpose to worship the Lord.
- 50 Our bellies we cramm'd both with meat and with drink
Three times ev'ry day, howe'er short, at the least;
But scarce, once a week of our God can we think,
Who filleth his servants with food of the best.
- 51 At church we grow tir'd in a piece of a day,
Tho' our wants are so great, and our pride is so strong;
Yet a week at a stretch in some inn we can stay,
Tho' the nights are, in winter, so cold and so long.
- 52 In the morn, e'er some dine, some will smoke, & will drink
As much at a time as wou'd surfeit a score,
Then vomit the load back again, and ne'er think,
That poverty ever will knock at the door.
- 53 Our drunkenness calls for a dearth on the land,
A scarcity needs must ensue from such waste,
Our wilful excesses a famine demand —
Our gluttonous feasts must produce a long fast.
- 54 It is then but just, thou shou'dst plague us, O LORD!
For rejecting thy grace, with a scarceness of meat,
And thy full allowance refuse to afford,
But force us, for want, our own bodies to eat.

- 55 But, merciful GOD—for the sake of our LORD,
No famine dispatch, this our land to annoy—
No illness to pain us—no plague, war or sword,
Thy servants entirely to kill and destroy.
- 56 Our monstrous perverseness be pleas'd to forgive,
Nor make us a warning to all human kind:
But spare us, that we may more piously live,
Recover'd from sin, and renew'd in our mind.
- 57 Do not the transgressions, just FATHER! inspect,
Which murder our souls, they're so vile and so great;
But, on thy Son's passion, with pleasure reflect,
Who di'd to divert thy displeasure's fierce heat:
- 58 For the sake of his life, and the death that He di'd,
His merits, obedience, and blood that was spilt,
Direct to thy fold, thy stray'd penitents guide,
And pardon our former offences and guilt—
- 59 In the blood of his wounds wash our sins quite away,
And nail to his cross our misdeeds and our stains,
O cancel our bond, and thy mercy display,
For the sake of CHRIST's passion, and long-during pains!
- 60 O call us not, LORD! for our sins to account,
Nor punish us for the vain works we have done;
But pardon them all—howe'er great their amount,
For the sake of our SAVIOUR thy best lov'd Son.
- 61 To mend our bad lives, send the Spirit above,
That we may to virtue return safe again—
Assist us, to serve thee—to fear, and to love—
And from any further offences restrain.
- 62 With-hold thou thy rod, and thy drawn bow unbend,
This famine repress, and with aspect benign
Forgive our transgressions, our morals amend,
And make our chang'd hearts all resistance resign.
- 63 LORD alter the weather and bless ev'ry field,
Our grief turn to joy, and remove this dire dearth,
Make our stacks swell with corn, and our markets be fill'd
And crown thou, with fatness and plenty, the earth.

64 Give

- 64 Give food to each Christian, give grafs to each beaft,
 Give thy Gospel to all, that love truly the word,
 Give peace to the realm, and above all the reft,
 Give honour and health to our Sovereign * Lord †
- 65 One thoufand, fix hundred, and twenty, and nine,
 Was the date of the year (ſince our SAVIOUR was born)
 When theſe vaſt rains happ'ned, which made us repine,
 And glutted our markets with damnify'd corn!

Another, on the ſame Occaſion.

- 1 **T**HOU ruler of heaven, of earth, and the main,
 Of wind, and of weather, of tempeſts, and rain,
 O, liſt to the moan and the mournful requeſt
 Of us, who're by ſtorms, and bad weather diſtreſt!
- 2 The winds, and the waves, and the faſt falling ſhow'rs,
 The ſtars in their courſes, and th' heavenly pow'rs,
 Againſt us with fell animofity fight,
 And our riſe offences with famine requite.
- 3 The ſun, us'd to cheer us with heat and with light,
 Now turns his pale orbit away from our ſight,
 Refuſing his wonted aſſiſtance to yield,
 'Till half of our grain is deſtroy'd on the field.
- 4 The moon, like a widow, her ſpouſe who bewails,
 In clouds ev'ry night her wan countenance veils;
 Her tears, like our ſins, in ſuch plenty abound,
 Our labours and corn in a deluge are drown'd.
- 5 The billows roar wildly, the firmament low'rs,
 The clouds, heavy laden, oft burſt into ſhow'rs,
 And, for the looſe lives which ſo long we have led,
 Whole rivers of woe are pour'd down on each head.
- 6 Our corn the fierce tempeſt lays down, as it grows,
 The prime of our harveſt the wind overthrowes,
 It ſhed, and it rotted, or grew with the heat,
 Againſt it, the rains ſo outrageouſly beat!
- 7 Our grain is already juſt loſt on the ground,
 The ſeaſon prevents us from having it bound,
 Aſſiſt us, O LORD! now—(or elſe it muſt ſpoil)
 With weather, to gather it from the dank ſoil.

- 8 That part of the crop which in mows has been set,
Like straw in a dunghill, is thoroughly wet,
It smokes, reeks and moulders, tho' hid out of sight,
But, what lies without, must be ruin'd out-right.
- 9 What's brought to the barn, is in no better case,
But silently heats and ferments in the place,
Just ready to blaze—help, God of all might,
And let not our labours be frustrated quite.
- 10 The victu'als, for dinner or supper design'd,
Are full of as bad and unhealthy a kind;
And, if to assist us our God does not deign,
We all in adversity long shall remain.
- 11 LORD, open thine eyes, and behold this sad sight,
Survey with compassion our pitiful plight,
The food of mankind is quite rotten become,
For want of fair weather, to carry it home.
- 12 Have mercy, good God! for destroy'd is our grain,
And terribly rack'd are our bowels with pain:
O make both the dearth and distemper to cease,
Bless us with thy grace, and our grain will increase!
- 13 But what shall we do for feed-corn in the spring?
If so long we shall live, a supply who can bring?
All, round us, complain of great scarceness and want?
Do thou, gracious God, a sufficiency grant!
- 14 On the sheep of thy pasture have pity, O LORD!
And take not the staff of our lives from our board,
Forgive us our sins, our vile manners amend,
And our joyless bosoms with comfort distend.
- 15 Command thou the sun to supply us with light,
Cause the moon and the stars to illumine us by night,
With seas'nable weather the farmer befriend,
And to thy displeasure put quickly an end.
- 16 Clear thou the Horizon, disperse ev'ry cloud,
Those rise rains repel (for thou'rt gracious and good)
Allay the fierce tempest, and, after the rain,
Give sunshine and crispness agen to our grain.

- 17 But here, mighty God ! I must freely confess,
Our sins have brought on us this dismal distress,
With all the foul weather, and judgments severe,
Which punish'd thy servants so sorely, this year.
- 18 Thou fill'dst us so full with thy favours and meat,
'That none, to adore thee, wou'd stir from their seat,
Or give thee due glory and thanks, for their food,
'Till ev'ry misfortune our footsteps pursu'd.
- 19 The Ox and the Ass know by whom they are fed,
The Dog loves his master, by whom he was bred ;
But men are ungrateful, and seem not to know,
Their meat, and their all, to their MAKER they owe.
- 20 With manifold blessings, thou feedest us all,
Like fatlings fed up to the full in the stall,
But we will not lift up our heads, nor attend,
More than brutes unto him, whence those favors descend.
- 21 Thy storms and thy tempests thou therefore didst send,
By rain and bad weather our manners to mend,
And force us, by feeling thy judgments, to know
'Tis thou with thy hand dost those blessings bestow.
- 22 Tho' great were the judgments thou shedd'st on each head,
To punish the dissolute lives that we led,
We ne'er since the conquest, so guilty have been,
So sunk in debauch'ry, so sodden in sin.
- 23 Tho' the storm roars so loud, and so fierce pours the rain,
And tho' ('tis a truth) just destroy'd is our grain,
Yet still in the alehouse each sabbath we stay,
And spend in a riotous manner the day.
- 24 When each shou'd repent, in the dust, on his face,
And prostrate implore thy forgiveness and grace,
And truly our glorious CREATOR adore,
Like *Jews* we blasphem'd, and like troopers we swore.
- 25 The more thou didst ask us to turn and relent,
Our morals to mend, and our sins to repent,
We sinn'd worse and worse, and more desperate grew,
And farther and farther from mercy withdrew.

- 26 The greater the plagues were which hung o'er each head,
Storm, war, or disease, or a scarceness of bread,
More hard'n'd and callous, like *Pharaoh*, we were,
And forc'd thee to vex us with judgments severe.
- 27 It is not then strange, thou thy anger shou'dst show,
By doubling and trebling each terrible blow;
But no one the reason, I fancy, can tell,
Why thou hast not hurl'd us, e'er this, into hell.
- 28 Forgive our perverseness, thy fierce anger claim,
Remove our adversity, LORD! and our shame,
Like *Nineveh*, give us all grace to repent,
And serve thee with pleasure, and perfect assent!

A Warning to the *Welsh*, to repent, wrote at the
Time a great Plague rag'd in *London*.

- 1 **M**OURN *Cambria*, thoughtless *Cambria*, mourn,
From all thy sins repentant turn,
Lest they God's wrath, and judgments dread,
Shou'd draw upon thy guilty head!
- 2 Thy sins have soar'd up to the sky,
And thence for speedy vengeance cry—
Such vengeance, as the LORD did rain
Upon the cities of the plain:
- 3 Both night and day, they call aloud
For punishment, like *Abel's* blood,
And nought can still their hideous yell,
Besides God's plagues, or living well.
- 4 The earth's polluted by thy crimes,
(As in the *Cainites* early times)
Which sue to God to sweep thee hence—
Without thy timely penitence.
- 5 There's not a Hamlet to be found,
Or petty Village, all around,
But that some monstrous crime appears
Therein, to din the GODHEAD's ears.
- 6 There's no profession, you can name,
That has not highly been to blame,
As if, with all it's might, it strove
To pull down vengeance from above.

- 7 Our Gentry, now so selfish grown,
Seek no man's profit, but their own :
God's praise, the good of humankind,
And the true faith they never mind.
- 8 Our clergy sleep, both night and day,
And leave the people gad astray,
And live in ev'ry kind of vice,
Without reproof, or good advice.
- 9 The Judge and Magistrate, for fear,
The murderer and lot forbear,
And leave each tyrant to oppress
The fatherless, without redress.
- 10 Our Wardens without check or blame,
Permit them to revile God's name,
The Gospel under foot to tread,
And slight the consecrated bread.
- 11 The Sheriffs, and their corm'rant train,
On the fleec'd populace distrain,
And under veil of justice prey
Upon their wealth, in open day.
- 12 The Wealthy glibly swallow down
The little all, the needy own,
And by oppression drive the poor
To beg their bread, from door to door.
- 13 The vulgar, all find some pretence
To do what's wrong, and God incense:
Blind, dull, perverse, to hell they run,
Nor will, tho' warn'd, perdition shun.
- 14 All ranks of men alike despise
The Gospel, and as little prize
The law of God ; but with much more
Delight, their lusts and guts adore.
- 15 Nay, all degrees of men, in short
Strive some dire vengeance to extort ;
And on their pates it shall be sent,
If they do not in time repent.

- 16 Such swearing and excess, O *Wales*!
Such shameful wrong in thee prevails,
Such sects, such heresies, and lies,
As ne'er before, since CHRIST, took rise.
- 17 Though now the Deity surveys
With passive looks our sinful ways,
Yet he's, in justice, bound to shed
Dire vengeance on each guilty head.
- 18 Though he has long from day to day
Entreated each to mend his way,
The time is come, when he begins
To think of punishing their sins.
- 19 Thou in his scales wast put of late,
And found, O *Wales*! far short of weight:
He'll give thee soon a fatal blow,
If thou dost not submission show.
- 20 Because thou hast not wisdom learn'd
From *England's* woes, and wert not warn'd
By her distress, thy God does keep
A heavy rod for thee in sleep.
- 21 The plague, to thy transgressions due,
Is prompt thy footsteps to pursue,
E'en now it hovers o'er thy head!
So very vile a life thou'st led!
- 22 Slung by a slender finespun thread,
Pendent it hovers o'er thy head,
Ready to drop by it's own weight
Upon thy sin-polluted pate;
- 23 Yet heedless thou dost all the while
New plagues on plagues incessant pile,
And still dost God's great patience wrong;
Though he has bor'n with thee so long.
- 24 Thou still art worse from day to day,
And rovest more and more astray,
And fondly weenest God does doze,
Whilst thee, to penitence, he woos.

25 Thou

- 25 Thou snor'st aloud, furcharg'd with drink,
And seemest not to know, or think,
That God now whets the shining steel,
Which in thy sleep thou soon shalt feel.
- 26 Repent sincerely, *Wales*, repent,
Before the plague to thee is sent—
Before God bares his soul, entreat
His pardon, prostrate at his feet.
- 27 If once the Lord shall light the fire,
What man alive can stop his ire?
If once the plague at his command
Breaks out, who can protect the land?
- 28 If once the Lord begins to slay,
And shall his shafts and sword display,
Who can the weighty stroke withstand?
Who can preserve thee from his hand?
- 29 Behold the woes on *London* brought,
Though she has oft for mercy sought,
As that, in time, she did not do,
God more than half her people flew!
- 30 Arise, arise, make no delay,
But wholly cast thy crimes away;
For mercy call, before thy doom,
Perhaps to-morrow it may come.
- 31 In bales of goods and merchandize,
It in the *London* shops now lies,
To *Wales* the plague will come at last,
If thou dost not repent in haste.
- 32 But shou'd it come unto thee, now;
How unprepar'd, O *Wales*, art thou,
At God's tribunal to appear,
Without the robe which thou shou'dst wear?
- 33 If it shou'd to thy confines reach,
What man, alas! can guard the breach?
Not all the world combin'd, can stand
Against the Lord's correcting hand.

- 34 In vain shall either rue, or sage,
With the keen sword of God engage:
If thou dost not repent from sin,
All phyfic is not worth a pin.
- 35 In vain it is thy gates to keep,
The pest will o'er thy ramparts creep,
Nor pike, nor cannon can defend
Thee from the plague, which God shall send.
- 36 In vain it is from it to run,
Or seek the deadly fate to shun:
Go where thou wilt, thou still shalt find
The fleet pursuer close behind.
- 37 The best thing thou canst do at last,
To keep the plague off, is to fast—
From meat and drink, I do not mean,
But from each thought and act unclean.
- 38 If once the pest invades thy ground,
Pale famine will besiege thee 'round,
With sorrow, stern rebuke, and fear;
Ne'er did the plague alone appear!
- 39 Adversity and troubles fell,
In ev'ry town and house shall dwell,
Sad moans shall sound in all thy streets;
And dread seize ev'ry soul one meets.
- 40 Fraternal Love shall quit thy coasts,
And ev'ry social joy be lost,
Nor nature, nor affinity,
Shall, whilst it lasts, be found in thee.
- 41 To tend her child, the mother takes
No pains—the wife, her spouse forsakes,
The fire, his son—the son, his mother,
The sister quits her dying brother.
- 42 The son, his sire slays with his breath,
The mother, puts her babes to death,
The wife, her spouse kills with a sigh,
The friend, each friend that dares comes nigh.

- 43 Slain are the living by the dead,
The vig'rous by the invalid,
The healthy, by the sick they drest;
So dire, so dreadful is the pest!
- 44 Who touches the infected, dies,
They kill, like Bas'isks, with their eyes,
Or blasts them with their tainted breath
Like the fell Cockatrice, to death.
- 45 The plague will make a man detest,
Like a mad dog, those he loves best:
'Twill make him loath his dearest friend,
As a fierce wolf, or hell-born fiend,
- 46 Hencethey, like traitors, are confin'd
From all the rest of human kind,
Nor are they, any time, allow'd
To go abroad in search of food.
- 47 Their treasures kill all that come nigh,
Whoe'er receives their goods, must die,
Their cash is worth no more, (tho' great
Their wants) than pebbles in the street.
- 48 This, *Wales!* will make thy sons oft fast,
When they shall not a morsel taste;
Tho', all they own'd, they gave for meat,
And did for it with tears entreat.
- 49 The plague at once will run thee o'er,
Just as the deluge did of yore
The world, or as the fire that came
And set *Gomorrhah* in a flame:
- 50 Perhaps, when round the social hearth
Or in the tavern, full of mirth,
Or in the market, cheap'ning wares,
The plague will catch thee unawares.
- 51 Tho' thou shou'dst to the stews, or fair,
The field, or council-room, repair;
Where-e'er the pest shall on the seize,
That is the place of thy decease,

- 52 There, like a beast, thou soon shalt die,
(But not without great agony)
Without a servant, or a friend,
Thy latter moments to attend.
- 53 No doctor, and no priest will come
To thee, nor dare approach thy room,
Nor any of thy nearest kin,
As if thou hadst some rebel been.
- 54 To lay thee out, none will come near,
To shrou'd and place thee on the bier,
Or to attend thee to the grave:
A brute's interment thou shalt have.
- 55 This is the death so full of woe,
Which thou art doom'd to undergo.
This is the death due to thy crimes,
If thou shalt not repent betimes.
- 56 O what a dire, and dismal end?
What agonies this death attend?
O what a curs'd and shocking case
It is to die of this disease?
- 57 This *England* has beheld of late,
When *London* felt the frowns of fate;
And this in thee, *Wales*, shall be seen,
If thou dost not forsake thy sin.
- 58 O think, how hateful 'tis to fall
By this most dismal death of all!
Think, how unpleasing, how unblest,
It is to suffer by the pest!
- 59 This is the death so full of woe,
Thou dost deserve to undergo!
This is the death due to thy crimes,
If thou dost not repent betimes.
- 60 God long expects thee to begin
To quit each vice and darling sin;
Because thou hast not, he's prepar'd
To give thy sins their just reward.

61 Mourn then, O thoughtless *Cambria*, mourn,
And from thy sins repentant turn :
Like *Nineveh* for mercy call,
Or soon th' impending blow will fall.

62 E'er God unsheaths his glitt'ring steel,
For his forgiveness quickly kneel;
Too late God's mercy is implor'd,
When he has drawn his glitt'ring sword.

63 Like *Magdalene*, thy SAVIOUR greet,
And bathe with floods of tears his feet,
Then dry them with thy flowing hair:
So shall He save thee from despair !

64 An altar raise, like *Jesse's* son,
And lay a contrite heart thereon :
Thy pray'rs shall stop the angel's hand,
That's lifted to destroy the land.

65 Like *Nineveh*, in sackcloth mourn,
And from thy sumless errors turn :
God will avert thy destin'd end,
If thou thy manners shalt amend.

66 Unto the temple oft repair,
Like *Aaron* there with mournful air,
Forgiveness of the LORD request,
E'er thou'rt infected by the pest.

67 Thy bosom beat, and God adore,
Like the poor publican of yore,
With fervent mind for mercy pray,
E'er thou art snatch'd at once away.

68 Daily, like royal *David*, feed
Upon thy tears, for each misdeed
Deluge with tears, each night, thy bed,
E'er the plague comes, and strikes thee dead.

69 Stand thou, like *Moses*, in the breach
Nor let the pest thy people reach :
Pray God to stop the dreadful blow—
Pray hard, and He will mercy show.

70 A javelin, like *Phineas*, seize,
Slay those, whose sins brought the disease
Iniquity, by law correct:
So God shall thee from death protect.

71 Quit *Sodom*, and to *Zoar* run,
By penitence perdition shun;
The warning angel's threatnings hear,
E'er the dread pest thy towns draws near.

72 From swine and swinish drunkards run,
(As erst ran *Luke's* repentant son)
Unto thy SIRE without delay,
E'er by the plague thou'rt swept away.

73 Like *Peter*, in some private place,
Bewail the sins of all thy race:
The cock reminds thee to repent,
E'er to thy coasts the plague is sent.

74 Thy whole account, with th' utmost care,
E'er thou art call'd to doom, prepare,
Trim thy dull lamp, thy white robe wear,
Before the dreadful pest comes near.

75 It of a sudden comes, beware!
And gives no notice to prepare:
Be then each moment on thy guard,
Lest it shou'd catch thee unprepar'd.

76 The readier thou art to receive
The stroke, and this vain world to leave,
God is more ready to forgive,
And leave thee here yet long to live.

77 May God, O *Wales*, to thee dispense
His Grace—God give thee penitence,
God shield thee from this pest severe;
God grant thee yet a joyful year.

Another, on the same Occasion.

1 MOURN *Cambria*, thoughtless *Cambria* mourn,
Like *Nineveh*, repentant turn,
Put sackcloth on—proclaim a fast—
Cry out for Grace, and mend at last.

- 2 Thy eldest Sister undergoes
(*England* I mean) a thousand woes,
Beneath the weighty hand of God,
Who rules her with an iron rod.
- 3 The plague her people has devour'd,
Like wild-fire down from heaven show'r'd,
And all her towns has over-run,
Like flames thro' heath parch'd by the sun.
- 4 They die in heaps without delay,
Perhaps a thousand in a day,
And fall, across each other, down,
Along the streets, in ev'ry town.
- 5 No medicines can stop it's rage,
No floods of tears can it assuage,
God's power alone can it allay,
And his sweet mercy chase away.
- 6 Great *London* weeps and wails full fore,
As sack'd *Jerusalem* of yore:
Nought is there heard but hideous groans,
With loud laments, and mournful moans.
- 7 There is such sorrow, and such grief!
Such anguish as exceeds belief!
Such dire distress! such fighting fore!
The like was ne'er known there before!
- 8 Men of each rank, and each degree,
The sword of death uplifted see,
And wait for the funeral dray,
That bears the dead off, night and day.
- 9 There husbands see their consorts die,
And their dear children's corse lie
All round, 'till they the nose offend,
And none come near, their aid to lend.
- 10 There wives lament to see a spouse
And children dead, in ev'ry house;
Yet dare not quit, (how hard their case!)
Though wiid with woe, the fatal place.

- 11 There, infant orphans cry aloud,
But there are none to give them food,
And suck the mother's milkless breast,
When she has been some days at rest.
- 12 To them no comforters there are
In heav'n or earth, the sea or air,
In town or country, church or court,
From flock or fold, from field, or fort.
- 13 He, that is well, with tearful eyes
The oft-repassing carts surveys,
Which lately carry'd nought but dung,
Now carrying corfes, all day long.
- 14 They that survive are almost dead,
Before they are attack'd, thro' dread,
By seeing all that weight of woe,
Which they are doom'd to undergo.
- 15 They're not indulg'd, abroad to roam——
They cannot purchase food at home——
Their visits no one will admit——
They're not allow'd the dead to quit.
- 16 The plague, within their houses, stalks——
In all their streets, fell famine walks——
And, in the fields, the ravens pick
The eyes out of the helpless sick.
- 17 Both God and man seem to have left
The wretches of all hopes bereft,
And will not any pity show,
Or try to mitigate their woe.
- 18 The GODHEAD laughs at all their woes,
And stops his ears, from hearing, close,
Nor heeds their unavailing cries,
Who us'd his Gospel to despise.
- 19 When any, the infected spy,
As from a dog, that's mad, they fly :
Nay, they had rather meet a toad,
Than meet a *Lond'ner* on the road :

20 Because

- 20 Because they soon infect all those
Who dare approach them, with their clothes;
Thus whom the basilisk espies,
At once is murder'd by his eyes.
- 21 The father, though in the same house,
Can't see his son—nor wife, her spouse—
Nor, without danger, can a friend
In this disease, his friend attend.
- 22 The mother, with a kiss, destroys
Her son, the prime of all her joys,
Or, all unweeting, taints his blood,
E'en whilst he sucks her breasts for food.
- 23 The father with his baleful breath
Puts all his progeny to death;
And, like a cocatrice, deprives
All, who approach him, of their lives.
- 24 The sicken'd child, against his will,
Does his indulgent mother kill,
(Who nurs'd him with the tend'rest care)
And all the servants that come near.
- 25 Both men and women, suddenly,
In ev'ry house promiscuous die
By hundreds, in a single night,
'Till *London* seems unpeopled quite.
- 26 Such moans and cries were never known,
As in each corner of the town:
No!—not in *Ramah*, on the day,
When *Herod* did the infants slay.
- 27 Her clergymens' excessive grief
Transcends the limits of belief,
To see each church, of late so full,
Now nothing but an empty hull.
- 28 Her warehouses tho' richly stock'd,
Where crouds un-number'd lately flock'd,
Sell not enough, (their trade's so dead!)
To give their famish'd shopmen bread.

- 29 Each nice artificer complains
(Though he has finish'd them with pains)
That none his curious works will buy,
And that for hunger he must die.
- 30 Each inn, each house, or sumptuous feat,
Of lords and knights the late retreat,
Now uninhabited remains ;
Or else the plague alone there reigns.
- 31 All who were wont to ply the oar
Upon the thames, or drudge the shore,
Links, porters, scavengers, complain,
They can't their bread by labour gain.
- 32 The market, stor'd so well of late,
With flesh and fish, and ev'ry cate
On which each greedy glutton fed,
Hath neither flesh, nor meal, nor bread.
- 33 Many, who not long since repin'd,
Unless on quails and growse they din'd,
By hunger humbled, vainly wish
To make a meal, on salted fish.
- 34 Tho' then each day, to bring them food,
A thousand vessels stemm'd the flood,
There's now scarce seen a single load
Of grain, or meal, upon the road.
- 35 Where, there were all things for their use,
Which land, or water, did produce,
Now nothing else is to be found,
But dearth and famine all around.
- 36 Our pride, our lust, our vast excess,
Our gluttony, our drunkenness,
Our gospel-wresting heresies,
To those distresses first gave rise.
- 37 These are the fruits, these are the gains !
These are the wages sin obtains !
These are the punishments, I own,
Which we deserve for what we've done!

38 Thus.

- 38 Thus God can, in a trice, bring down
The pride of any sinful town,
And soon reduce, e'en to the dust,
The walls and crowds to which men trust!
- 39 And thus it is th' ALMIGHTY can
Humble the haughtiness of man,
Who dares resist his just commands,
And turn him over to death's hands.
- 40 We have long since (I must confess)——
We all have merited no less:
God's ways and works are free from blame;
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.
- 41 We ev'ry filthiness have sow'd;
In furrows by injustice plow'd;
What can we thence expect to mow,
Besides the crop, which sin did sow?
- 42 This is the pest, with which of yore
God threat'ned those, that heretofore
Did not obey and serve him right
With all their heart and all their might.
- 43 This is the same tremendous blow,
Which *Wales* is doom'd to undergo,
Because she did not turn betimes,
And warning take from *England's* crimes.
- 44 Since our long-suffering, gracious God
So long o'er *London* held his rod,
I fear that guilty *Wales* must feel
The edge of his avenging steel.
- 45 When *Judah* wou'd not erst forsake
His sins, nor from *Samaria* take
A warning, he no better sped,
Than *Israel* did when captive led.
- 46 If, warn'd by *England's* sore distress,
Wales will no penitence express,
Some plague, or punishment severe,
Will on her coasts descend, I fear.

- 47 When God on *Sodom*, in his ire,
And on *Gomorrhah*, rain'd down fire,
His wrathful vengeance was not cloy'd,
Until *Zeboim* was destroy'd:
- 48 So as the LORD this plague has sent
To *England*, from the *Continent*;
I fear, it will not be allay'd,
'Till't has to *Wales* a visit paid.
- 49 When first the pest, the sword of God,
O'er *Germany* in triumph trod;
'Cause *France* her vices did not shun,
Like wild-fire o'er her towns it run.
- 50 Because no warning she at all
Took from *Bohemia*, *Flanders*, *Gaul*,
England is curs'd with this dire pest,
And fares much worse than all the rest.
- 51 If *Wales* will not be warn'd by all
The woes, which now on *England* fall,
She shall be punish'd soon, I fear,
By plagues and judgments more severe.
- 52 Mourn therefore, heedless *Cambria*, mourn,
And from thy sins repentant turn,
Like *Nineveh* for mercy call,
E'er those fell judgments on thee fall.
- 53 Beat, beat thy breast, and weep a flood,
Thy garments wash in *Jesus*' blood,
Cry out for grace, thy life amend,
E'er vengeance does on thee descend.
- 54 E'er God unsheaths his shining steel,
Before him with submission kneel;
For grace and favour him invoke,
E'er the destroyer gives the stroke.
- 55 'Tis vain to cry, when thou art slain,
When thou'rt condemn'd, to pray is vain,
'Tis vain, to try to break the rod,
When thou hast been chastis'd by God.

56 Arise,

- 56 Arise, arise, use no delay,
 Make haste, and quit thy sins to-day,
 Fate hovers o'er thee now, amend,
 E'er it does, on thy head, descend.

A Prayer for a Clergyman, when he goes to visit
 the Sick, or in the Time of a Plague.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, my gracious God ! with pitying eye,
 What dangers in my painful office lie,
 Who never must, at any season, cease
 To visit all, whatever's their disease.
- 2 There's not a man, or child, that is diseas'd,
 Whether by the small-pox, or meazles seiz'd,
 Or any other malady, that's worse,
 But I am bound to visit him of course.
- 3 Be they or hectic heats, or pungant pains,
 Or nauseous sweats, or if a fever reigns,
 I must attend the dying Clinic still,
 E'en though he of the plague itself were ill :
- 4 Which needs must be a most tremendous part
 Unto a timid, and still-doubting heart,
 Which, of itself, of ev'ry ill's afraid ;
 Unless supported by thy gracious aid.
- 5 Therefore on thee (who dost my life defend,
 My sole Protector, and my only Friend)
 Who, as thou pleasest, dost direct us, all,
 For thy assistance and support, I call !
- 6 O LORD ! thou canst, if it be thy blest will,
 Preserve my soul from each impending ill,
 Though now each ail might have it in it's pow'r,
 Without thy help, thy servant to devour.
- 7 And if thou dost not, of thy mercy, deign
 To keep me, and those maladies restrain,
 I can't myself divert their rage away,
 But must to their attacks become a prey.
- 8 Lend then to me, Omnipotence ! thine ear,
 And save the simplest of thy servants, here——
 Save me, for thou to save canst never fail,
 From the assaults of each infectious ail.

- 9 'Tis Thou, O GOD! that givest wounds and pain,
'Tis Thou, O GOD! that healest them again,
'Tis Thou, that kill'st, and yet dost life afford,
'Tis Thou, shall therefore punish us, O LORD!
- 10 Thy fostering pinions o'er my favour'd head,
That I may 'scape those horrid perils spread,
And give no dangerous distemper leave
Unto thy servant's earthly part to cleave.
- 11 O GOD, who didst thy servant *Aaron* screen,
When he the dead and living step't between,
Protect me with thy gracious favour still
From this disease, and ev'ry other ill!
- 12 As thou the fi'ry Furnace didst assuage,
And the three Children saved't from it's rage;
So, for CHRIST's sake, let it thy goodness please,
To save thy servant from this dire disease!
- 13 As thou didst from the fasting lions' jaw,
And dreary den, the prophet *Daniel* draw;
So from this ail, and it's afflictive rod,
Do thou preserve me safely, O my GOD!
- 14 So shall I glorify thy holy name,
And in each church or chapel praise the same,
And my best thanks (as long as e'er I live)
For all thy blessings and thy favours give.
- 15 Like *Aaron*, to thine altar I'll repair,
Or to my room, like *Daniel*, and declare
Thy mercies, or like royal *David* sing
Thy praises, my Protector, and my King!

Short is the LIFE of MAN.

- 1 **M**AN's life, like any weaver's shuttle, flies,
Or, like a tender flowret, droops and dies,
Or, like a race, it ends without delay,
Or, like a vapour, vanishes away.
- 2 Or, like a candle, it each moment wastes,
Or, like a packet under sail, it hastes,
Or, like a post-boy, gallops very fast,
Or, like the shadow of a cloud, 'tis past.

- 3 Strong is our foe, but very weak the fort,
 Our death is certain, and our time is short:
 But as the hour of death's a secret still,
 Let us be ready, come he, when he will.

A D V I C E to the Sick.

- 1 **T**HY mortal part shou'd sickness chance to seize,
 Consider, whence the fi'ry dart was sent,
 Consider, who inflicted the disease,
 And to what purpose, and with what intent?
- 2 'Tis God himself, that deals the dreadful stroke,
 'Tis God, that gives the malady it's pain,
 Because our sins his patient heart provoke,
 That we may quit them, and reform again.
- 3 For all the errors of thy life repent,
 God's pardon on thy bended knees implore,
 His mercy beg, and he will then relent,
 And give thee comfort, if he gives no more.
- 4 If God against thee is incens'd with rage,
 If he has scourg'd thee with distempers dire,
 The Lamb's dear Blood his anger will assuage,
 And briny tears will mitigate his ire.
- 5 Do thou submit, and he'll suspend the blow,
 Seek grace, and he'll with pleasure give thee grace,
 Do thou repent, and he'll forgiveness show,
 Lament, and he'll compassionate thy case.
- 6 Freely to him thy sumless sins confess,
 Condemn thyself, and his forgiveness crave;
 So shall thy prayers ever meet success,
 So shalt thou grace and absolution have.
- 7 Turn thou to God, and he will thee receive,
 Try, though he's wroth, his fury to appease,
 And when he sees thee with contrition grieve,
 He'll bid thy troubles and thy sorrows cease.
- 8 'Tis God himself, that each disease imparts,
 And ev'ry ail's an herald from his throne,
 Dispatch'd by him, to purify our hearts,
 None can inflict it—but the LORD alone.

- 9 It is not from the main, or mountain's brow,
Earth, air, or bog, that each disorder springs;
But all the ails that plague us, here below,
Come from the kindness of the King of kings!
- 10 Hot-shooting pains, eruptions, tumours, boils,
Agues and fevers, quinces, gout, and stone,
Plague, pestilence, consumptions, fits, and piles,
(Nay, ev'ry ail) proceed from God alone.
- 11 The greatest sov'reign on this earthly ball,
Cannot impose, or drive an ail away;
None but the LORD, and the just Judge of all,
Can health restore, or maladies convey.
- 12 Disease will not give ear to human lore,
It neither saint, nor saintess, will obey,
It minds not wizard's charm, nor stellar pow'r;
'Tis God alone can order it away.
- 13 If by a surfeit, cold, or ill-air'd bed,
Thou art into the room of sickness brought,
'Tis God himself that drew it on thy head,
In whatsoever manner it was caught.
- 14 'Tis not by chance, nor the decree of fate,
Or any constellation in the sky,
That illness comes, however small or great,
But by th' appointment of the LORD on high.
- 15 Be not too curious, like a man unwise,
From whence thy malady arose, to know;
But rather lift unto the LORD thine eyes,
And to the Hand, that dealt the gracious blow.
- 16 God made thee sick, and God can make thee well,
God broke thy bones, and God can makethem whole,
God thy rebellious flesh and lusts can quell,
And God can heal thy body, and thy soul!
- 17 Welcome thou then this herald with respect,
With patience bear the messenger of God:
The child he loves, he always does correct,
Nor through a foolish fondness spares the rod.

18 With

- 18 With due submission thy affliction bear,
 Fools only kick against the pointed sword :
 If God impos'd a treatment that's severe,
 In vain shalt thou oppose his will, or word.
- 19 If God with sicknesses his sons afflicts,
 Their foul transgressions are the fatal cause :
 Whene'er he any punishment inflicts,
 It is, because they violate his laws.
- 20 Sickness is then a debt, that's due to sin,
 A punishment, that each offender feels :
 For where transgression once has enter'd in,
 Disease still follows hard upon his heels.
- 21 To break the sabbath, and to swear amain;
 God's holy church and gospel to despise;
 To treat the priest and ruler with disdain,
 Is the dire source, whence many ills arise.
- 22 To drink, to sing lewd ballads, and to whore;
 To waste one's precious time, to play the thief,
 To revel, riot, and oppress the poor,
 Bring on disease, with ev'ry other grief.
- 23 If thou hast any ail, or any woe,
 Thy sin, and that alone, shou'd bear the blame,
 Which made the torrent of God's anger flow,
 And caus'd him to afflict thee with the same.
- 24 Search thou thy conscience with the utmost care,
 Strive ev'ry lurking passion to subdue,
 Entirely mortify thy lusts by pray'r,
 And fervently, for God's forgiveness, sue.
- 25 If thou shalt for thy sins sincerely grieve,
 And turn unto the LORD thy God in haste,
 He will the errors of thy life forgive,
 And thou no longer shalt with sickness waste.
- 26 Entreat the LORD, to make thy sorrows cease,
 To soothe thy pain, and succour thee, when ill :
 Use importunity with him for ease;
 For he can grant it, whensoever he will.

27. Whatever

- 27 Whatever ail, or torment, thou mayst feel
 'Ph' ALMIGHTY can it's raging smart remove;
 He, at his pleasure, can thy anguish heal,
 However great, or grievous it may prove.
- 28 He cur'd the Paralytic of his grief,
 He cur'd the halt and bloody-flux'd with ease,
 To Job and Naaman he gave relief,
 And heal'd each sort of sickness and disease.
- 29 Sickness is but a message from the LORD,
 At his command on thee it first began;
 It kills, it cures, obedient to his word,
 It comes and goes, like the Centurion's man.
- 30 To God thy earnest supplications make,
 Who has this illness on thy body laid;
 Seek thou his succour, for thy SAVIOUR's sake,
 His aid implore, and thou shalt have his aid.

A PRAYER for a Sick Person.

- 1 O God of justice, health's immortal Sire!
 Thou Judge of all! thou raiser of the low!
 O hear my suit, and grant me my desire,
 And, for CHRIST's sake, some pity on me show!
- 2 In body weak, and in my mind not strong,
 To thee, with heavy heart, and fighting, sore,
 I drag, O God! my languid limbs along,
 Thy succour and assistance to implore.
- 3 Thou always art with grace and mercy crown'd,
 To anger slow, and of forbearance great,
 In straits and troubles, easy to be found,
 For CHRIST's sake, pity my forlorn estate!
- 4 Through thy indulgence, long in health I bloom'd,
 But now I fall the victim of thy rage,
 And am, for my offences, fairly doom'd,
 With pain and with distemper to engage.
- 5 O God! I have deserv'd—I freely own,
 Long since, a punishment much more severe;
 This ail was therefore justly on me thrown,
 Which from thy hand, ALMIGHTY LORD! I bear.

- 6 A sudden and a dangerous disease
Thou mightest have dispatch'd, to end my days,
And turn'd me into hell, (did it thee please)
Nor granted time for me to mend my ways:
- 7 Yet thou didst deign this malady to send,
Like a most merciful and gracious God,
To give me warning of my latter end,
And shew me penitence's painful road.
- 8 I take it as a token of thy love,
That thou shou'dst treat me as a lawful son,
And by thy punishment my mind improve,
Or by my errors, I had been undone.
- 9 It is an act, just God! but good and kind,
The body, by such penance, to distress;
Since too much cockering had hurt my mind,
And the spoil'd soul had sicken'd, thro' excess.
- 10 When I with never-failing health was bless'd,
My sins, though numerous, were never seen,
But now, alas! I am with pain oppress'd,
I nothing else can see, besides my sin.
- 11 How many are my faults? how vast their sum?
To what a countless heap do they amount?
They're more than all the stars, that deck the gloom,
Shou'd I attempt their numbers to recount.
- 12 How foolishly, O God! was I thy foe?
Perverse, as *Pharaoh* was, in former days,
Though thou didst still the culprit kindly woo,
To turn to thee, and to amend his ways.
- 13 I own, that I have merited much more——
Much more chastisement, by a thousand times;
Since I have sinn'd against thy sacred pow'r,
E'en from my youth, by oft-repeated crimes.
- 14 Yet well I know, that thou'rt with mercy fraught,
To pardon those who their vile courses leave,
And ready to remit each sinner's fault,
With all, who greatly for their errors grieve.
- 15 Though

- 15 Though nought I've merited but pains and woes,
And indispos'd in some disease to lie,
Yet mercifully, LORD! of me dispose,
And on my vices never cast thine eye.
- 16 Let CHRIST's sad death, and CHRIST's obedience,
For all my sins full satisfaction make,
Deep in his wounds conceal each foul offence,
And be propitious to me for his sake.
- 17 My life let me not in pollution end,
E'er I have my usual action done;
But give me time my morals to amend,
Before thy mercy be entirely gone.
- 18 Hold thy afflicting hand, and soothe my woes,
Abate my sorrow, and allay my pain,
Nor on my soul a greater load impose,
Than this my sickly body can sustain.
- 19 Although my soul at times presumes to say,
"LORD, take my spirit to the realms above,"
Yet, in my coward flesh, I oft'ner pray,
"This bitter cup from me, O God! remove."
- 20 Although my soul and body are but ill——
Prepar'd as yet, to wing their final flight;
Yet grant me time, (if it be thy bless'd will)
To trim them both, and order them aright.
- 21 I ask not time of thee, O God! my days
In luxury and indolence to spend;
But that I may proclaim aloud thy praise,
And, all I can, of my bad manners mend.
- 22 O LORD! if it be pleasing in thy sight,
Like *Hezekiah's*, lengthen thou my days;
Give me some sign that thou hast cur'd me quite,
And conquer'd my inveterate disease.
- 23 However, if it be thy gracious will,
That yet a while my punishment shou'd last;
I'm ready thy good pleasure to fulfil:
But strengthen me, until the trial's past.

- 24 In health, I only did my God incense,
When sick, my pain I by my sighs express,
What can I else? unless thou shoud'st dispense
Thy Holy Spirit's aid, in my distress.
- 25 Give me, O LORD! O give me some relief,
Remove my restlessness — my pains allay,
Say to my soul, e'en in it's greatest grief,
"I am thy SAVIOUR, and thy only stay!"
- 26 Thou'rt the *Samaritan*, O CHRIST! so kind,
I, the poor trav'ler, wounded on the way,
My gaping wounds with proper dressings bind,
Comfort my heart, my painful smart allay.
- 27 Thy hand, O God! does heavy on me lie,
Yet in my God my confidence shall be:
Though, under thy correction, I shou'd die,
I'll trust in thee, and in none else, but thee.
- 28 The keys of life, and those of death, are thine,
And the grim tyrant does not come, O LORD
To touch e'en but a single hair of mine,
'Till he receives the sanction of thy word.
- 29 O, make me ready still to meet this foe,
For his incursion watchful let me wait,
So that, behind him mounted, I may go
To endless bliss, in the celestial state!
- 30 Let not the toys of this precarious state——
Let not God's justice on the day of doom——
Let not the fear of death, my zeal abate,
Nor stop my flight to my eternal home.
- 31 The fear of death in my faint heart allay——
The world let me renounce, and all it's pride——
Wash in CHRIST's blood my filthy sins away——
And, with his righteousness, my vices hide!
- 32 In all CHRIST's promises let me confide,
Give me strong hopes that I the crown shall gain——
In sickness be my patience firmly try'd,
And make me long my plaudit to obtain.

- 33 Thy spirit give, to calm my troubled breast,
And bid thy angels fence me in around—
Of all my hours, make thou the last, the best,
And, at my death, let me with joy be crown'd:
- 34 Let not my soul, my shepherd CHRIST ! be lost—
The precious charge let not the lions tear—
For dear enough to thee it's purchase cost—
The trust to heav'n, among thy angels bear !

An *Admonition* to the Sick to call for a Clergyman
and a Physician, and to shun all Charms, &c. &c.

- 1 **A**S soon as thou art sick, without delay,
For some good clergyman expressly send,
Who may for thee to thy CREATOR pray,
And try to fit thee for thy latter end.
- 2 CHRIST did his holy ministers ordain
To be the safe physicians of the soul ;
He gave them med'cines to assuage each pain,
And, from each ail, to make the sinner whole.
- 3 Thy sin unto the clergyman confess,
And he will give the salves that seldom fail,
Such as most likely will ensure success,
According to the nature of thy ail.
- 4 Believe whate'er the minister declares,
If with the Word of GOD it does agree,
For 'tis the voice of Jesus in thine ears,
Or to rebuke, or else to comfort thee.
- 5 Entreat him to address th' Almighty Pow'r,
With earnest pray'r, that He may make thee whole,
And once again to perfect health restore,—
Or graciously be pleas'd to take thy soul.
- 6 God has a promise made, to hear the priest,
When he, according to his office, prays—
And certainly he'll grant him his request,
If not determin'd to curtail thy days :
- 7 Beg then of him his succour to impart,
(Lest Satan shou'd a conquest o'er thee gain)
And ease thy conscience, and thy doubting heart,
When thou, for thy misdeeds, art rack'd with pain.

- 8 Permit him both to probe and lance thy fore—
 Permit his word to harrow-up thy mind—
 Permit him wine and oil, thereon, to pour,
 And with the bandage of repentance bind.
- 9 Better it is by much thou shou'dst consent,
 That some good priest shou'd such a freedom take,
 That thou in time mayst of thy sins repent—
 Than thou shou'dst bear damnation for their sake.
- 10 He will to thee some wholesome counsel give,
 How stings of conscience may be best allay'd:
 Thou comfort from his counsel shalt receive,
 If thou in time wilt call on him for aid.
- 11 Delay not therefore for a priest to send,
 'Till thou art sure thou canst no longer live;
 For then in vain shall he thy call attend,
 When none, on earth, can any comfort give.
- 12 Ah me!—how many thousand *Britons* fall,
 And die, like brutal beasts, without a pray'r!
 Because they do not for a pastor call,
 To teach them—how they shou'd for death prepare.
- 13 Though God is able to preserve all those,
 Who have this necessary work delay'd:
 Yet there is no small reason to suppose,
 That few are sav'd, without their pastor's aid.
- 14 Send for a clergyman without delay,
 When sickness does at first thy body seize,
 Who by his skill may purge thy sins away:
 For sin's the fatal source of each disease!
- 15 Next to the Curate—for the Doctor send,
 And seek for aid from thy Physician's skill,
 For God by them does oft mankind befriend,
 And gives them knowledge to remove each ill.
- 16 As God himself the priesthood did ordain,
 To heal the various evils of the mind:
 So from our bodies to remove all pain,
 The art of physic was at first design'd.

- 17 Many a man has thro' perverseness di'd,
Because he wou'd not a physician use——
As if to shorten his own days he tri'd,
And to live longer here, he did not chuse.
- 18 Our bodies are the houses of the soul;
It is the duty then of ev'ry man,
To see these houses are kept clean and whole,
And made to last as long as e'er they can.
- 19 To the physician then, with faith, apply,
When thou art first by any illness seiz'd:
For that bless'd art descending from on high,
To give relief and health to the diseas'd.
- 20 For he, that does the healing art neglect,
Which God ordain'd the sons of men to save,
Does that blest food, which nature gave, reject,
And sinks a suicide into his grave.
- 21 The simplest herb, that's gather'd in the field——
The vilest drug, that can on earth be found——
May perfect health and speedy succour yield,
And, if God pleases, with success be crown'd.
- 22 A plaister made of figs (if from above
'Tis blest) may heal the most invet'rate sore,
And the most common med'cine may remove
An ail, that yielded to no art before.
- 23 Though thou of balm and nectar wert possess'd——
Of the bezoar stone, or of a flood
Of wine and oil, with myrrh and flower, unblest'd
By God—they ne'er cou'd do thee any good.
- 24 Yet do not on the Doctor's skill rely,
For any med'cine that e'er yet was tri'd——
Lest thou, like *Aſa*, thou'dst be doom'd to die,
Because thou didst not in thy God confide.
- 25 There is no pow'r in any herb or plant——
No virtue in a salve, or draught remains,
(If God does not his benediction grant)
To cure our ails, or mitigate our pains.

- 26 God often does the meanest med'cine bless,
And drugs, thro' Him, o'er maladies prevail :
They, through his blessing, meet with full success,
If He with-holds it, they're of no avail.
- 27 Upon thy med'cines do not thou neglect
The GODHEAD's needful blessing to implore——
The best, without it, are of no effect,
But will to poison change their healing pow'r.
- 28 Never to conjurers, or wizzards fly,
To charm, howe'er acute, thy pains away :
Such leave their own, and sinfully apply
To Ekron's god, their anguish to allay.
- 29 Seek not such means, thy body's health to mend,
From him, whose study 'tis, thy soul to kill :
There's no physician worse than the foul fiend,
That ever can attend thee, when thou'rt ill.
- 30 All divination is a mere deceit——
A snare, the Devil did himself ordain,
Each innocent and simple soul to cheat,
Whilst he pretends to charm away his pain.
- 31 A Charmer's but a factor for the fiend,
Taught the unthinking vulgar to deceive,
Who take much pains to quit their real friend,
And to the fiend adulterously cleave.
- 32 They cheat their bodies, and their souls destroy,
They anger God, and give the fiend delight,
They CHRIST renounce, and each celestial joy,
Who have recourse unto those arts of night.
- 33 He does the Devil for his Doctor crave,
Whoever to a Conjuror applies,
And fain the fiend wou'd for his pastor have,
Who, to such folks for information flies.
- 34 Truth, they expect from falsehood's lying fire,
Whoe'er consult with the divining train :
They slay their souls, who from such cheats enquire
For charms to cure, or mitigate their pain.

- 35 Avoid a wizard, as thou wou'dst the fiend,
 He tempts thee, but he cant thy pain appease:
 Cleave thou to CHRIST unto thy latter end,
 Ask ease of Him, and He will give thee ease.
-

A Prayer for a sick Person before he takes Physic.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of health, who all the plants that grow
 Hast form'd! who hast the tyrant Death subdu'd!
 Thy blessing on this medicine bestow,
 Which thou hast with salubrious pow'rs endu'd!
- 2 Thou various herbs and drugs of ev'ry kind
 Didst, for the benefit of man, ordain,
 Which were at first for his relief design'd,
 Whene'er attack'd by sickness and by pain.
- 3 I therefore, in obedience to thy will,
 Have now recourse unto the healing art,
 In hopes of health from my physicians skill:
 Thy blessing, LORD! upon the means impart.
- 4 I know full well, no med'cine here below
 Can my inveterate disease subdue,
 If thou dost not thy benison bestow
 On him, who gives, and him, who takes it too.
- 5 Then to these drugs, O LORD! thy blessing give,
 Which I this moment am about to take,
 That my disorder'd frame they may relieve,
 And ev'ry pain dispel and ev'ry ake.
- 6 The simple figs, of old, at thy command
 King *Hezekiah's* dang'rous ail reliev'd:
 Bid thou, O LORD! this med'cine, out of hand,
 Remove the malady, with which I'm griev'd.
- 7 Thou with the liver of a fish, of yore,
 Didst heal old *Tobit's* long benighted eyes
 Do thou to me immediate health restore
 By the prescription that before me lies.
- 8 As thou impow'red'st *Jordan's* limpid wave,
 To wash the *Syrian's* leprosy away:
 So give this physic pow'r my life to save,
 And my distemper's fury to allay!

- 9 As with thy spittle only, thou, O LORD!
Of the blind man a perfect cure didst make;
So let me be to perfect health restor'd
By this same dose, which I'm about to take.
- 10 With, or without these means (didst thou but please)
Thou cou'dst the most confirm'd disease subdue:
Thou hast the pow'r, to give me present ease——
O, join the will unto the pow'r—do!
- 11 But, if my dissolution thou hast will'd,
And to thy mercy summon'd me away,
O, may thy sacred pleasure be fulfill'd!
With due submission I thy will obey.
- 12 Vouchsafe, O LORD! to give me strength and grace,
Vouchsafe to give me fortitude, the while,
That I, with patience; my disease may face,
And, like a martyr, at it's tortures smile!
- 13 Give me thy pow'rful spirit, O my God!
That, in my weakness, I may courage find
To praise thy name, to bear thy cross and rod,
With resignation and a willing mind.
- 14 Bid thou me be prepar'd, to be dissolv'd,
That to thy kingdom I may quickly fly,
And yield my soul into thy hands, resolv'd
Ever to live with thee—tho' now I die.
- 15 I know, O LORD! that thou this dire disease
Canst, at thy pleasure, totally remove——
Yet, if thou wilt not these my pains appease——
O take my soul into the joys above!

Another on the same Subject.

- 1 **T**HOU God of mercy! consolation's SIRE!
Thou author of my health, my chief delight!
Hear an afflicted sinner's warm desire,
Who begs for aid, and favour in thy fight!
- 2 Before thine eyes my sev'ral vices come,
With all the errors of a life mis-spent:
So black their hue! so countless was their sum!
Thou therefore hast on me this sickness sent.

- 3 Had I been justly punish'd for each crime,
I merited a penance more severe,
A forer sickness, and a shorter time,
Nay, far acuter pains I ought to bear.
- 4 My neck might have been broke in racking pain,
And, for my sins, my life brought to an end,
I might, for them, have been or drown'd, or slain,
No time allow'd my morals to amend.
- 5 It was thy love on me this sickness brought,
(I see it now most evidently clear.)
To punish me for ev'ry secret fault,
And rouse me up to penitence sincere.
- 6 Thou dost not, Source of ev'ry good! desire
That any sinner shou'd forever die,
But rather his amendment dost require,
That he may live to all eternity.
- 7 By this my corp'ral sufferance, 'tis plain,
That I must once to death a victim fall,
And by this pungent grief, and piercing pain,
Thou dost thy servant to repentance call.
- 8 Though thy displeasure I so much deserve,
Do not, O LORD! thy utmost pow'r employ,
Exert not all thy wrath without reserve,
Chastise me, gracious GOD! but don't destroy.
- 9 Thy shafts, O LORD! have pierc'd me to the heart,
My bones are broken, none of them are whole,
My spirit grieves thro' th' agonizing smart,
Come, LORD, and whisper comfort to my soul!
- 10 Thou, for my sins, hast dealt me many a wound,
And I've deserv'd them all, I must confess:
Yet none, but thee, my SAVIOUR, can be found,
Who can relieve me in my great distress.
- 11 Thou dost the sinner slay, and thou dost save,
Thou woundest, and dost give the med'cine too,
Thou bringest to, thou savest from, the grave,
Thou mercy and correction both dost shew.

- 12 'Tis thou, O LORD ! that dost inflict disease,
 'Tis thou alone canst give me health, O LORD !
 And none besides can give me any ease,
 Nor any comfort in my case afford.
- 13 For thy great kindness and thy mercy's sake,
 And for the honour of thy glorious name,
 Forgive my sins, my pain less pungent make,
 Rescue my soul, support this feeble frame.
- 14 If thou hast not set bounds unto my age,
 And mark'd the time, whereon my life must cease,
 Do thou, O GOD ! this racking pain assuage,
 And give me some—tho' but a little, ease.
- 15 Return, O LORD ! my fainting heart to cheer ;
 How long shall thy destroying anger burn ?
 Observe my woes, my plaintive accents hear,
 O heal me now, and from thy fury turn !
- 16 During my illness, make, O LORD ! my bed,
 My sackcloth rend, and turn to joy my grief,
 Dry up the tears, which I so long have shed,
 Assuage my pain, and give me some relief.
- 17 Forgive my faults, allay this raging smart,
 And save me from th' unfathom'd pit of hell,
 That I may worship thee with all my heart,
 And, whilst I live, thy boundless praises tell.
- 18 Who in the grave thy glorious name shall laud ?
 Or who shall praise thee in the realms of death ?
 O spare my life, my ever-gracious GOD !
 That I may praise thee with my latest breath.
- 19 So shall I chant thy glory and thy praise,
 And ever in the pleasing task rejoice,
 And magnify thy name, throughout my days,
 For health restor'd, with elevated voice.
-

An Admonition to a Sick Person, to make his will
 in time, and to dispose of his Effects in the fear
 of GOD.

- 1 **I**F thou already hast not made thy will,
 No longer that important work neglect,

- But share thy substance, to thy utmost skill,
As Justice and Christianity direct.
- 2 That he thy mind may with his wisdom guide,
His Holy Spirit of thy God desire,
To teach thee, how thou mayst thy wealth divide,
As is most pleasing to thy heav'nly SIRE.
 - 3 To thy dear SAVIOUR's care, thy soul devise,
Thy body to it's pristine dust commend,
'Till from the grave it shall in glory rise,
And to the mansions of the just ascend.
 - 4 As *Jacob* did his uncle's sheep, do thou
From thy own goods thy neighbour's keep a-part;
Give ev'ry one thou dealest with, his due,
And pay thy debts, e'er thou dost hence depart.
 - 5 Insert not in thy will a single mite,
Thou by oppression or by fraud didst gain;
Lest they, whom thou hast injur'd of their right,
Shou'd, on the day of doom, to God complain.
 - 6 Presume not—if thou'dst save thy soul alive,
Unto thy children ill-got gains to grant;
To wantonness they will thy offspring drive,
And bring them soon to beggary and want.
 - 7 Though of three steers alone thou art possess'd
By right, amongst thy children to divide:
Yet shall those few with more increase be bless'd
Than thousands, wrongfully obtain'd, beside.
 - 8 The little parcel, which the Patriarch bought,
Better than *Joram*'s sin-stain'd kingdom throve,
And those few sheep which *Jacob* justly got,
Than all the flocks the guileful *Laban* drove.
 - 9 As *Naboth*'s vineyard by injustice gain'd,
Consum'd the whole that *Abab* once possesst:
So does the wealth, by wickedness obtain'd,
Corrode, however justly got, the rest.
 - 10 Whoe'er is with unrighteous riches curst,
He is like *Pharoah*'s meagre kine of yore,

Which eat the fat ones—yet, though almost burst,
They seem'd no fuller than they were before.

- 11 Whatever then is just and lawful, give
Among thy children, servants, and thy kin,
But dare not, if thou'dst save thy soul alive,
Bequeath to them, what has been earn'd by sin:
- 12 As GOD the manna formerly increas'd,
Or as the Widow's meal in substance throve,
Or as the cruse of oil, to flow ne'er ceas'd;
So shall the pittance, justly gain'd, improve.
- 13 The better part of what thou art possessest,
To *Isaac*, thy true heir, be sure to give,
Then wisely portion out among the rest,
(As thou canst best afford) wherewith to live.
- 14 Give to thy wife her thirds of thy estate,
Nor is it right that thou shou'dst give her less;
To give her more, wou'd but disputes create,
And bring perhaps thy offspring to distress.
- 15 Never thy servant turn unpaid away,
Thy poor relation from thy barn supply,
Rob not the needy lab'rer of his pay;
Wealth, by such ways acquir'd, aloud will cry.
- 16 The Gospel and the church remember still,
The school, or college, where thou wast maintain'd,
Thy native town, or county, in thy will;
If thou to pow'r and riches hast attain'd.
- 17 If thou art childless, and canst ought bestow,
If thou dost CHRIST, and his religion, love,
A * Free-school in neglected *Wales* endow,
Where youths, for want of teaching, can't improve.
- 18 Remember *Joseph*, that in prison lies,
To *Lazarus*, his daily dole allow,
Give thy alms now, if thou art truly wise,
'Tis the last gift perchance thou canst bestow!

* This piece of Charity our Author himself perform'd at *Llandoverry*,
tho' by the dishonesty of some of his Successors, it took no effect—at
least not long.

- 19 If to thy friends, thou shalt impart thy store,
Thy children, or thy wife, 'tis their's alone,
But what thou givest to the truly poor,
Is hoarded for thyself, and all thy own.
- 20 Return, whatever thou hast filch'd away,
Whom thou hast wrong'd (far as thou canst) redress;
E'er thy removal hence, thy just debts pay :—
When once thou'rt in, from hell, there's no regress.
- 21 The pan, the pot, the household goods restore,
The houses, tenements, and ill-earn'd gains,
To them, to whom they did belong before,
Lest thou shou'dst go to everlasting pains.
- 22 Let not the farm, which thou hast forc'd away
From thy poor neighbour, sore against the grain,
Occasion thee to lose the realms of day :
Give him his land and tenement again.
- 23 Now, like *Zaccheus*, thou may'st make amends
For all th' oppressive acts which thou hast done ;
But it no longer on thyself depends,
To pay a mite—when thou to hell art thrown,
- 24 Agree with him, whom thou hast wrong'd, in haste,
E'er thou art brought before thy Judge to stand ;
Lest thou shou'dst be to hell's deep dungeon cast,
Where thou must satisfy his whole demand.
- 25 Though now, no more than any Turk or Jew,
Thou dost the Gospel of our LORD obey ;
Yet this neglect, e'er many days, thou'lt rue,
And tear the flesh from thine own arms away.
- 26 How many thousands have to hell been thrown,
Because they did not, what they stole, restore,
Who'd give the world, this day, was it their own,
In satisfaction to the injur'd poor.
- 27 Thou shalt be pardon'd, so thou dost repent,
Shou'dst thou against the LORD himself transgress ;
But if thou shou'dst thy neighbour circumvent,
God ne'er will pardon, 'till he meets redress :
- 28 But

- 28 But if the persons, thou hast wrong'd, are dead,
 Unto their heirs, what thou hast stol'n, restore,
 Or shou'd they from their native land be fled,
 Then give that portion to the neighb'ring poor.
- 29 Give not (what is not thine indeed to give)
 Amongst thy heirs, another person's due :
 'Twill sink thee to the pit of hell, and drive
 Thy beggar'd offspring the bad act to rue.
- 30 Give not among thy children in thy will,
 What thou hast got by usury, or wrong,
 Or any method fraudulently ill :
 Gains of that sort endure but seldom long.
- 31 Observe the griping us'ers sons and heirs,
 Those of th' oppressor, and successful thief,
 How each from church to church for pence repairs,
 And daily with his wallet begs relief !
- 32 Such shall the fate of thine own offspring be !
 If thou amongst them ill-got wealth shalt share :
 For God will visit, as we oft may see,
 The fathers sins upon the hapless heir.
- 33 Place then the fear of God before thy sight,
 When thou by will thy substance doth bequeath,
 Give unto each what is his proper right,
 And justly share thy wealth, before thy death.
- 34 May God thy heart in this great work direct——
 May God impow'r thee thy account to give——
 May God thy mind from all mistakes protect——
 May God preserve thy precious soul alive.
-

A Letter from Sir *Lewis Mansel*, of *Margam*, in
Glamorganshire, as 'tis suppos'd to the Vicar *Prichard*.

THE LETTER.

Rev. Sir,

- I **F**OR many years now past, a dire disease,
 And dreadful dizziness affects my brain ;
 So that I can't by any means have ease,
 Nor, O my God ! get riddance of my pain.

- 2 I've often sought advice for this disease
From men of practice and reputed skill;
Nay, I have even cross'd the raging seas,
In hopes to find assistance for this ill.
- 3 But now all temporal relief does fail,
To men of sense and piety I send,
O'er land and sea, concerning this odd ail,
And for advice on which I may depend.
- 4 I fain wou'd know, "Whether the gracious God
"Who rules this world below, and those above,
"Has chast'ned me with his afflictive rod,
"And sent this ail—in anger, or in love?"

The VICAR's Answer.

- 1 **Y**OU tell me, worthy Sir, that God has sent
On you an ail, no phyfic can remove,
And that you fain wou'd find out his intent,
Whether He sent it, out of wrath, or love?
- 2 I tell thee, then, thy scruples to remove,
As plain as words can point it out—that God
Did not chastise thee out of hate, but love,
When thou wert beaten by affliction's rod.
- 3 'Tis not a foe, but an indulgent Sire,
That treats thee thus with a correction mild,
And humbles the rebellious flesh entire,
That He by any means may save his child.
- 4 Thy pain is but a messenger of love
Which CHRIST himself in kindness deign'd to send,
That He thy patience and thy faith might prove,
And to forewarn thee of thy latter end.
- 5 Welcome him then——come He, whenever He will,
And bear thy trouble with a patient mind——
And thank thy gracious Sire for his good-will,
And the correction for thy good design'd.
- 6 Thy present trouble will not hurt thee more,
Than does the purge that carries off the bile,
But rather make thee fitter than before,
To relish life and pleasure yet a while.

- 7 No wine, unmix'd with lees, was ever known——
 No gold, without some dross, was ever seen——
 No grain, entirely clean, was ever sown——
 No man, but one, was ever free from sin.
- 8 To fan thy chaff—to fine thy drossy part——
 To draw thy dregs—thy morals to amend——
 To tame thy flesh—and to improve thy heart——
 It was, that God did thy disorder send.
- 9 'Twas not to marr thee, but thy ways to mend——
 'Twas not to give thee a complete o'erthrow——
 But to instruct, and guide thee, as a friend,
 That the ALMIGHTY gave thee such a blow.
- 10 Old *Adam* sinn'd, e'en in the earliest times——
Lot had his lusts—and *Noah* drank too deep——
Aaron and *Moses* too were stain'd with crimes——
 E'en *Paul* and *Peter* for their sins might weep.
- 11 Be thou assur'd by me, most worthy Knight!
 (Although thy life is virtuous in the main)
 Thy conversation is not faultless quite;
 However great thy parts, thou'rt still a man.
- 12 It makes thee cast each worldly thought aside——
 It makes thee strive each virtue to obtain——
 It makes thee spurn the world, and all its pride,
 To follow CHRIST with all thy might and main.
- 13 O therefore praise thy FATHER, that's above,
 For his instructions and paternal care,
 Who makes thee, out of his abundant love,
 Thus in his righteousness receive a share!
- 14 God punishes the children of his love,
 His greatest fav'rites oft'nest feel the rod,
 Lest they shou'd 'mongst ungracious worldlings rove,
 And be rebellious to the will of God.
- 15 God scourges most, whom he does most respect,
 And his own children lays the hardest on;
 The man whom he does not for sin correct,
 Must be a bastard, not a lawful son.

- 16 No wheat, 'till winnow'd, free from chaff is known,
 No unbleach'd cambrick, is for whiteness priz'd,—
 No gold is pure, 'till it is melted down—
 No Christian good—'till he has been chastiz'd.
- 17 The frankincense will yield no smell, 'till li't—
 The grape no wine, 'till in the vintage trod—
 The flint, 'till struck, no fire will e'er emit—
 The man no fruit, 'till he has felt the rod.
- 18 Cloves will, when pounded, give a stronger scent—
 Vines will, by cutting, more luxuriant rove—
 The palm will grow the more, for being bent—
 The man will, for correction, better prove.
- 29 The more the fragrant chamomile is press'd,
 The more it scatters it's perfumes abroad—
 The more a Christian is on earth distress'd,
 The more his faith, the more his fear of God.
- 20 Remember thou that the ALMIGHTY Pow'r
 Does, for thy benefit alone, give pain.
 The pain perhaps may not endure an hour,
 But, for a whole eternity, the gain.
- 21 Despair not then, when by thy ail thou'rt seiz'd,
 Thy life is in thy great CREATOR's hand,
 Who can restore thy health, whene'er he's pleas'd,
 And give thee ease—if thou wilt ease demand.
- 22 Take comfort, elevate thy drooping heart,
 Be full of faith, thyself a man approve;
 CHRIST soon will come, and his blest'd aid impart,
 He'll soothe thy pains, and thy disease remove.
- 23 The Hand, that fell'd, can lift thee up again,
 The spear, that gave the sore, can heal the sore;
 And He, who sent thy pain, can ease thy pain,
 And to the health he took away, restore.
- 24 Cry out for help to the celestial Pow'r,
 He is thy Father, and will hear thy cry,
 His help he'll give, if thou'lt his help implore;
 Beg it with fervor, and he can't deny.

- 25 What'er the nature is of thy disease,
He can give ease, he perfect health can give;
Pray then for ease, and he will give thee ease;
Confide in him, and he will ne'er deceive.
- 26 If he shou'd not, just at thy wish, remove,
Suffer with patience yet a-while, the load:
When for thy soul 'tis best, thou soon shalt prove
The pow'rful aid of thy indulgent God.
- 27 No longer shalt thou be attack'd by pain,
Nor shall it to a greater height increase,
Than God thinks proper, for thy body's gain,
And for thy precious soul's eternal peace.
- 28 Thy sorrows only for a while endure,
Long pleasure shall succeed the moment's pain;
Be patient therefore, 'till thou hast a cure,
And many years thou may'st enjoy again.
- 29 May he, who kindly strength'ned *Job*, to be
In his unequal'd suff'rings so resign'd,
With his celestial Spirit strengthen thee,
To bear thy sickness with a patient mind.
- 30 May he who sent an angel from above
To soothe, near *Cedron's* stream, his Son's distress,
Another send, out of his wond'rous love,
To comfort thee, and make thy suff'rings less.
- 31 Thou didst in health a good example show,
How we may lead lives good and pious here;
Give us the like again, to teach us how
We may, with resignation, sickness bear.
- 32 Permit, thy gracious SIRE, thy wounds to dress,
Permit him from thy flesh, the thorn to pluck,
Permit him, the foul matter to express,
To cleanse the sore, and thence the poison suck.
- 33 Permit thy SAVIOUR to extract the sting——
The serpent's deadly sting, that galls thy heel,
Lest to thy heart the venom thence shou'd spring,
And thy poor soul the smart forever feel.

- 34 God does for thee a mighty care exprefs,
And better thou shou'dst bear, than most, the pain :
He purges thee, at present, through distress,
That thou may'st everlasting health obtain.
- 35 God makes thee fit, whilst thou on earth dost stay,
Thy parts in the celestial scenes to bear ;
He cleanses all the filthiness away,
Which might, 'twixt thee and heaven, interfere.
- 36 Thou art a stone, for sacred works design'd,
Thou must be par'd by God's own hammer, clean,
Thou must be rul'd, and levell'd to his mind,
If thou in heaven to reside dost mean.
- 37 Thou art, as corn, intended for the Lord,
And must be soundly thrash'd, whilst thou art here ;
Thy chaff too must be clear'd, e'er at the board
Of CHRIST above, 'tis fit thou shou'dst appear.
- 38 Much sweetness, for the time already past,
Thou hast receiv'd, e'er first thou drew'st thy breath,
Of bitterness thou must some portion taste
Again, like thy REDEEMER, e'er thy death,
- 39 Take thou a sip of that imbitter'd cup
Which CHRIST before thee, to the bottom quafft ;
Our blessed MASTER freely drank it up ;
And must not each disciple take a draught ?
- 40 Remember thou, that CHRIST did undergo,
For our transgressions here, much greater pain,
A greater weight of agony, and woe :
Let us a little, in our turn, sustain.
- 41 Reflect that there is scarce a saint above,
Though now imparadis'd amongst the blest,
Who did not a much greater sufferer prove :
And thou must suffer too, like all the rest.
- 42 *Abel*, was murder'd by his brother *Cain*,
Joseph, was sold to *Egypt* for a slave,
Isaiah, with a wooden saw was slain,
E'er they were suffer'd seats in heav'n to have.

- 43 Saint *Stephen* by the *Jews* was ston'd to death,
 Saint *Lawrence* broil'd alive in dreadful pain,
 Saint *James* was, by a spear, depriv'd of breath,
 E'er they were suffer'd heaven to obtain.
- 44 Saint *Peter* was, unto a cross, made fast,
 Saint *Bart'lomew*, was foully flay'd alive,
 Saint *John* was to a boiling cauldron cast,
 E'er they to God were suffer'd to arrive.
- 45 There never was a man, who sojourn'd here,
 And to the faith of *Jesus* gave assent,
 But did some evil or chastisement bear,
 Before he to the joys of heaven went.
- 46 From *Egypt* none to *Canaan* found the road,
 But through the sea, or through the mount of fire;
 No man in heaven ever made abode,
 Who did not to the narrow gate aspire.
- 47 The cross thou for a certainty must bear,
 E'er thou the crown triumphal canst obtain :
 In all my days, I never yet did hear
 That one the crown, without the cross, cou'd gain.
- 48 Like a good soldier, bear about thy cross,
 And thou shalt doubtlessly the crown obtain :
 With *Jesus* suffer ev'ry pain and loss,
 And thou shalt afterwards with *Jesus* reign.
- 49 Expect not heaven, whilst thou'rt here below,
 Expect not happiness, whilst yet alive,
 Expect not, never-ceasing health to know,
 Until to paradise thou shalt arrive.
- 50 No sweet, without a bitter, e'er was known,
 No perfect joy, without a dash of woe,
 Without the cross, none e'er receiv'd the crown,
 Without some grief; none e'er to bliss did go.
- 51 No Patriarch, Prophet, Martyr, ever yet,
 No, nor Apostle, was allow'd to go
 From this our globe, before he paid this debt—
 Not even *CHRIST*, before he suffer'd woe.

- 52 Then do not you, dear Sir, expect to find,
What none on earth did ever find before;
But labour all you can, with patient mind,
To bear the load your blessed SAVIOUR bore.
- 53 Remember CHRIST endur'd a thousand times
More pain, than thou dost at the present bear,
That on the cross he suffer'd for thy crimes;
And thou'lt forget thy pains, howe'er severe.
- 54 Believe me therefore—it was out of love,
That CHRIST with this disease did thee correct,
And that thou mightest, to conviction, prove
Thereby, that thou art one of his elect.
- 55 Remember thou that ev'ry thing is found
To turn out to the true believer's gain,
Each cross and loss, and ev'ry smarting wound,
His adverse state, and agonizing pain.
- 56 Remember likewise still, whilst thou hast breath,
That nothing can the faithful soul remove,
Nor loss, nor cross, nor the grim tyrant, Death,
From his CREATOR's, and his SAVIOUR's love.
- 57 May He, who rais'd his friend with mighty pow'r
To perfect health, from his sepulchral cell,
Thee also to thy former health restore,
And, from thy bed of sickness, make thee well.
- 58 May He, who spar'd the faithful patriarch's heir,
On *Moriab's* top from the up-lifted knife,
With similar indulgence kindly spare,
Yet many years, thy valuable life.
- 59 May He, who formerly his prophet sent
To heal the pious *Hezekiah's* sore,
Now send an angel with the same intent,
Who may Sir *Lewis Mansel's* health restore!

Reasons to persuade the Sick to be patient.

- 1 DID it not answer some benign intent
To mortify the flesh, and mend the mind,
The SIRE of mercies never wou'd have sent
Disease, on any of our favour'd kind.

- 2 God, doubtless, saw the danger of thy soul
O'erwhelm'd with sins of an enormous size,
And that He ne'er cou'd have preserv'd it whole,
Did He not by disease those sins chastize.
- 3 Had it not been for that imbitter'd bowl,
Which the inveterate disease o'ercame,
Thy unrepentant, unforgiving soul
Must have been doom'd to everlasting flame.
- 4 By corp'ral smart and agonizing pain,
God saves the soul, and to it's SAVIOUR leads;
Where flowing bliss and endless joys remain
For him, who reformation's footsteps treads.
- 5 Through sickness, 'tis that God impels the heart,
The sacred aid of JESUS to desire,
And gives salvation to the nobler part,
Lest it shou'd go to hell's tremendous fire.
- 6 By some short fits He oft restrains
The sons of men from everlasting dole,
And by inflicting on them grievous pains,
He mortifies the flesh, to save the soul.
- 7 Not only pain, but punishment severe,
Thy sins have merited, and vengeance dire;
Thy sickness then with resignation bear;
Since it, in love, was sent thee by thy SIRE.
- 8 Thy neck, for thy bad life, He might have bow'd,
And hurl'd thee headlong to th' abyss of hell,
(Not the least time for penitence allow'd!)
Among the damn'd in penal fire to dwell.
- 9 Then thank him for the terrors He employ'd,
And the correction He so kindly sent:
Since He might utterly have thee destroy'd,
Or in *Gehenna's* gloomy prison pent.
- 10 Had God so will'd, thou mightest have been seiz'd
And sore tormented, at the foe's command;
Whereas He now most graciously is pleas'd,
To punish thee with a paternal hand.

- 11 The LORD does not chastize thee—like a foe,
Who joys to see his enemy undone;
But with most mild indulgence treats thee so,
As a fond fire wou'd treat a fav'rite son.
- 12 Though thou art roughly-handled by thy God,
Yet still the humbled penitent he loves ;
Each gentle stroke of his correcting rod,
An antidote, or healing plaister, proves.
- 13 Thy God, whose goodness none can e'er express,
And thy celestial SIRE, so wisely-kind !
Will not inflict diseases, or distress,
Which are not wholly for thy good design'd.
- 14 GOD does thy pain, thy frame, thy pow'rs of mind,
Thy temper, and thy constitution know :
A cross, that suits thy nature, thou shalt find ;
No load, above thy strength, He'll on thee throw.
- 15 Tho' aloe is full bitter to the taste,
Yet many'a man has it preserv'd from death ;
So, though all ails are grievous, while they last,
Yet oft they keep us from the pit beneath.
- 16 Some thousands now in fell *Gehenna* groan,
Who wou'd endure a greater load of pain,
And there for years unnumber'd make their moan,
Cou'd they, then, hope redemption to obtain.
- 17 It is a certain token of GOD's love,
By some disease to feel his weighty hand,
Which may prepare us for the realms above,
E'er we before his dread tribunal stand.
- 18 Disease is but a whip, to scourge design'd,
Not a sharp sword, ordain'd to murder thee,
'Tis a keen goad, to wake the torpid mind,
And not an ax, to fell the growing tree.
- 19 It is a flail, thy chaffy corn to thresh,
A fan, to purge the floor, thou didst neglect,
A furnace 'tis, to purify thy flesh,
An iron rod thy errors to correct.

- 20 Honey is not, for a full stomach, good,
Nor, for ungodly men, a prosp'rous way,
Wine, for the fev'rish, is no proper food,
Nor is health good, for those that disobey.
- 21 Thou hast not near so great a share of pain,
As many of thy brethren have endur'd,
Who now in the celestial seats remain,
The former pass'd, from future woes secur'd.
- 22 Poor *Lazarus* endur'd more pungent woe,
And *Job* with heavier troubles was oppress'd,
(E'en *CHRIST* himself did greater undergo)
But they in endless blifs at present rest.
- 23 If thou'lt be therefore patient in distress,
God will indulge thee this peculiar grace :
" He'll either make thy pains and troubles less,
" Or else receive thee to his holy place."

A comfortable Conference between a pious sick Man
and his Soul, against the Fear of Death.

- 1 **M**Y coward soul, why dost thou dread
To thy REDEEMER *CHRIST* to go,
Who his heart's blood so freely shed,
To save thee from the insulting foe ?
- 2 Why dost thou fear to try that coast,
Where *CHRIST* in endless blifs resides
With the great *SIRE*, and th' *HOLY GHOST*,
And all the glorious saints besides ?
- 3 My SAVIOUR, my REDEEMER's gone
Before me to that sacred place.
LORD, draw thy member to thy throne,
And quicken thou my ling'ring pace !
- 4 Cheer up thy spirits—raise thy head——
Why wilt thou live in so much fear ?
Behold thy SAVIOUR's bloody bed,
There, now is nothing frightful there.
- 5 See, O my soul, thy SAVIOUR come !
Thy Guardian, thy Protector see !
See there thy pardon ! see thy home !
See there the joys prepar'd for thee !

- 6 Look not at sin, avert thy head
Lo! for thy fins the Lambkin bleeds!
Thy awful judge's looks ne'er dread,
Thy cause his darling JESUS pleads.
- 7 Fear not the jaundice-visag'd king,
Death can do nothing, but remove
(Since CHRIST has pluck'd away his sting)
Thee hence, unto the realms above.
- 8 Boldly the fiend's assaults despise,
Since angels night and day attend,
And CHRIST, the Lamb with seven eyes,
Thy soul each moment to defend.
- 9 The gloomy grave no longer dread,
Where JESUS, thy REDEEMER, lay,
Who warm'd for all that clay-cold bed,
Until their resurrection-day.
- 10 The pains of hell no longer mind,
'Tis CHRIST, that keeps the key of fate;
'Tis CHRIST, the SAVIOUR of mankind,
Of death and hell, who guards the gate.
- 11 Cheer up thy spirits, raise thy head,
Why wilt thou live in so much fear?
Behold thy SAVIOUR's bloody bed,
There now is nothing frightful there!
- 12 Take comfort, rear thy downcast eyes,
Above this earthly ball aspire,
Observe the heavens, JESUS' prize!
The heav'ns, of which he made thee heir!
- 13 See there thy throne! see there thy crown!
Thy palm weav'd wreath! thy white array!
(Which JESUS bought and made thy own)
Above in the bright realms of day.
- 14 See CHRIST, and all the angelic choir——
See all the saints, and just, above——
Who long to see thy soul aspire,
And fold thee in their arms of love.

- 15 Prepare thy lyre, thy viol bring—
 Prepare thy hymns and sacred lays,
 That thou above may'st boldly sing
 A strain, to thy REDEEMER's praise.
- 16 Then for thy dissolution cry,
 And beg to go to CHRIST, thy spouse,
 That thou may'st mount above the sky,
 Releas'd from this vile prison-house:
- 17 Where GOD and all th' angelic train,
 The Son, and ev'ry saint of His,
 Where his Apostles with him reign
 In honour, joy, and endless bliss!
- 18 Where, there's no sickness, grief, or pain,
 Where, there's no sorrow nor annoy,
 Where neither Death nor sadness reign,
 But everlasting bliss and joy.
- 19 Long then with rapid flight to move
 To the bright mansions of the blest,
 Where thy REDEEMER dwells above,
 And has prepar'd his nuptial feast.
- 20 But, O! take proper care to wear,
 Thy gorgeous jewels on thy breast,
 That thou before him may'st appear
 In all thy bridal fin'ry drest.
- 21 In *David's* well, or the Lamb's gore
 In tears of real penitence,
 Cleanse all thy filth, and wash thee o'er,
 In peace, true faith, and innocence.
- 22 Fill thou thy lamp with oil, and light
 Thy candle, to avoid surprize,
 Wake, watch, and pray, the live-long night,
 And, 'till CHRIST comes, ne'er close thine eyes.
- 23 Awake, expect with sleepless eye
 The hour, wherein thy spouse will come,
 And, like the hart, ne'er cease to cry.
 'Till CHRIST has made thy breast his home.

24 Say,

- 24 Say unto him—" 'Tis time to move,"
 Say—" Come, O LORD, in haste to me!"
 Say—" Come, O CHRIST, my only love!"
 " O come, and draw my soul to thee!"
- 25 Into thy hand with pleasing thought
 My soul, O gracious LORD! I give:
 For, with a price, thou hast me bought;
 Then to thy mercy me receive!

Another Conference between the devout Sick Man,
 and his Soul.

- 1 **T**ELL me, my soul, and in good earnest tell,
 Why dost thou seem afraid to CHRIST to go,
 With him and his celestial host to dwell,
 From this vile Vale of misery and woe?
- 2 'Tis hard that thou art forc'd to leave thy wife,
 Thy children, family, and social train,
 Lands, houses, cattle, goods, here in this life,
 Never to have a sight of them again.
- 3 Howe'er take comfort, for thou shalt above
 Much greater wealth, and richer treasures boast,
 Thou firmer friends and comrades there shalt prove,
 In JESUS CHRIST and his angelic host:
- 4 And if thy children shall th' ALMIGHTY fear,
 And all their days in righteousness employ,
 Thou shalt thyself again behold them there,
 In endless glory, and in endless joy.
- 5 Instead of friends and comrades, thou above
 Shalt have the saints and the seraphic train,
 To treat thee with the most endearing love?
 Thy children too shall please thee, there, again.
- 6 Thy wife, thy children, and thy family,
 Leave thou to GOD—and on his aid depend,
 Who plainly has profess'd himself to be
 The Orphan's father, and the Widow's friend.
- 7 Prize not thy riches, nor thy paltry store,
 With greater wealth thou shalt above be bless'd,
 Than *Alexander* ever own'd—nay, more
 Than any conqueror on earth possess'd.

- 8 Ne'er mind thy house, though it a palace were,
In heav'n, each house is built by art divine,
The walls are made of pearl, and topaz, there,
And brighter than the clearest mirror shine.
- 9 Thy orchards, fields, and vineyards never mind;
Terrestrial riches ne'er too-highly prize;
Thou richer lands, and finer fruits shalt find,
And gardens much more fair in paradise.
- 10 On gold and silver lay no stress at all,
For gold in heav'n is strew'd beneath thy feet,
There pearls and gems erect each gorgeous wall,
And golden ingots pave each glitt'ring street.
- 11 Make no account of office, or of trade,
In heaven various offices are found,
The meanest, there, God's minister is made,
The meanest, there, a mighty king is crown'd.
- 12 Mind not gay ornaments, nor vestments fine,
In Paradise their garments all are white,
Thy own shall there with dazzling lustre shine,
Than the meridian sun itself more bright.
- 13 Of meat, which leaves thee hungry, never think,
The tree of Life itself in Eden grows,
Manna's their food — the fount of Life, their drink,
And there no end th' eternal banquet knows.
- 14 Make no account of music's pleasing sound,
Such pleasures oft are close-pursu'd by pain;
True joys in paradise alone are found —
Such joys as to eternity remain.
- 15 For any thing thou now enjoy'st, ne'er care,
But with the utmost application strive,
Thyself, for thy removal, to prepare,
That thou in endless joys with CHRIST may'st live.
- 16 Where more true ease, and pleasures more refin'd,
For thy acceptance are long since prepar'd,
Than can be wish'd by the most craving mind,
Or by the most loquacious tongue declar'd.

- 17 Go therefore, and to CHRIST with pleasure cleave—
To CHRIST, thy Chief, thy Lord and Master, too:
The world, and all its low enjoyments leave,
Thy parents dear—that thou to Christ may'st go.
- 18 Instead of the precarious things below,
Which he has only lent thee at the best,
Thou shalt have goods which shall no change e'er know,
To be by thee eternally possess'd.
- 19 Thou shalt, without disorder, health enjoy,
Thou shalt, without anxiety, have ease,
Thou shalt have happiness, without annoy,
Thou shalt, without alloy, have perfect peace.
- 20 No wound, no woe, no pain, shall vex thee there,
No hunger, thirst, nor trouble, shalt thou know,
No grief, no loud lament, no sigh, no tear,
Shall ever plague thee more—nor any foe:
- 21 But thou shalt live with endless pleasure crown'd,
And of eternal happiness possess'd,
With myriads of his angels guarded round,
To praise thy gracious God among the bless'd.
- 22 There shalt thou sit upon a splendid seat,
The praises of the blessed Lamb to sing,
And high-voic'd Hallelujahs to repeat,
Unto thy merciful and glorious King.
- 23 Who wou'd not now the world and all it's woe,
And all it's riches, quit—that he might cleave
To his REDEEMER, and to heaven go;
Provided that th' ALMIGHTY gave him leave?
- 24 Thine eyes, may thy CREATOR open wide,
The kingdom of thy guardian CHRIST to see,
May God his Spirit give, thy steps to guide,
Prepare thyself for such felicity.

A Short Dissertation against the Fear of Death, and
concerning the Benefit that accrues from a
righteous Death.

A Las! that man did thoroughly but know,
What gifts from Death unto the godly flow!

He ne'er wou'd dread his prefence, but rejoice,
And for his coming cry with earnest voice !

2 Death puts an end to all this motley scene,
Our miseries, and ev'ry act unclean,
And steers the saints through a tempestuous sea,
Unto the haven, where they wish to be.

3 Death, after all our troubles, makes our beds,
That we thereon may lay our weary'd heads,
And gives us ease and happiness at last,
When all our straits and grievances are past.

4 Death buries all our errors in the grave,
Ev'ry disorder, ev'ry pain we have,
So that no sort of error, or disease,
Shall any more our minds and bodies seize.

5 Death often takes the pious soul away,
Lest he shou'd live unto the fatal day,
When woes shall overwhelm his native place,
And dire calamities attack his race.

6 Death snatches off the simple, from among
The dang'rous converse of the sinful throng,
Lest they to vice shou'd prompt, and spur them on,
To do the things they ought not to have done.

7 Death will the righteous of the rags divest——
The filthy rags, wherein they here were drest,
And clothe them in a vesture loose and gay,
Salvation's robes, and ever-bright array !

8 Death sets at liberty the joyous soul,
From a close dungeon, dreary, dark, and foul,
That it may see the GODHEAD's glorious light,
And worship him, in holiness, aright.

9 Death does the soul of man at once unbind,
From the vile clay, to which it here is join'd,
And in a moment does to CHRIST unite,
Her lovely consort in the realms of night.

10 Death does the just to the bright seats above,
Amongst the angels of the LORD remove,

From this old house, whose shatter'd roof we dread,
Lest it shou'd fall each moment on our head.

- 11 Death leads them out of *Sodom's* fatal plain,
To the hill country, from the fi'ry rain,
And brings the pious, (from all terrors free,)
From *Egypt*, to the land of liberty.
- 12 Death, from this world the souls of men conveys,
That round their brows with ever-beaming rays
The crown may shine, which, thro' much pain and woe,
CHRIST bought for all, who serve him well below.
- 13 The good, from all their troubles, he relieves,
Their num'rous woes, and miserable lives,
To joy and glory points the certain road,
Where real pleasure makes her fix'd abode.
- 14 What Christian then shou'd be of Death afraid,
Who lends to man so readily his aid,
Who bears him safe thro' trouble's thorny ways,
And to the palace of his God conveys?
- 15 Let thou the Pagan, to each virtue dead,
Let thou the Turk, grim Death's approaches dread:
But let not the true Christian be in pain
To pass through Death, a glorious crown to gain.
- 16 A day of pardon, and of jubilee,
A day, that from all sorrow sets us free,
A day, that from those prison-cells beneath
Unchains our souls, is this same day of Death.
- 17 The day of Death (we shou'd that reason mind)
Is that, whereon we are to Jesus join'd:
We therefore, on it, shou'd be blithe and gay,
It is our feast, our coronation-day.
- 18 It is the day, that ends our mortal race,
The day, that takes us from this woe-fraught place,
The day, that fully pays us all our hire,
The day, that finishes our whole career.
- 19 The day, that brings us to the bright abode
Of our REDEEMER, the belov'd of God,

And cloaths each Christian in his best array,
His robes and crown—such is the happy day!

A PRAYER, to direct a Sick Man what Things
are most necessary for him to ask, and to medi-
tate upon, in his Illness.

- 1 **T**HOU God of pity, stay this sore disease!
Thou God of mercy, give thy servant ease!
Thou best of all physicians, make me whole!
Thou Son of God, give comfort to my soul!
- 2 Snatch me from hell's dun gloom to open day,
Remove all blindness from my mind away,
(So that I soon may see my dang'rous state)
And my pain'd conscience's keen pangs abate!
- 3 Make me, like *David*, heartily repent—
Make me, like *Magdalene*, my crimes lament—
Make me, like *Nineveh*, my errors own,
And in the dust my sinful state bemoan!
- 4 Make me thy pardon earnestly implore,
Like king *Manasses*, when distress'd of yore,
Make me, like *Peter*, for forgiveness cry,
Make me, like him, repent before I die!
- 5 Make me believe my pardon is procur'd,
Seal'd, and beyond the reach of fate secur'd,
And that my soul is rinsed in the flood
Of thy most precious, and all-cleansing blood!
- 6 Make me, like *Lazarus*, in silence bear
My sickness and my pain howe'er severe,
My confidence, in thee, O make me place,
Like patient *Job*, however bad my case!
- 7 Make me deliv'rance seek, O LORD! from thee,
And thee alone, in all my misery,
Like good *Elijah*, when of old distress'd,
In such a manner as to thee seems best.
- 8 Make me, like *Hezekiah*, cast aside
This world's vain pomp, and all it's tinsel pride,
And turn, like Him, unto the wall my face,
That I in thee alone my trust may place!

- 9 O make me think on that tremendous day,
When I before thee my accounts must lay,
For ev'ry idle word, and ev'ry crime;
Unless I can renounce them all in time.
- 10 O make me to the Gospel lend an ear,
And to the promises recorded there!
O, make me grasp those promises divine
With Faith's strong gripe, and make them ever mine!
- 11 Make me reflect upon the life above,
To which we shortly shall from this remove,
Where, for thy saints, eternal joys remain—
Joys, unalloy'd by sickness, or by pain.
- 12 Make me renounce the world and it's deceits,
It's pompous pageantries and gilded baits;
Nor let me idly loiter on the road,
But haste to thee, my SAVIOUR, and my God!
- 13 Make me, O LORD! without the least delay,
My soul and body on thy altar lay,
And earnestly, until my latest hour,
Thy mercy and thy patronage implore.

An excellent *Consolation* to the sad Soul against despair.

- 1 **I**F thou canst but repent, why shou'dst thou dread
Thy sins, however numerous and foul?
Since CHRIST for them was crucify'd, 'till dead—
And freely suffer'd to preserve thy soul?
- 2 Why wilt thou fear thy Judge's final doom,
Since CHRIST will as thy advocate appear?
Thy Judge's son has suffer'd in thy room;
Death and damnation, why then shou'dst thou fear?
- 3 Not one shall be found guilty in the end,
Who here in CHRIST a lively faith retains;
But shall on his removal hence ascend
From death to life, and Eden's blissful plains.
- 4 Be still then, O my soul! nor silence break,
Thy gracious God from death will set thee free:
For who can the condemning sentence speak,
Since CHRIST was nail'd unto the cross for thee.

- 5 CHRIST in his blood will wash thy sins away,
And bleach thee whiter than the driven snow——
Though they do now a scarlet hue display,
Yet CHRIST shall make them white as ermine show.
- 6 The sun can penetrate the thickest cloud,
And soap can scour the foulest garments bright——
CHRIST's merits thy enormous sins can throw'd,
His blood can make thee as the lily white.
- 7 God *Peter's* fears, and *David's* lusts forgave,
The prodigal's excess, and youthful heat,
And king *Manasse's*, tho' once sin's mere slave:
He thine can pardon howsoever great.
- 8 Take comfort then—thy fainty spirits raise——
The Son of GOD was 'fix'd unto the tree
For thy transgressions, and unrighteous ways;
And, for his sake, thou shalt forgiven be.
-

An earnest Prayer for Pardon of Sins.

- 1 **O** LORD, my GOD! who formedst me of nought!
My SAVIOUR, who from death his servant bought!
O HOLY GHOST! O TRINITY benign!
Preserve my soul, and cancel all my sin!
- 2 For JESU's sake, who to redeem me deign'd,
And whose each act thy approbation gain'd,
Forgive me, if in ought I've been remiss——
Forgive me all that I have done amiss.
- 3 Wash in his blood my filthiness away——
Low in his sepulchre my vices lay——
Veil with his righteousness my errors foul,
And pardon all th' offences of my soul.
- 4 Array me in the alb of righteousness,
And in thy glorious nuptial-garments dress;
So that I always well-prepar'd may be,
And in trim garb to come, O CHRIST, to thee!
- 5 Around my dwelling, place thy guardian host,
Nor let the Devil of my conquest boast?
Save me, O save me, from the treach'rous fiend,
Nor suffer him, O CHRIST, my soul to rend.

- 6 When to thy dread tribunal I shall come,
There to receive th' irrevocable doom,
For JESU's sake my precious soul preserve,
And give me not the sentence I deserve !
- 7 Instead of mine, CHRIST's full obedience take,
And let his death, for me atonement make ;
Though for my sins, He was condemn'd to die,
Yet for his sake, let me damnation fly !
- 8 Death I've deserv'd, and *Tophet's* scenes of woe—
Deserv'd the doom, hypocrisy shall know—
Yet give me not, O God ! what I've deserv'd,
But by CHRIST's merits let me be preserv'd.
- 9 He did, for me, thy sacred law fulfil—
He perfectly, for me, perform'd thy will—
He di'd upon the cross, that I might live—
Then, for his sake, my sumless sins forgive.
- 10 No justice I, nor holiness, can boast,
My purity and my perfection lost !
No one can succour, help, or ransom give,
But what from thee, my SAVIOUR ! I receive.
- 11 CHRIST is my comfort—CHRIST's my solace sure—
CHRIST is my hope, in all that I endure—
CHRIST's my assistance, when death's terrors come—
CHRIST's my protector in the day of doom !
- 12 CHRIST a most ignominious death did die,
That He, for me, eternal life might buy ;
In pity of his painful agonies
Conduct my soul, O God ! to paradise !
- 13 GOD ! lend an ear, my prayers to receive—
GOD ! for my comfort, thy blest Spirit give—
GOD ! cast an eye of pity on my grief—
And grant me, from thy lenient hand, relief.
- 14 O LAMB of GOD, my soul's diseases heal ;
My wounded conscience's firm pardon seal !
Deep in the grave let all my faults remain,
And let them never, never, rise again !

- 15 Thy rig'rous Justice, O my God ! I fear,
For how can I thy fierce displeasure bear ?
My errors, self-condemn'd, I loudly blame,
Do thou the tempest of my conscience calm.
- 16 O, let thy guiltless death, my SAVIOUR ! come
Betwixt me, and the dreadful day of doom !
Place thy obedience, like a shield, between
Thy Father's Justice, and my filthy sin.
- 17 Let thy own blood assuage the vengeful ire
Of thy too-justly irritated Sire——
Let thine own blood his furious wrath appease,
That all the sorrows of my soul may cease !
- 18 I'm weak, O CHRIST ! do thou my strength increase,
I'm sick and faint—O, heal the dire disease !
Heavy and sad, I sink oppress'd with fear,
Confirm my faith, my fainting spirits cheer !
- 19 Thou GOD of comfort, all my pains appease,
Thou Sire of mercy, give me present ease ;
Physician of the world, assuage my grief,
And send me, JESUS, Son of GOD, relief !
- 20 Say, O my GOD ! and say it o'er again——
Say to my soul, “ E'er long thou shalt remain
“ With me in Paradise, and soon shalt rest
“ Among my saints, with endless pleasures blest.”
- 21 Th' assaults of Satan, O my CHRIST ! repel,
And save me from the yawning jaws of hell ;
My sinking soul with thy free spirit buoy
And lead me to the realms of deathless joy !
- 22 O LAMB of GOD, with all my sins dispense !
O, make my conscience void of all offence !
O, LAMB of GOD, at my last hour attend,
And to thy mercy take me in the end !
- 23 O CHRIST my Shepherd, from the lion keep
My soul, and from his paws preserve thy sheep,
For which, O JESUS, thou hast paid full dear,
And me to heav'n amongst thy angels bear !

- 24 Receive my soul, O my Protector dear !
Receive my soul, 'tis time, unto thy care !
For long enough I've liv'd, and linger'd here ;
I am not better than my fathers were.
- 25 I fain would from these chains of flesh get loose,
And fly, O CHRIST, to thee, my glorious spouse !
Draw me, sweet JESUS ! for the time is come,
(If 'tis thy will) to thy celestial home.
- 26 Unto thy hands, I freely recommend
My Spirit, O my GOD ! — let no one rend
The charge from thence, or bear it, as his prey,
In triumph from thy mighty hands away !
- 27 O CHRIST, my Shepherd ! from the lion keep
My soul, (and from his paws preserve thy sheep) :
Who daily seeks thy servant to o'erpow'r,
And, in it's weakness, wou'd my soul devour.
- 28 This is the very time, when he does seek
To catch his prey — I mean, whilst I am weak ;
Support me then, O LORD, that I may guard
The precious prize, nor lose the rich reward !
- 29 Plant in my breast the Spirit of thy grace,
Around my soul a guard of angels place,
Array me with thy glorious panoply,
Nor let the fiend a triumph boast o'er me !
- 30 Enable me my course run out, to rest,
And make my latest hour to be the best.
On thee, O LORD ! with firmness I rely ;
O take my soul to heaven, when I die !
- 31 Appease my pain, assuage it's raging smart,
Observe my grief, and ease my troubled heart,
Trim my expiring lamp, my woes abate,
Receive my soul — I for thy mercy wait.
- 32 Say to my soul, that thou, O GOD of love !
Hast bought for me the blissful seats above —
Thy precious blood, and an unnumber'd host
Of pungent sorrows, the vast price they cost.

A Prayer

A *Prayer*, for a devout Person to use at his last hour.

- 1 **D**EIGN now, O LORD ! thy servant to release,
And from this prison let me part in peace ;
Yet, e'er I'm from th' incumb'ring flesh set free,
Let my blest eyes thy great salvation see !
- 2 Come is the day ! come is the dreadful hour !
Come is the time, determin'd by thy pow'r !
Come is the moment ! come the very end,
And to escape it, I can ne'er pretend !
- 3 The race is ended, which I was to run,
The last of all my days is almost done —
The conflict's o'er—I just have reach'd the goal :
Receive, O LORD !—receive to thee, my soul !
- 4 Like thy first martyr, in the pangs of death,
To thee, O CHRIST ! my spirit I bequeath :
Come then, come quickly, O my SAVIOUR-GOD,
And take me with thee to thy blest abode !

A short *Meditation* on Life and Death.

- 1 **T**HE sooner a good Christian dies,
The sooner he receives the prize :
The longer he on earth shall be,
The longer e'er he God shall see.
- 2 The longer one keeps from the grave,
The longer reck'ning he must have :
The less his time is here below,
The less account he'll have to show.

The unhappy State of the *Ungodly*, after Death.

- 1 **Y**OU of each sex and age, draw near,
And to my sad Complaint give ear,
Who vice, unto the last obey'd,
But now beneath the pall am laid.
- 2 As you are now, I once have been,
Happy and pleas'd among my kin :
Now poor and naked I appear,
Extended on the solemn bier.

3 When

- 3 When worldly wealth, the most I sought,
And when of Death, the least I thought,
Death came unlook'd-for, with his dart,
And pierc'd me to the very heart.
- 4 When fortune favour'd ev'ry deed,
And all my aims us'd to succeed,
The ice broke short beneath my feet,
And down I tumbled to the pit.
- 5 When ruddy health my body grac'd,
And ev'ry nerve with strength was brac'd,
To pieces fell this brittle frame,
Like glass, when Death once near me came.
- 6 I, gold and silver once possess'd,
And was with lands and houses bless'd;
But now I can't one farthing find
Of all the wealth I left behind.
- 7 I once in kinsfolks did abound,
Wife, children, servants, friends, I own'd;
But now with none can I converse,
Besides pale Death, within the hearse.
- 8 I then, companions always had
In all my ways, however bad;
But now not any one will come
To answer for me at my doom.
- 9 The fatal stroke, which now I rue,
Will shortly come to each of you,
Be then prepar'd, before you die,
You shall be warn'd no more than I.
- 10 CHRIST, and the ministers of heaven,
To all have proper notice given,
And yet how many millions die,
Who heed their words no more than I?
- 11 I long have ran a vary'd round
Of sins, which now my conscience wound;
But sharper 'tis, e'en than a sword,
To have despis'd God's holy word.

- 12 Stiffneck'd, and headstrong as an ass,
And heedless of God's laws, I was;
Whate'er Christ, or his servants, spake,
No notice of it wou'd I take.
- 13 With rakehell Publicans, or worse,
Rather than priests I'd still discourse,
Tho' these debauch'd and spoil'd me quite,
And those wou'd fain direct me right.
- 14 Whole months I'd rather gaily spend
In taverns with a female friend,
Than to my God with Christians pray,
Or in his temple pass a day.
- 15 More hours I pass'd in taverns then,
With swine--I mean with drunken men,
Than with the sons of light I spent;
For which full oft I now repent.
- 16 The mirth, that hardly holds a day
And, e'er scarce tasted, fleets away,
I chose before that perfect joy
Which always lasts, and ne'er can cloy.
- 17 Earth, stones, brass, lead, I still prefer'd
My sty, my stud, my loving herd,
Before the charms of paradise,
Or any blifs God cou'd devise.
- 18 My body to my soul I still
Prefer'd—to virtue, ev'ry ill——
This world to heaven—wrong to right——
My guts, to God—and gloom, to light,
- 19 But now I'm sorry from my soul
That I was e'er so much a fool,
And ev'ry fibre quakes for fear,
E'er I before my Judge appear.
- 20 My body now to rot is gone,
For all the crimes that I have done;
Whilst my sad soul the skies must mount,
For all my follies to account.

- 21 My SAVIOUR calls me by my name,
And I must answer to the same,
To make my reck'ning I must go,
However difficult to do!
- 22 Ah me! what an unnumber'd sum
Of sins my conscience overcome—
Sins into which I madly ran,
In spite of God? in spite of man?
- 23 What joy dilates the Devil's breast
Wide as the East is from the West!
As he relates, before my face,
How oft I've sinn'd—the time and place.
- 24 Of what a roll the Fiend's posselt,
Long as the East is from the West!
By which instructed, he can show
The sins I've done—when, where, and how!
- 25 Ah me!—who is it, that I hear
Against me deadly witness bear,
But he who tempted me of yore
To listen to his fatal lore?
- 26 In all the days that I have past,
There's not a sin but he does cast
Full in my face—woe's me the while,
That I have led a life so vile!
- 27 He shews, alas, with too much truth!
How fruitlessly I spent my youth,
In revelry alone employ'd,
But of each Christian virtue void.
- 28 He stoutly claims me, for my crimes,
Since in my youth a thousand times
He won my soul; and to my shame,
God cannot but admit his claim.
- 29 He makes each vicious folly known
I did, since into manhood grown,
My drunken frolicks, am'rous fires,
And all my loose impure desires.

- 30 He shews, how prone I was to rage,
And all the foibles of old age!
How much to gain and lies a slave!
But, ah! how thoughtless of the grave!
- 31 With open mouth, and earnest strife,
He pleads that, in each stage of life,
He won my soul—and, from a boy,
That I have been in his employ.
- 32 With shameless, brazen, confidence,
The scriptures wresting to his sense,
That I am his, he boldly saith,
For want of penitence and faith.
- 33 I deem'd, by ignorance misled,
That CHRIST for my transgressions bled,
And that the Fiend no right cou'd claim
O'er those, who merely own'd his name.
- 34 But 'tis retorted to the Fiend,
That this can never serve my end,
Since CHRIST will not a soul receive
But such as faithfully believe.
- 35 To this, he further dares to add,
That I no faith, nor virtue, had,
Nor any surer hopes of heaven,
Than if I were a very heathen.
- 36 With eager rancour he'd fain show,
That I have nought with CHRIST to do;
Because I heeded not his lore,
Nor chang'd my life to my last hour.
- 37 And that, tho' I his name receiv'd,
Baptiz'd by Christians that believ'd,
My faith was no more to be priz'd
Than their's, who never were baptiz'd.
- 38 He says (ah me, I hear him now!)
That I no greater faith did show,
Nor any works, surpassing those
Which pagans in their lives disclose.

- 39 He says, I never kept a word
Of all the gospel of our LORD,
More than a Jew, who ne'er had grace
Those sacred doctrines to embrace.
- 40 He tells th' ALMIGHTY, whilst I hear,
That he will any torment bear,
If I, by rote, a single verse
Of all the scripture can rehearse.
- 41 He God himself presumes to call,
(With his attendant angels all)
To witness that he nothing says
But truth, of my ungodly ways.
- 42 My conscience with the load oppress'd
Must the distasteful truth attest,
And forces me to own each sin,
And say,—' Just such my life has been!'
- 43 He urges, that I've sore distress'd
The poor, and in all shapes oppress'd,
Their lands and houses forc'd away
And made their little All my prey.
- 44 He adds, that I have oft got drunk——
Oft dally'd with some common punk——
A thousand times the sabbath broke,
And of religion made a joke.
- 45 He then insists, with malice fell,
That CHRIST shou'd sentence me to hell,
To suffer, for my vices past,
Such pains, as shall for ever last.
- 46 Oh, how my soul with horror shakes,
For fear of Satan's fierce attacks?
Left he, with his black crew, shou'd come,
And haul me to receive my doom.
- 47 Ah me! how bitter to the taste!
O, how unpleasant at the last!
How much the object of my hate,
The sin I lov'd so well of late?

- 48 How much am I ashamed to hear
The grand accuser publish, there
A thousand things, which here below
I chose not my best friends should know?
- 49 Cou'd I my option have—my soul
Wou'd chuse in Hell's fierce flames to roll,
Before it to God's bar wou'd mount,
For it's misdeeds, there to account!
- 50 Yet it must at that bar appear,
(There's no excuse for absence there!)
Of all it's works account to give,
And it's just sentence to receive.
- 51 To plead it's cause, I no one hear——
I see no advocate appear——
To give an answer none begins,
Even for one of all my sins.
- 52 The sacred rolls, I open'd see,
Before the dreadful Deity,
Ready to bring those crimes to light,
Which I had acted in the night.
- 53 Full in my face, I hear them cast,
My faithless life, and converse past,
My carnal and intemp'rate mind,
To each unchristian vice inclin'd.
- 54 I hear the oaths, now number'd o'er,
Which I, among vile drunkards, swore;
My breaches of the sabbath-day,
With each loose thing I us'd to say.
- 55 My soul, a fullen silence keeps
Meanwhile, and self-convicted weeps,
Or mute, as is the fin-row'd fry,
'Tis only sometimes heard to sigh.
- 56 I hear CHRIST issue his commands
To have me bound fast, feet and hands,
And thrown down to the nether gloom,
Where nought but woes and torments come!

- 57 I hear him, with excessive dread;
Pass sentence on my guilty head,
That I shou'd to th' abyss be tost,
With Satan and his fable host!
- 58 I see the Fiend himself take pains,
To bind me with the strongest chains;
And, when my hands and feet are fast,
I see my soul to Tophet cast!
- 59 I hear it, there, for very pain,
Cry out, and groan, and roar amain;
Thus headlong, without mercy, hurl'd
To suffer in th' infernal world!
- 60 I see th' inferior Dev'lings, there,
Each sinner's soul and body tear,
As hounds, that almost famish'd are,
Through hunger tear a hind, or hare.
- 61 I hear my soul with piteous cry,
And loud laments entreat to die;
But yet, for all his piteous cries,
Far from him Death indignant flies.
- 62 He lies in Hell's tremendous gloom,
Where happiness and hope ne'er come,
Half-starv'd he pines among the fiends,
Where his keen anguish never ends.
- 63 There's nothing gives me such a blow,
And sinks my hopeless heart so low,
As to reflect, that all this woe,
Shall no cessation ever know:
- 64 And that my body, there must go,
For want of proper caution to;
And, with the soul like tortures taste,
When once the resurrection's past:
- 65 And well do I deserve to dwell
Among the fiercest flames in hell,
As I entic'd it often times,
To all it's unrepented crimes.

- 66 There all the faithless folks shall go,
Who vile, immoral actions do,
Who out of doors their houses cast,
And love, like swine, a long repast.
- 67 I therefore ev'ry one advise
To fear the LORD, if he is wise,
And always to obey him well,
Lest he shou'd be condemn'd to hell.
- 68 Be sober, pious, and sincere,
And worship GOD with Christian fear,
If not—I will be bold to say,
That you'll be hurl'd to hell, one day.
- 69 Fear God—the scripture often read,
Nor from it turn aside your head—
Like Christians live, if you wou'd gain
The weighty crown of glory gain.
- 70 Faith, without works, no man can see,
No libertine a saint can be :
True Christians ne'er cast faith away,
They're Satan's slaves who disobey.
- 71 In vain Religion you profess,
If works do not your faith express,
They can't exist, unless both meet,
No more than fire can, without heat.
- 72 Justice and honesty pursue,
God will, to guile, no favour shew ;
But heavy vengeance in the end,
Shall on deceit and fraud attend.
- 73 What gain they by their ill-plac'd toil,
Who rob the poor, and quite despoil,
If into hell they shall be cast,
For their injustice, at the last ?
- 74 What boots it that you can fulfil
Your lusts, and have, a while, your will:
If, after gaining your desires,
You're headlong hurl'd to penal fires ?

75 What

- 75 What boots it your vile guts to fill,
And wine and ale, whole nights to swill;
If for your love of ale and wine,
You shall, for thirst, in *Tophet* pine?
- 76 What shall he gain, who falsehood shows,
His promise breaks, and quite undoes
The neighb'ring poor? — if he must go,
For his deceit, to hell below?
- 77 Then let not Satan you deceive,
Who does an ill, shall ill receive:
For each shall reap, what'er he sows,
And each be paid for what he does.
- 78 As easily our deadly foe
To heaven may on doom's day go,
As the debauch'd, lewd, infidel
Escape that day, the pains of hell.
- 79 God long will aim before the blow,
His wrath is deadly-sure, tho' slow;
For the long score and credit past,
He'll pay thee to the full at last.
- 80 God for a while will condescend
To spare the worst that they may mend;
But if at length they don't repent,
To hell they shall in heaps be sent.
- 81 God give all grace, their lives to mend,
Before their day is at an end!
God make all ready hence to go,
Before they feel Death's fatal blow!

The Complaint and the *Advice* of DIVES,
to his Five Brethren.

- 1 **T**HE plaint and the advice of *Dives* hear,
From hell's hot furnace, and outrageous flame,
To his five brethren, and his kinsfolk dear,
Lest they, like him, shou'd come and feel the same.
- 2 "Hear me, my brethren! — hear me, whilst I tell
What happen'd to me, since I went below;
That warn'd thereby, you may escape from hell,
From it's dire pains, and never-ending woe.

- 3 Fraternal love and pity bid me give
 You this advice, 'tis evidently plain;
 Lest you shou'd here unweetingly arrive,
 Whence no one ever could return again.
- 4 Did you but know what horrid things I hear—
 Cou'd you of all my torments form a guess!
 You to my words wou'd lend a willing ear;
 Lest you yourselves shou'd feel the like distress!
- 5 I'm well assur'd, did you but know my pains,
 My woes, my anguish, and my vast dismay,
 You wou'd not for an emperor's domains,
 Willingly bear them for a single day.
- 6 No man, alas! nor angel e'er can tell,
 How great my woe! how infinite my pain!
 In the fierce fires and furious flames of hell;
 Where I am, doom'd for ever to remain.
- 7 I erst in life was insolently proud,
 (For fortune is esteem'd and honour'd still)
 And as I wou'd, I rul'd the trembling crowd,
 And did whate'er was pleasing to my will.
- 8 To many it appear'd, that from my soul
 No God I fear'd, nor liv'd of man in awe,
 More than the infidel and miscreant foul,
 Whose inclinations are his only law.
- 9 But Oh! myself I wretchedly deceiv'd,
 Fondly presuming I shou'd never die,
 Or if I di'd, I foolishly believ'd,
 That in the grave I shou'd unquestion'd lye!
- 10 Though *Moses*, and the Prophets all averr'd,
 My soul was not obnoxious to the grave;
 Yet, to their tenets, I my own preferr'd,
 And slighted all the counsels that they gave.
- 11 Although they shew'd that, at God's awful throne,
 Each must a reck'ning make, when he is dead,
 For ev'ry villainy which he has done;
 Yet it cou'd never enter to my head.

- 12 But now in hell, I know it to my cost,
That all they taught was, to a tittle, true,
And that the deathless soul, which I have lost,
Must in those flames my foul offences rue.
- 13 I vainly thought, whilst yet I drew my breath,
There was no God, no mansions of the blest,
No hell, no Devil in the realms beneath,
And that man di'd, as dies the brutal beast.
- 14 But now in hell, at each repeated blow,
By each insulting fiend I'm better taught,
And, to my full conviction, made to know,
That there's a God to punish ev'ry fault.
- 15 Now, now I feel, and see, alas, too plain !
That there's a Devil, and a local hell,
With Demons an innumerable train,
To plague my soul, with whom I'm forc'd to dwell.
- 16 Now, to a demonstration, I well know,
That man is of a deathless soul possesst,
(Whether that soul be doom'd to blifs, or woe)
Though in the tomb the body's laid to rest.
- 17 Now, I believe the scriptures to be true,
Now I believe whatever CHRIST did say,
And that the skies will scud away, like dew,
Before a Word of his shall pass away.
- 18 But as I did not this believe, in time,
What I believe at present is in vain :
For want of faith I plung'd to ev'ry crime,
Worse than the brutes, that graze the verdant plain :
- 19 And such will you, my brethren be, when dead,
If you do not the scripture-truths embrace,
And strive a life of piety to lead,
As they direct you, like the sons of grace.
- 20 Because the scriptures I did not obey,
Because my nature I did not subdue,
Because I wou'd not see the gospel's ray,
I now, in woeful case, my folly rue.

- 21 Because in *Moses'* rules I never trod,
Because those sacred truths I disbeliev'd,
Because I never kept the laws of God,
It was that I so very vilely liv'd.
- 22 When once I put the gospel out of sight,
Then Satan came himself to be my guide,
And by each sin, wherein it took delight,
He my frail nature quickly drew aside.
- 23 There's not a heinous vice, that I can name,
Which I did not, 'till I was cloy'd, plunge-in,
Until a proverb my bad life became,
And I was judg'd *Manasses* to out-sin.
- 24 My worldly pelf, I as my God obey'd,
In sensual lusts I plac'd my chief delight,
In ev'ry sin I revell'd undismay'd,
And left the LORD out of remembrance quite.
- 25 When by those errors I had long been led,
My precious soul I utterly despis'd,
Like some brute beast, to ev'ry virtue dead,
And nought but riches and my belly priz'd.
- 26 Still in the richest dress was I array'd,
My robes were in the deepest purple di'd;
Now, for my pride and vanity well pay'd,
I've not a rag my nakedness to hide.
- 27 The finest linen I was us'd to wear,
Nor wou'd admit of any thing more coarse;
But now I vainly wish that I had here
Some sackcloth, or the cov'ring of a horse.
- 28 Each day, throughout the year, whene'er I din'd,
I cramm'd my guts with victuals of the best;
And yet my soul for very hunger pin'd,
Amidst the hurry of a constant feast.
- 29 I then was grown so dainty in my meat,
And so extremely nice, that I ne'er deign'd
Of any dish, or kind of food, to eat,
Which was not choice, dear-bought, and finely grain'd.

- 30 But now I fain my hunger wou'd assuage
Even on hogs-wash, or on husky grains,
So that I might in part appease the rage
Of that keen famine, which my bowels pains.
- 31 I then was wont strong beer and wine to swill,
As if no measure I in drinking knew,
And often my ungodly paunch wou'd fill,
'Till up again the nauseous load I threw.
- 32 But now I'd gladly give the world entire,
And all it's treasures, for a little cup
From some cool stream, to slake the raging fire,
Which my chark'd tongue for ever parches-up,
- 33 Though as much offals from my table went,
As wou'd have fed great numbers of the poor,
Yet to the dogs the whole was daily sent,
Whilst *Lazarus* lay starving at my door.
- 34 Now *Lazarus* in turn repays me home,
And still refuses, from some bubbling spring,
(Although I beg him earnestly to come)
One drop of water, for my use, to bring.
- 35 Though *Moses* and the Prophets always laid
The best rules down, their rules I still despis'd,
And gave no ear to any word they said,
Nor ever did the least thing, they advis'd.
- 36 Now here I cry and no cessation know;
For none unto my plaintive cries give heed,
But in my teeth their keen reproaches throw,
Because of the vile life I us'd to lead.
- 37 Whenever any preach'd the word of God,
I still averse in attitude appear'd,
Or, ever and anon, was seen to nod,
Whilst others profited by what they heard.
- 38 Because at church I, then, was wont to doze,
By Demons, here, I'm tortur'd all the while;
So that I now can meet with no repose;
Nor sleep, nor slumber can my woes beguile.
- 39 Because

- 39 Because I, to the Gospel, gave no ear,
Nor to these doctrines, which the SAVIOUR taught,
I now am forc'd the fiend's loud yells to hear,
With hideous horror and amazement fraught.
- 40 Because the law of *Moses* they despis'd,
Because the Gospel they did not believe,
Because it's dictates they so little priz'd,
Some thousands, now in hell, lament and grieve.
- 41 The sabbath I, in gluttony, alas!
Always mis-spent, or in some wanton play;
In riot, I contriv'd to make it pass,
And fouler sins, than any other day.
- 42 Thousands of souls are now in hell distress,
Because the sabbath they did not revere:
No pause they know for pain, nor day of rest;
But without respite are tormented there.
- 43 The sacred name of God, I took in vain
For sport alone, a million times, or more,
And thought my story wou'd no credit gain,
Unless by JESU's blood and wounds I swore.
- 44 Oh! how my tongue now fries in dreadful dole,
Because his precious blood I lightly priz'd!
And, Oh! what tortures rack my very soul,
Because the name of JESUS I despis'd!
- 45 To the foul fiend I offer'd long in vain
My precious soul, a thousand times a day;
But as I gave it o'er and o'er again,
At last he seiz'd it, as his lawful prey.
- 46 Thousands with me in shocking torments dwell,
Thrown headlong to this deep sulphureous flood;
Because they gave themselves, by oaths, to hell,
'Tho' CHRIST himself had bought them with his blood.
- 47 Full many a * one I to the army sent,
Straining maliciously my country's laws——
Thirsting for bloodshed, and entirely bent,
The guiltless to destroy, without a cause.

* From this, and several other particulars, the Author, in this character of DIVES, seems to have some vile and oppressive Magistrate of his acquaintance in his eye, whom he indirectly lashes under that pretence, in this Poem.

8 Their blood extorted vengeance from the sky——

A vengeance justly-due unto my guilt!
And to the fiends their injur'd spirits cry
To pay me home for all the blood I spilt.

9 On injuries, oft, for life and death I serv'd,
Of God, and of his laws regardless quite;
The guiltless I condemn'd, but still preserv'd
Those, who, depriv'd their neighbours of their right.

10 But now each murderer, and desperate thief,
(Whom erst I from the gallows sav'd) in hell
Remorseless tear my soul—and, to my grief,
The fiends themselves in cruelty excel.

My love for my own consort soon grew cool,
And to vile strumpets, in her stead, I cleav'd——
An host of whom now plague me in this pool,
Because I their credulity deceiv'd.

The base-born brood from those foul harlots sprung,
By my example to those regions led,
Call on the fiends, with unharmonious tongue,
To pour their torments thicker on my head.

Their helpless, friendless, orphans I oppress'd,
Whene'er my tenants di'd—and from the plough,
The yoke entire, tho' nought was due, distress'd
Left one, if left, shou'd for it's partner low.

Because those innocents I then abus'd,
The fiends in hell my tortur'd soul distress,
Worse than a tanner, any time, is us'd
To beat those hides he fully means to dress.

Some venal villains oftentimes I hir'd,
The rankest lies and perjuries to tell,
Who never fail'd to swear, as I requir'd,
When I had taught them their vile lesson well.

Now, like a brood of vipers in their nest,
They, night and day, my very entrails tear,
And ever gnaw my heartstrings in my breast,
Because I taught them perjuries to swear.

- 57 Of murder, and of robb'ry I accus'd
Persons, whose innocence was fully known,
And with foul slanders either sex abus'd,
Out of mere pique, and wickedness alone.
- 58 The lab'rer's hire I oft was wont to keep,
And my own servants wages to retain
Nay, without pay, I forc'd the poor to reap,
Throughout the harvest, my whole crop of grain.
- 59 Now to the fiend those needy folks complain,
And at his hands my punishment implore,
Because I us'd their wages to detain,
And ruin'd such a number of the poor.
- 60 My money, to the poor, on use I lent,
And screw'd them, with an av'rice seldom known,
'Till all the little that they had was spent,
And they by my extortion were undone.
- 61 Many of those, now in the pit of hell,
With aggregated pains torment me sore,
Because I did their minds to theft impel,
When my exactions had consum'd their store.
- 62 To *low attornies, a black-minded tribe,
I gave large fees, the needy to oppress,
Who now, because corrupted by my bribe,
In this infernal sink my soul distress.
- 63 I gave my servants orders, o'er and o'er,
To plague my neighbours round me;—in the pit,
Those servants now torment my soul full sore,
Because I made them such bad things commit.
- 64 At under-price men's lands I often bought,
Yet still some part of that small pittance kept:
But now I to this gloomy gaol am brought,
I have no money to repay the debt.
- 65 Cou'd one poor penny my redemption buy,
And from this doleful prison-house relieve,
And bring me to the lucid realms on high,
I have not one poor penny left, to give.

* This is only meant of the low-bred Petty-foggers of those days who never regularly serv'd their time to the business, and not of the Profession in general, many of whom are an Ornament to the Community, and of great Service to the Public.

- 66 I was advis'd a thousand times, or more,
What I extorted, to refund again,
But rather than I wou'd a mite restore,
I chose to suffer here eternal pain.
- 67 Whene'er I sent to markets, or to fairs,
False weights I us'd, and measures short of size,
Or else amongst my wheat I mingled tares,
Yet for that trash requir'd the greatest price.
- 68 Against the laws of God and of the land,
I weights for diff'rent purposes produc'd:
Whene'er I bought, the large ones were at hand;
Whene'er I sold, a lesser sort I us'd.
- 69 But now the fiends, in this infernal place,
My head with the most heavy of them bruise;
And such as mine, is the unhappy case
Of all, who e'er were wont false weights to use!
- 70 I left no tittle of the law unbroke,
Nay, which I did not break a hundred times!
And, 'till death gave me the conclusive stroke,
I wallow'd daily in the worst of crimes.
- 71 I just have given you, in language plain,
My life at large, until surpriz'd by death:
I next shall give you an account again,
How Satan plagues me in the realms beneath.

The Second Part of DIVE S' Complaint---or
a Description of Hell, and its Torments.

- 72 **A** Deep and bottomless abyfs,
My drear and dismal dungeon is;
And all it's wall are rais'd so high,
That none can o'er it hope to fly.
- 73 With liquid fire it ever glows,
And, like a boiling sea, o'erflows,
Mov'd by the breath of God, it's tide
With flaming sulphur rages wide.
- 74 Once lit, it always flames amain,
Nor ever can be quench'd again,
Though never blown, it blazes high,
And needs no stirring, nor supply.

- 75 Though fiercely burning it remains,
And causes agonizing pains,
Yet undiminish'd still it lasts,
And not the least in burning wastes.
- 76 This penal fire is still the same,
Though diff'rent it's degrees of flame;
Some feel a fierce or fainter fire,
Just as their various crimes require.
- 77 As the sun warms, on *India's* sands,
Much more than in the *Russian* lands;
So hell exerts a greater heat,
To punish those whose crimes are great.
- 78 Not one is in this dungeon found,
Who, hand and foot, is not well bound,
And in eternal chains ti'd fast,
For all his sins, and follies past.
- 79 Through all it's boundless, drear, domains,
A darkness palpable still reigns;
Nor ever, since the world was made,
Has light illum'd the joyless glade.
- 80 'Tis fetid, to the last degree,
A stench more noisome cannot be,
Though thousands still the sink defile,
It never has been cleans'd the while.
- 81 There worms insatiate ever prey
On conscious sinners, night and day—
A sort of worms, that never die,
But gnaw to all eternity!
- 82 More than ten thousand devils stand
Around the damn'd, a dreadful band,
And to torment them never cease,
Without an hour, or moment's ease.
- 83 Yet though they never cease to beat,
(Their hellish rancour is so great!)
And bruise the damn'd almost to death,
They never stop to take their breath.

84 These

- 84 These everlasting tortures fall,
Without respect of rank on all;
Yet each does separately smart,
But chiefly in the peccant part.
- 85 No objects there the eye e'er sees,
But ghastly ghosts of all degrees,
And wretched souls that ever weep,
In this unfathomable deep.
- 86 No food their famish'd mouths e'er taste,
But locusts' gall, a dire repast!
No drink they have, but when they sup
The dregs of God's displeasure up.
- 87 Their ears no other music know,
But shrieks of fiends, and sounds of woe,
And the unsufferable yell
Of those, who gnash their teeth in hell.
- 88 On red-hot coals the tongue is broil'd,
Or else in bubbling sulphur boil'd,
Without a drop of drink to' assuage
The fire's intolerable rage.
- 89 The nostrils ev'ry brimstone-gale,
Which from the dungeon reeks, inhale,
A place, ne'er cleans'd, since *Adam* fell,
And fraught with ev'ry filthy smell.
- 90 Bound with an adamantine chain
The hands and feet of all remain,
So that they cannot move, or turn
From that same spot, wherein they burn.
- 91 All grate their teeth with shocking grin,
With hideous yells and horrid din,
That terror and amazement seize,
Who hears their moans, and manners sees.
- 92 The gnawing worm, that never dies,
In ev'ry conscious bosom lies,
And tears voraciously it's prey,
Yet never can it's hunger lay.

- 93 As all my members sinn'd, each part,
Even my tongue itself, does smart;
But ev'ry member does sustain,
For diff'rent sins, a diff'rent pain.
- 94 As ev'ry limb some evil bears,
And ev'ry part some torment shares,
So shall those evils all attend
The wicked, without pause or end.
- 95 Ne'er shall th' avenging worm expire,
Ne'er shall be quench'd the penal fire,
And death, to all entreaties dumb,
To end their pains, will never come.
- 96 The deluge, in a year, retir'd,
And, in a day, was *Sodom* fir'd,
Sev'n years, the *Egyptian* famine rag'd;
But my pains ne'er can be assuag'd.
- 97 If in a thousand years, or so
Those pains shou'd some cessation know,
Some comfort to my heart 'twou'd give:
But I in endless woe must live!
- 98 The word of God my heart dismays,
The word e'en on my vitals preys——
The word is to my soul a snare——
The word e'en drives me to despair.
- 99 To bear such hellish pains, is hard,
But harder 'tis, to be debarr'd
My SAVIOUR's presence, and resign
Heav'n's joys, and company divine.
- 100 To lose my life, and vast reward ——
To lose CHRIST and his saints, is hard——
'Tis hard, heav'n and it's joys to miss,
With God himself, and ev'ry bliss!
- 101 May blackest curses blast the morn,
The very hour, when I was born!
May hell, too, prove my mother's doom,
That toads she bare not in my room!

- 102 I wish that she my neck had broke,
Or chopp'd my head off at a stroke,
When she so vile a son did bear,
An angry Godhead's wrath to fear.
- 103 There's neither fiend, nor sinner found
In hell, and all it's cells around,
That does not join, both small and great,
Me, hopeless wretch! in turn to beat.
- 104 There's not a soul, since *Adam* fell,
That suffers greater pains in hell——
Nor any one, that undergoes
More grievous wants, or greater woes.
- 105 Such are my pains! such my distress!
Such heavy woes my soul oppresses!
Such is the state I now am in,
Each hour tormented for my sin!
- 106 My brethren, therefore, I advise
You, and each sinner that is wise,
Take warning (e'er the day of death)
Or you will go to hell beneath.
- 107 If you don't leave each sinful way.
And ev'ry Christian rule obey,
The God of vengeance won't, I know,
To you, than me, more mercy show.
- 108 That none of us may ever dwell
With *Dives* in the flames of hell
Let us reflect, e'er tis too late,
What torments Satan's slaves await!
-

That it is in vain to Pray for the Dead.

- 1 **M**Y dear Relation, and the Friend I love,
You've put me to a question I approve:
I therefore think myself in duty bound
To give it a solution safe and sound.
- 2 You thus before me did the question lay——
“Is any Clergyman allow'd to pray
“For him, that is of sense and life bereft,
“Whose soul already has his body left?”

- 3 To this demand I make this clear reply—
The holy scripture always does deny
Us leave, by prohibition strong and plain,
To pray for the deceas'd with efforts vain.
- 4 Our God obliges ev'ry soul to dwell,
Either in heav'n, or with the damn'd in hell,
When once it from the body takes it's flight,
According as it's works are wrong, or right.
- 5 The souls of those, who properly believe,
As soon as they their clay-built mansions leave,
Like holy *Lazarus*, above the sky,
Immediately among the angels fly.
- 6 Whilst the ungodly, in the pit below,
(Whene'er their souls from their pale bodies go),
Are forc'd for ever in fierce flames to roll,
Like worldly *Dives's* unhappy soul.
- 7 The former, with true joys and blis's abound,
And are with honours and with glory crown'd—
So great, they need not any more request,
But quite contented with their station rest.
- 8 They need not any one for them to pray,
So happy !—so supremely blest are they !
For each of them is an invited guest,
And with the LAMB sits at his sumptuous feast.
- 9 The latter, ne'er shall quit the dens of hell,
But there incessantly in torment yell,
Whatever off'rings for their souls you pay—
However oft you for their pardons pray.
- 10 Whene'er a man, whoe'er he be, is dead,
And has been once to God's tribunal led,
It is in vain, for any human pow'r,
For his forgiveness ever to implore.
- Though *Job* and *Daniel*, many times a day—
Though *Abraham*, *Moses*, *Samuel*, shou'd pray
For such a one—yet they cou'd ne'er assuage,
By all their efforts, hell's tremendous rage.

- 12 Shou'd all the priests, in all the world, unite,
And supplicate the LORD with all their might,
And place before him gifts of ev'ry kind,
The God of truth wou'd never change his mind.
- 13 Shou'd all the globe unto the GODHEAD pray,
The dead-man's dreadful torments to allay,
Their supplications wou'd be all in vain——
A drop of water he shou'd not obtain.
- 14 GOD's sentence pass'd, can ne'er be done away.
Where the tree falls, it there must ever stay.
God ne'er will alter what he once design'd.
He never yet was known to change his mind.
- 15 God, from his purpose, ne'er can be remov'd——
He'll ne'er reverse the doom, he once approv'd——
Not all the world, was all the world agreed,
Nor heav'n, nor earth, his sentence can impede.
- 16 The time for pray'r is, e'er each mortal dies;
It nought avails him, after his demise——
A prayer, after one's decease preferr'd,
Can ne'er prevail, and never shall be heard.
- 17 I therefore ev'ry man on earth advise
(If he wou'd be unto salvation wise)
To pray, whilst yet alive, if he wou'd fain
Any advantage from his prayers gain.
- 18 Get thou thy wedding-dress, get oil, get light,
Get grace, e'er thou'rt surpriz'd by death and night;
When once the day of grace is pass'd, 'tis plain,
The least request thou canst not then obtain.
- 19 All of us shou'd, before our death, implore,
With application warm, th' eternal Pow'r——
That is the time, our suit shou'd be preferr'd,
That is the time, our prayer may be heard.
- 20 Before we die, and shall from hence be gone,
It is, that heav'n is either lost, or won——
The simple sot, when dead, no profit gains,
Since nought, but judgement, for him then remains.

21 Before

- 21 Before we die, we must reform our hearts,
 Whilst yet 'tis day, we all must act our parts,
 Our SAVIOUR says, that, when it once is night,
 No mortal can perform his work aright.
- 22 CHRIST orders each oppressor to agree
 With all, with whom he may at variance be,
 Whilst he is yet upon the way, and not
 As yet into his Judge's presence brought :
- 23 Left, hand and foot, in durance strict confin'd,
 He be at last to penal flames confign'd :
 Because in time he did not justice choose ;
 Not all the world from thence can get him loose,
- 24 King *David* knew full well, the time was past,
 (When once his fav'rite child had breath'd his last)
 And that 'twas vain for him to shed a tear,
 Or importune the Deity with pray'r,
- 25 It is not therefore right for any one
 To pray for any friend, that's dead and gone——
 Whom he believes to have been sent to rest
 In endless happiness, among the blest.
- 26 Nor is there room for any man to pray,
 (When from this world he once is gone away)
 Whom who you believe, as naked here he came,
 To have gone naked hence to hell's fierce flame,
- 17 There are two places only to us known,
 For any man, when he from hence is gone,
 Or heaven above, or hell's infernal vale :
 For purgatory's but an idle tale.
- 28 There is no need, for any one to pray,
 For him, that is allow'd in heav'n to stay,
 Or shou'd he make the infernal lake his home,
 He ne'er shall have permission thence to come.
- 29 It therefore was a custom most absurd,
 For any priest to speak a single word,
 In favour of the soul that hence has fled,
 Only to rob the heedless of their bread.

- 30 The best among them will not now admit
Of those impostures, or such pray'rs permit;
Or none but cheats, whose aim is to impose,
And gain alone unto themselves propose.
- 31 It is a duty, that upon them lies,
When any good and righteous person dies,
Due thanks unto the LORD above to give,
In certain hopes that he again shall live.
- 32 But that a priest thou'd any favour crave
For one that's dead, and buri'd in the grave,
It is a thing forbidden and unfit,
Which no one but a fool will e'er permit.
- 33 Thus to the question ask'd, my friend by you,
I've given a solution just and true:
May God increase your faith, and grant you grace,
Among the saints above, to shew your face!
-

Mr. *Prichard's* Advice to his Son *Samuel*.

- 1 **F**OR heaven's sake, my *Sammy* dear!
In mind, 'till death, those precepts bear:
CHRIST on thy bended knees adore,
When in my sight thou art no more.
- 2 Call on thy GOD, and SAVIOUR dear,
With ardent faith, and heart sincere,
And, whilst abroad, incessant pray
For his assistance, night and day.
- 3 Bend both thy knees, both hands up-rise,
And fix on CHRIST thy longing eyes,
For his blest aid and blessing pray,
On all occasions—when away.
- 4 So shall he shield my *Sammy* still
From ev'ry harm, and ev'ry ill,
And ne'er to want will let him come,
Whilst he is far from me, and home.
- 5 To GOD, for his assistance, pray,
That thou may'st CHRIST know, and obey
Whilst yet thou only art a boy;
Be that, abroad, thy chief employ.

- 6 Use thou thyself the God of truth
To fear and worship, in thy youth ;
So thou, by due degrees, wilt come
To serve him, when grown up, at home.
- 7 With pleasure to thy studies go,
And be not in thy learning slow,
Yet I forbid thee not to play
At times, whilst thou'rt from me away.
- 8 When idle, touch the harp's sweet string,
Or else those psalms, that follow sing :
'Twill oft a good amusement be,
When thou art far from home, and me.
- 9 Still chirping, like the cricket, keep,
Nor for thy mother fondly weep :
For God, abroad, will unto thee
A father and a mother be.
- 10 God give thee grace, God bless my son——
God teach thee in his paths to run——
God be thy guardian, night and day,
Whilst thou from me art far away.

P A R T II.

- 11 Just at the dawn of day arise,
When first the *lav'rock mounts the skies,
'Twill bring thee long and lasting health,
'Twill bring thee learning, virtue, wealth.
- 12 Put on thy clothes, without delay,
Be always neat in thy array,
Be ev'ry button plac'd aright,
E'er thou presum'st to come in sight.
- 13 First wash thy face, and comb thy hair,
Thy cravat then adjust with care,
Let all thy dress be clean and tight,
For that is pleasing in the sight.
- 14 When thou art dress'd, then go to pray,
Without deception, or delay,
And fall upon thy knees in haste,
E'er thou a bit, or drop dost taste.

* An almost obsolete word for a *Lark*, and of which *Lark* is very probably a contraction.

- 15 When to God's presence thou dost bring
Thy prayers—think, that he's a King,
Whose courts the very angels tread,
With humble thoughts, and awful dread,
- 16 Upon thy knees, my son! draw near,
When thou before Him dost appear——
Nor dare to make the least address,
Which does not a just fear express.
- 17 When once upon thy knees, ne'er rise,
'Till thou hast lift to God thine eyes,
Then doubt not any boon to crave,
Which thou dost really want to have.
- 18 Tho' God's a king of wondrous might,
Of strength and honour infinite,
Yet still the scriptures plainly show,
That He's a tender Father too.
- 19 Whatever gift thou dost desire
Or grace, or virtue, ask thy Sire——
And God, when ask'd, will freely grant,
Whatever thou dost truly want.
- 20 Thy suit with equal ardor make
To him, and no refusal take:
God grants with ease each just request,
That is with earnestness express.
- 21 He'll grant his aid, if it's implor'd——
He'll hear, if rightly he's ador'd——
Place then thy trust in Him, and He
Will keep thee from all danger free.
- 22 Keep Him, and He'll keep thee, in mind,
And nothing wanting shalt thou find:
Whoe'er respects Him, He'll respect——
Whoe'er rejects Him, He'll reject!
- 23 Prefer to Him each day thy pray'r,
And He will take of thee such care,
As if He had no other son
To mind, or guard, but thee alone.

- 24 Remember this good caution still
My *Sammy*, whether well, or ill,
Serve thou thy God, both night and day,
And at fix'd times unto him pray.
- 25 If in thy youth it be thy use,
To serve thy God—thou canst not chuse
But serve him still, when age appears,
And silvers o'er thy dropping hairs.
- 26 God give both strength and grace to thee,
His servant, all thy life, to be,
'Till thou, triumphant, at it's end,
Shalt, as *CHRIST*'s heir, the skies ascend.

A Prayer for Mr. *Samuel Prichard*, the Author's Son

- 1 **O** God, by whom all good is given!
Thou SIRE of light! thou king of heaven!
Behold and list, to my request,
However young, weak, and distressed!
- 2 Upon my knees I now presume
Before thy throne, my King! to come—
An humble suit, to thee, to make;
Refuse me not, for *JESU*'s sake:
- 3 To ask—thou gavest me command,
And promis'dst that, at thy hand,
Whate'er I ask'd I thou'd obtain:—
I ask—let me not ask in vain!
- 4 King *Solomon*, with knowledge blest,
To thee for wisdom made request,
Thou gavest him what he desir'd.
Nay, more by far than he requir'd.
- 5 The patriarch *Jacob* on his way,
For food and clothes alone did pray;
Thou gavest what he ask'd, and more
By far than he petition'd for.
- 6 I also my CREATOR dear!
Upon my bended knees draw near,
And for a boon to thee apply:
For *JESU*'s sake, do not deny!

- 7 I ask no wealth, nor worldly store——
I ask not pleasures, pomp, or pow'r——
I only ask thy grace—and might,
To serve and worship thee aright.
- 8 Then give me grace and give me pow'r,
That I may thee, while young, adore,
And with true faith and heart sincere,
May in thy doctrines persevere!
- 9 Permit me not in idleness
To spend my days, or in excess,
But cause me, in life's earliest stage,
Lord! in thy service to engage.
- 10 Open thy treasures, and impart
Thy grace to me, and teach my heart
To know thee in my tender years,
Like *Daniel*, and his young compeers,
- 11 As *Jeremiah*, in his youth
Did worship thee, his God, in truth—
Give grace like him, my God! to me
Whilst young, in truth to worship thee.
- 12 I offer up myself to thee,
Now in my youth, accept of me,
And grant that I, in ev'ry stage,
May in thy service still engage.
- 13 Thou to thy service didst admit
The prophet *Samuel*, as yet
A boy, and still so very young,
That he cou'd hardly walk along.
- 14 Admit me also, I implore——
That I may thee, whilst young, adore,
And so reveal to me thy will,
That I may rightly it fulfil.
- 15 Equip me, O my God! aright,
With ev'ry gift that's requisite,
For one, who chuses still to be
A constant votary to thee.

- 16 Open my understanding eyes,
And make me in thy knowledge wise,
That I the mysteries may know,
Which from the law, and gospel flow.
- 17 Now, in my youth, a spark impart
~~Of thy true grace unto my heart~~
That it with ardent zeal may flame
For the ALMIGHTY's sacred name.
- 18 Touch thou, O LORD! my lips and tongue
With that live coal, whilst I am young,
Which from thy holy altar fell,
That I thy praise aloud may tell!
- 19 Enable me, my gracious LORD!
To learn and so digest thy word,
That I may comprehend aright
What for my peace is requisite.
- 20 To all thy people let me be,
A pattern of true piety,
And let me ever spend my days
In things, that tend unto thy praise.
- 21 This is the only suit I make,
Do not refuse, for JESU's sake,
Me grace, my MAKER to adore:
'Tis the only boon that I implore!
- 22 O let me not mis-spend my time
In any sin or heinous crime —
• But let me spend it in such ways,
As tends to manifest thy praise!
- 23 Upon my works, thy blessing pour,
Increase my knowledge ev'ry hour,
Give me true wisdom to discern,
And to remember, what I learn.
- 24 Let me be guarded by thy eyes —
Let me be shielded from surprize —
Let thy blest spirit me direct —
And let thy providence protect.

- 25 All honour be, my King, to thee,
Both night and day!—and grace, to me
True glory be for evermore
Unto the LORD whom I adore!
-

Another Piece of Advice unto a Youth

- 1 **T**O cram thy body, ne'er thy soul destroy—
Nor anger God, to please th' infernal crew—
To purchase earth, ne'er sell celestial joy—
And sin no more—lest a worse thing ensue.
- 2 Tho' thou, each day, shou'dst heav'n dropp'd manna eat,
And glut thy maw with the most dainty meat;
What art thou better for such fare at last,
If thou in hell must keep an endless fast?
- 3 Though thou shou'dst daily drink the choicest wine,
And in rich robes of regal purple shine,
Or tread upon the neck of some great king;
If heaven's lost—what profit can it bring?
- 4 Though thou didst own the riches of the East,
And wert of kingdoms; nay the world possesst;
What wou'd such pomps and vanities avail
If thou, at last, to save thy soul shou'dst fail?
- 5 Though *Venus* yielded up thy warm desires,
And fairest beauties deign'd to quench thy fires,
What are thy gains, when all is said and done,
When thy poor soul is to the Devil gone?
- 6 Though all the world to flatter thee shou'd join,
And buoy thee up in any bad design:
It matters not if all the world applaud,
If thou hast by thy vices ang'rd God.
- 7 'Tis better God, than all the world, obey—
To curb a part, than throw the whole away—
Slightly to toil, than in fierce flames to dwell!
E'en bread and water hell's best feasts excel.
- 8 Serve **CHRIST**, but with the Devil combat hard,
And thou a crown shalt gain for thy reward:
Humble thy flesh, thy soul preserve with care,
And thou shalt in **CHRIST**'s blessed banquet share.

Mr. *Prichard's* Complaint of the Town of
Llandvery (the Author's Parish)
 And his Advice and Warning to that Place.

- 1 **A** H me! *Landvery*, thou art wanting found,
 For God thy sins has in the balance weigh'd;
 In dross and dregs alone dost thou abound:
 Of thy CREATOR henceforth be afraid!
- 2 A heavy rod long since prepar'd has been;
 To punish thee for all thy sumless crimes;
 And for thy daily-growing mass of sin:
 To shun the punishment, repent betimes!
- 3 Long, e'er he strikes, the Deity will stay,
 But heavy will his hoarded vengeance fall;
 Thy long arrears and countless score he'll pay
 In full, with double interest, once for all.
- 4 He gives thee time to mend each wicked way—
 He gives thee frequent warnings, to repent,
 Then take his warning—whilst 'tis yet to-day,
 Or thou shalt soon thy negligence lament.
- 5 The longer God, out of mere mercy stays,
 For thee thy sinful morals to amend;
 Still worse and worse each day are all thy ways:
 But woe, alas! be to thee in the end.
- 6 When the ALMIGHTY punishment delays,
 And pours no vengeance on Religion's foes;
 The more, each day, the treasur'd vengeance weighs!
 The more thy sins—the heavier his blows.
- 7 In time, then, of the wrath divine, take heed,
 Though slack to come—yet it will surely come—
 It's feet are down, but, ah! it's fist is lead:—
 Though slow to strike, yet when it strikes, 'tis home!
- 8 Like *Sodom* and *Gomorrab*, thou art grown,
 Which never from their odious vices turn'd
 (Or like *Samariah's* superstitious town)
 Until at length to dust and ashes burn'd.

- 9 As bad as *Pharaoh's* is thy callous heart;
Who was with a case-harden'd conscience curs'd,
And wou'd not from his vicious ways depart,
'Till he by unexampled plagues was forc'd.
- 10 My cautions thou so often hast abus'd,
(For good advice was not to thee unknown)
That there's no room for thee to be excus'd;
Ah, woe is thee, thou poor unhappy Town!
- 11 E'er the cock crow'd, I rose each circling day,
Thy rebel passions striving to restrain,
In hopes to turn thee from each sinful way;
But it was labour lost, and all in vain.
- 12 In heav'n's loud trump I blew a dreadful blast,
To shew how God pours vengeance on his foes;
Yet still thou shorest on unto the last,
And nought can break thy perilous repose.
- 13 To thee the Gospel I full oft have read,
And all the promises therein contain'd,
To woo thee in it's sacred paths to tread;
Yet nought I thence, but heart-felt grief have gain'd.
- 14 I strove, with all the terrors of the law,
And God's dread plagues, to frighten thee from ill—
I strove to rein and curb thy stubborn jaw,
But thou art restiff, mad, and headstrong still.
- 15 I pip'd to thee, thou didst not like the sport —
I wept full sore, and yet thou didst not mourn —
Means (fair and foul) I try'd of ev'ry sort,
Yet thou didst nought but ridicule return.
- 16 What cou'd I then, unhappy Town! do more,
Than to the brink of some lone stream retire,
And tears of blood for thy transgressions pour,
To see thee led to hell's eternal fire?
- 17 Who wou'd not weep to see the wily fiend
Draw thee along, e'en by a silken thread,
To that abyss, whose torments know no end,
By the sweet bait of carnal-pleasure led?

- 18 *Esau* dispos'd of his birth-right of old,
A mess of pottage was the paltry price!
Thou, worse than him, the heav'n's themselves hast sold
For barley-broth — in spite of my advice.
- 19 'Tis this, alas! that cuts me to the heart,
When I thy numberless misdeeds survey —
That I must not presume to take thy part,
Or veil thy crimes, on God's tremendous day:
- 20 And yet 'tis hard, 'tis wond'rous hard, alas!
A father, though by blood and nature mov'd,
The fatal sentence shou'd be forc'd to pass
Upon the crimes, e'en of his best-belov'd.
- 21 Yet this *will* be, nay, this *must* be the case,
If soon thy sinful life thou dost not mend:
Then, for *CHRIST*'s sake, these overtures embrace,
E'er God his plagues, to punish thee, shall send.
- 22 A veil of sackcloth o'er thy body cast —
Weep, 'till thy bed in floods of tears be drown'd,
And neither meat, nor any liquor taste,
'Till for thy vices thou hast pardon found.
- 23 Thy bosom beat — thy hair by handfuls tear —
A-down thy cheeks let tears in torrents run,
And ne'er to own thy heinous crimes forbear —
But cry, "Forgive me, *LORD*! the ill I've done."
- 24 Uncleanliness of all kind, and ev'ry guile,
Deceit, and fornication, cast away,
Avoid excess, and hide thy vices vile;
For God does all thy wickedness survey.
- 25 A dreadful doom hangs o'er thee, ev'ry day,
Suspended only by a slender thread,
And yet thy sins with one accord assay,
To pull it down upon thy guilty head.
- 26 Beware then — hold thy hand, and sin no more;
As swift as light'ning is the wrath divine:
I give thee all the warning in my pow'r,
If thou refuseth it, the fault is thine.

The PASTOR's Complaint.

- 1 **W**HAT sorrows in my soul, O God! arise,
The vast perverseness of mankind to see?
Shou'd any strive to lead them to the skies,
To quenchless fires they'd rather madly flee.
- 2 To bleach the moor, requires no greater art,
Or *Jordan's* stream up *Hermon's* hill to roll,
Than to persuade the fool's obdurate heart,
To fear his God, and to preserve his soul.
- 3 Use ev'ry means, though fair or foul they be,
To charm the deaf-ear'd snake, you charm in vain:
Prune, as you please, a rotten-hearted tree,
You neither fruit, nor shade, shall long obtain.
- 4 Teach, shew, exhort, conjure the debauchee,
A vicious life he to the last will lead;
Try both the law and gospel, yet from thee
He'll only with a sneer avert his head.
- 5 Whether the prophets' terrors you make known,
Or in th' apostles milder style advise,
As well you beat your head against a stone,—
He'll only do what's pleasing in his eyes.
- 6 My heart with heaviness is therefore fill'd:
Ah me! that God had not in pity chose,
To give me charge of beasts, by nature wild,
Rather than men, worse than the worst of those!
- 7 As e'en from flow'rs, of sweetest taste and smell,
The spider can a deadly poison draw;
Some ill the reprobate can full as well
Extract from God's own word, and sacred law.
- 8 Since our Redeemer **CHRIST** so kind has been,
As for our sakes his heart's best blood to lose,
And give it as a ransom for our sin;
Many, on that account, to sin still chuse.
- 9 'Cause *Lot* and *Noah* were for once subdu'd
By wine, and *Jonah* was of old morose;
Many their faults with ardor have pursu'd,
Who never one of all their virtues chose.

- 10 Each forward youth is apt to swear and ban,
Like *Peter*, when his master he disclaim'd :
But why, alas ! can I not see the man,
Who is, like *Peter*, of this vice reclaim'd ?
- 11 Many pursue the track of *David* close,
When to adultery he plung'd unwise :
But I can't find a single soul of those,
Who in his penitence with *David* vies.
- 12 I'll quit, says one, my darling vices quite,
And end my follies with the present year —
But, what says CHRIST ? " Suppose this very night,
The fiends thy soul shou'd to hell-torments bear !"
- 13 To-day, we will have sport, another cries,
To-morrow, we'll our wicked lives amend.
That very night, o'ercome by drink, he dies —
How soon, alas ! his promis'd pleasures end ?
- 14 A third indulges these fallacious thoughts,
" Suppose my thoughts the highest hills transcend,
" Yet greater are God's mercies than my faults,
" And he'll forgive me at my latter end."
- 15 So, because God is found to take delight
His mercy tow'ards the penitent to show —
Most seem to sin, as 'twere with all their might,
And will not of his justice too allow.
- 16 Though God in grace and goodness does abound,
Though slow to punish, and of patience great,
Yet, in the scriptures this plain truth is found,
That he's with justice equally replete.
- 17 If full of grace, he's full of justice too —
If kind to friends, he's cruel to his foes —
If he is mild, he can due vengeance show —
If he is gen'rous, he is likewise close.
- 18 A thousand talents are to some forgiven —
From others he'll the utmost mite receive —
To these he freely gives the joys of heaven, —
But those he will not with one drop relieve.
- 19 God,

- 19 God, to the penitent and faithful, still
His gracious mercies and his truth displays;
But, on the stubborn, who resist his will,
He the full weight of his displeasure lays.
- 20 This lesson and advice, to all, I give—
“The path of sin’s not long with safety trod:
“And therefore all shou’d study, whilst they live,
“To pass their time here, in the fear of God.”

We must cleave to **CHRIST**, without suffering
any thing to turn us away from him.

- 1 **I**F father, if mother, if daughter, if son,
If houses, if lands, if the wife of thy love—
Shou’d strive to pervert thee—by no means be won
Thy faith, and thy zeal towards **CHRIST** to remove.
- 2 Let father and mother, let children and wife,
Reprove thee, beseech thee, lament, scold, or grieve,
Leave houses, leave lands, leave thy food, leave thy life,
Leave all that thou hast, e’er **CHRIST** thou dost leave.
- 3 **CHRIST**, father and mother, and brother and friend,
Their rock and their fort, and good fortune, will prove,
Their profit immense and vast gains in the end,
And all that is dear—unto those who **CHRIST** love.
- 4 Without him, of faith food and life, we’re bereft—
Rule, reason, health, strength, we our own cannot call:
But void of hope, help, and of grace, we are left—
Of knowledge, of virtue, of God, and of all.
- 5 God’s better than father, or mother, or nurse—
God’s better than matron, or maiden, or bride—
God’s better than houses, or lands, or full purse—
God’s better than ought you can think on beside.
- 6 He’s better than all the wide world and it’s stores—
He’s better than th’ earth, with his blessings so fraught,
He’s better than th’ heaven, and all it’s great pow’rs,
God’s better, a million times over, than ought.

- 7 If thou, the ALMIGHTY wilt take to thy share,
 Good fortune will follow, where-e'er thou shalt lead,
 And CHRIST and his saints will take thee to their care,
 The skies will receive thee, and Demons will dread.
- 8 The better part, thou didst most sensibly take——
 A part, that shall still be unchangeably thine,
 (When thou as thy choice the ALMIGHTY didst make)
 As long as the sun, moon, and planets shall shine.
- 9 For when both the sun and the moon disappear,
 When all this vast globe shall be burn'd to a coal,
 When stars shoot from heaven, and many men fear,
 Yet fearless, e'en then, is the innocent soul.
- 10 Then cheer up thy spirits, and rouse up thy heart——
 Keep hold of thy faith to the last gasp of breath——
 Thou'rt chosen, be certain, the bettermost part:
 Take heed then, nor change thy opinion, 'till death.

CHRIST is the TREE of LIFE.

- 1 COME to the Tree of Life, come all,
 Come at your kind REDEEMER's call,
 Enjoy it's fruits—in CHRIST believe——
 And you shall grace and life receive——
- 2 It takes away the harshness quite,
 The hunger keen, the painful bite,
 The rankling wound, the curse of God,
 Which from the fruit forbidden flow'd.
- 3 O come, and freely of it eat——
 From heav'n our Father sent the treat——
 'Twill make us well——'twill heal each sore,
 Hunger assuage, and health restore.
- 4 It's fruits than manna sweeter are——
 It's leaves are healing, large, and fair,
 And neither dearth nor death e'er shall
 The man, who eats those fruits, befall.
- 5 CHRIST, is the tree—O then draw near
 Life, is the fruit, it's branches bear——
 His words and doctrines, are the leaves,
 Whence health each wounded soul receives

- 6 Come all, that are with woes oppress'd,
Come to your sole REDEEMER CHRIST,
Come, grace, health, comfort, to receive,
Come all to him, that you may live!
- 7 To eat it's fruits come let us hie,
And to our wounds it's leaves apply,
They'll slake our thirst, our health restore,
And make us live for evermore.

That CHRIST was typify'd by the Paschal Lamb.

- 1 CHRIST is the Paschal Lamb, our sacrifice,
CHRIST is the offering, that made our peace,
CHRIST is the spotless Lamb, by God approv'd,
Which all the sins of all the world remov'd.
- 2 CHRIST is the Lamb, that for our sins was slain,
CHRIST for our foul transgressions suffer'd pain,
CHRIST's precious blood, as on the cross he bled,
For our iniquities was freely shed.
- 3 'Tis hard, 'tis sad, 'tis terrible to thought,
The Lamb shou'd suffer for its kindred's fault,
And that the Son of God shou'd e'er be slain
For our misdeeds, in agonizing pain.
- 4 Adam's intemperance our ruin wrought,
But JESUS suffer'd for the Patriarch's fault—
'Tis man, that sins—but CHRIST himself, that dies—
Did ever love to such a heighth arise?
- 5 Alas! what heart but must with pity bleed,
To see—CHRIST scourg'd for Adam's foul misdeed,
The Shepherd, for his flock to danger brought—
The Sov'reign, tortur'd for his subject's fault.
- 6 To see, the Master sold, to buy the slave—
The Son condemn'd, his Father's foes to save,
The Doctor's side transfix'd with pointed steel,
That, with his blood he might his patients heal.

CHRIST typify'd by the brazen Serpent.

- 1 YE, who have felt the serpent's venom'd bite,
Come all to CHRIST, the woman's promis'd seed,

- He'll dress the sore, and pluck the sting out quite,
 He'll bind him fast, and cause his head to bleed.
- 2 We all have felt sin's agonizing wound,
 It's sting has to our hearts a passage found,
 CHRIST only can a proper salve apply;
 On him, the brazen serpent, fix your eye.
- 3 Look up to CHRIST, who on the cross once hung,
 (As they look'd up, who formerly were stung
 By fi'ry serpents in Zin's pathless waste)
 And all your pains will pass away in haste.
- 4 If with a contrite heart, and eye of faith,
 We gaze at him, although the serpent hath,
 With baneful bite, transpierc'd each sinners heel;
 Yet CHRIST, if look'd upon, the wound will heal:
- 5 But if we come not soon to CHRIST, our King,
 To seek a cure against the serpent's sting:
 No other leach a proper salve can give
 None, but the Son of God can make us live.
-

A Hymn, or Carol, for CHRISTMAS-DAY,

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry one, that hears my voice,
 And understands my words, rejoice;
 Let ev'ry one applaud with me
 The undivided TRINITY,
- 2 O turn, and tune your hearts a right,
 In psalms and hymns let's all unite
 In honour of the SAVIOUR born
 To us, on this auspicious morn!
- 3 It is upon this happy day
 That Christians shou'd be blithe and gay,
 And ev'ry hour thereof employ
 To manifest their well-tim'd joy.
- 4 For on this great, this glorious morn,
 The SAVIOUR of the world was born;
 And, O! how vastly bless'd are we,
 This great and glorious morn to see!

- 5 This is th' important day, that brought
To ev'ry Christian, what he sought,
This is the day, that gave the blow,
Foretold unto our mortal foe!
- 6 This is the day, that did retrieve
The happiness, we lost through *Eve*
And *Adam's* fault, e'er *Jesus* came
To save our souls from death and shame,
- 7 This is the day, that broke the net,
Wherewith we all were once beset,
This is the day, so fraught with woe,
To Satan, our deluding foe.
- 8 This is the blest, momentous morn,
Whereon the Son of God was born,
The Woman's seed, ordain'd of yore
To over-turn the serpent's pow'r,
- 9 Then let us, with united voice,
Upon this hallow'd day rejoice,
And ne'er dismiss the pleasing thought
Of the salvation *Jesus* wrought.
- 10 O, let us ever bear in mind,
And bless his name, who was so kind
As unto us his help to give,
And a whole sinful world relieve!
- 11 O, let us celebrate his fame,
And magnify his holy name
Each day and night, and ev'ry hour
We live, unto our utmost pow'r!
- 12 But most, on this momentous morn,
Let us exult, when *CHRIST* was born,
Until our song to heaven rebounds,
And angels catch the pleasing sounds
- 13 When first the cock salutes the day,
Arise at once, without delay,
That, at it's dawning you may sing
The praises of our SAVIOUR-King;

- 14 And when it is no longer dark,
Then in her matins join the lark,
And laud the glorious source of light,
Who turn'd to day the gloom of night:
- 15 Then, with the black-bird on the spray,
Continue from the noon of day
Your length'ned lays:—till in the skies
At night the twinkling stars arise:
- 16 Then with the nightingale sing on,
Until the moon and stars are gone,
Sing on, sing on, the live-long night,
Until the gloom has left you quite.
- 17 From morn to noon, thence to it's end,
Each Christmas-day we thus shou'd spend,
Still chanting our REDEEMER'S praise
In tuneful hymns, and holy lays.
- 18 This is the day, when we were bought!
This is the day, the prophets sought,
When GOD to man a friend was made!
This is the day that brought us aid!
- 19 The day—that rais'd us up on high
From hell's abyfs, unto the sky!
The day, that made each man a son
Of GOD!—what wonders has it done?
- 20 The day whereon (tho' then we mourn'd)
Our grief was into laughter turn'd!
O, let us still the same employ,
To shew our gratitude and joy!
- 21 This is the great, th' important morn
Whereon the LAMB of GOD was born,
Who man's offences only knew
To bleach, though of a scarlet hue!
- 22 This, this is the auspicious day,
When we should be alert and gay,
And make the courts of heaven's King
With grateful hallelujahs ring!

- 23 This day throughout, we shou'd adore,
With ceaseless praise the filial Pow'r,
For all the goodness He has shown—
For all the wonders He has done.
- 24 O, think what our salvation cost!
Think on the precious blood Christ lost,
When from his side the rushing gore
Stream'd fast, think on the pains he bore.
- 25 As pelicans are, with their blood,
Said to sustain their tender brood,
So his heart's blood our Saviour gave,
His sinful brethren's souls to save.
- 26 He quitted his celestial train,
And, to Judea's happy plain,
Descended from the realms on high,
With his own blood mankind to buy.
- 27 From his high throne in Paradise
He flew, and left the lucid skies,
In Mary's womb our form to take,
And suffer for his peoples sake.
- 28 He took upon Him all the woes,
The meanest abject undergoes,
And the tremendous punishment
Due to our sins, He underwent.
- 29 His side was wounded by a spear,
And he was forc'd our crimes to bear—
Yet, by the stripes which He endur'd,
Were all our wounds and bruises cur'd.
- 30 For us He also bore the loss
Of his best blood upon the cross—
And unto God, for ever blest'd,
He made us friends, from foes profess'd.
- 31 He wash'd us clean from ev'ry fault—
Our souls, he generously bought—
And will conduct us to the sky,
However loud our vices cry.

- 32 O, let us then his praise proclaim,
And night and day exalt his fame;
For you must be extremely blind,
If you do not such goodness mind!
- 33 O, let us all exalt his fame,
On this great feast, which bears his name,
With peace, with piety, with love,
And ev'ry virtue that's above.
- 34 This feast let us entirely spend
In true devotion, to it's end,
Nor any worldly thoughts admit,
But keep it holy, as is fit.
- 35 Let us avoid all foul excess,
All rioting and wantonness,
And to the church together go;
As ev'ry Christian ought to do.
- 36 It is not meet the Christian choir
Shou'd roll in sin, like swine in mire,
And this grand festival abuse,
As if they were as bad as Jews.
- 37 But they shou'd pass this feast, throughout,
Fully as sober and devout,
As children of their SIRE above,
In perfect charity and love:
- 38 And, to the temple, ev'ry day
They constantly shou'd go, to pray,
Their SAVIOUR's praises to proclaim,
And glorify his holy name.
- 39 He ne'er at any time demands
Another off'ring at our hands,
But that we all shou'd praise him, there;
For that is pleasing to his ear.
- 40 Then enter to his gates with praise,
And in his courts your voices raise:
At early morn, and ev'ning late,
Let all their MAKER celebrate.

- 41 With awe unto his temple go;
For it is decent so to do:
'Tis right his praises to proclaim,
And magnify his holy name.
- 42 It is a thing, both right and good,
That ev'ry serious Christian shou'd
Adore his SAVIOUR, night and day,
Who on the cross to save him lay.
- 43 This is the whole, that at our hands
He as a recompence demands—
'Tis all he now expects above,
For his dire agonies and love,
- 44 Then let us clap our hands, and give
Him all due honours whilst we live—
And in his courts his name applaud;
For that is grateful to our God;
- 45 But let us never dare blaspheme,
With lips profane, the LORD supreme,
Lest we shou'd be oblig'd to go,
With Judas, to the pit below.
- 46 Unto the blessed Three-in-one,
The FATHER—HOLY-GHOST—and SON,
Let us our bounden duty pay
Each hour, each moment, of the day.

Advice to search for the Lord JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 **I**F any man, or maid, or child wou'd fain
The life to come, eternal life attain—
CHRIST let him seek with care, if he wou'd live,
And CHRIST to him eternal life shall give.
- 2 CHRIST must be sought for first with zealous pains,
For real life in him alone remains—
And 'tis a thing most foolish and absurd,
To seek for life unless you seek the LORD.
- 3 For thy protector, JESUS CHRIST elect,
And for thy guide, thy conduct to direct;
Eternal life thou then from him may'st claim,
And ne'er, hereafter, shalt thou lose the same.

- 4 If for thy guardian thou dost CHRIST refuse,
And dost not CHRIST for thy director chuse,
No one, with any certainty, can tell
How thou may'st save thy precious soul from hell.
- 5 All wou'd have CHRIST, when at death's door they lie,
To be their LORD and SAVIOUR, e'er they die;
But, whilst in health, how few, alas! of those
CHRIST for the pattern of their lives propose.
- 6 Be not deceiv'd, thou sensual debauchee!
CHRIST will to no one a REDEEMER be,
But to the man, who, of his own accord,
Shall take his SAVIOUR for his sov'reign LORD.
- 7 He, who the word of GOD will not obey,
Nor take his spirit to direct his way,
Must not expect, that he shall ever have
The Son of GOD, his sinful soul to save.
- 8 Let JESUS CHRIST then thy protector be,
Let him be governor supreme o'er thee:
Without him, none (how much so'er strive!)
Can e'er pretend to save their souls alive.
- 9 Though thou the world, and all it's tinsel pelf
Shou'dst gain—yet losing CHRIST, shou'dst lose thyself,
What wou'd the sad pre-eminence avail,
If thou, at last, to save thyself shou'dst fail?
- 10 Shou'dst thou but CHRIST, and only CHRIST obtain,
Thou'lt have enough to make thee well again:
For CHRIST does, in himself, contain the whole
That's requisite, to save a sinner's soul.
- 11 O, that thou cou'dst but see, upon the whole
How needful CHRIST is, to preserve thy soul,
And that, without his help, thou canst not do
One jot, alas! of all thy task below!
- 12 It is a thing most needful for thy soul,
To seek for JESUS to complete the whole
Thou hast to do on earth if thou wou'dst fain
His saving mercy for thy soul obtain.

- 13 Not any creature, whether wild or tame——
Not any man, or power, thou canst name,
Can thy deplorable condition mend;
'Till Christ, to better it, shall condescend.
- 14 Thou must have Christ, as God and man conjoin'd,
Two natures perfectly in One combin'd,
To finish all the work, thy sins require,
E'er thou canst please thy everlasting Sire.
- 15 Thou must have Christ as Brother and as King,
To work out ev'ry part, and ev'ry thing,
Belonging to the necessary deed
Of thy salvation—e'er thou canst succeed.
- 16 Whoever aims his Saviour to possess,
And comfort seeks from him in his distress,
For Christ's reception must fit out a home
In his own soul—e'er he will deign to come.
- 17 Prepare thy soul, thy sin-fraught soul prepare,
That Christ may come, and deign to sojourn there,
And when he comes, the sojourner embrace,
That thou from him may'st get both strength and grace.
- 18 Thou must, O man! for Christ make ample room,
E'er he will in thy bosom deign to come——
It must with ev'ry Christian grace be drest,
E'er he'll vouchsafe to come within thy breast.
- 19 Christ, and his holy Spirit, ne'er were seen,
Where there was ought unseemly, or unclean:
If any one's ambitious of their stay,
He from his breast must cast all filth away.
- 20 Christ in a heart impure will never stay,
'Till odious sin is banish'd thence away:
Christ no impurity can e'er endure:
For his own Spirit is entirely pure.
- 21 Our God and *Dagon* ne'er at once cou'd rest,
Or Christ and *Belial*, in the self-same breast,
No more than fire and water, side by side,
In the same vessel can in peace abide.

- 22 The soul, that's full of pride, beyond all doubt,
Can't Christ contain, 'till it be empty'd out;
Just as the vessel, that's with filth replete,
Can't milk receive, e'er it be render'd sweet.
- 23 All men from sin must utterly depart,
Detest it quite, and root it from their heart,
E'er they can any friendship have with Christ,
And to their breasts admit the sacred guest.
- 24 The soul must clear itself from ev'ry sin,
(That Christ with ev'ry grace may enter in)
And shun those vices, which it once allow'd,
That Christ may with his gifts the mansion crowd.
- 25 According to the ways of nature, none,
How great so'er their pain, can seek the Son,
'Till God shall by his grace direct him right,
And draw him unto Christ, in nature's spite.
- 26 'Tis God out of his favour and free grace,
That offers Christ, to save a sinful race—
It is the goodness of our God alone
That gives us Christ—else we were all undone.
- 27 There's nought in man, that can the GODHEAD move,
To shew him such regard—such wondrous love!
But God himself, out of his special grace,
Vouchsafes us Christ—to save a ruin'd race.
- 28 The streams of life, which no cessation know,
But still with grace, with health, and virtue flow,
God freely offers unto all that thirst;
But they must come unto their Saviour first.
- 29 God calls aloud to all with voice divine,
To eat his manna, and to drink his wine,
And asks no money for the rich repast—
Asks nought, but that we wou'd to Jesus haste.
- 30 God ne'er forbade a man, within his breast,
To entertain his Saviour for his guest:
But he forbids him to reject the Lord,
Tho' he were stain'd with crimes the most abhorr'd.

- 31 Though God thus kindly offers Christ to all,
Yet scarce a sinner will obey the call,
Or come to Christ, 'till by resistless might,
And special grace, God drags him to his fight.
- 32 No one can come, let him do what he will,
Unto the Son, however great his skill,
'Till by the Father of all mercies led
To Christ, to be with consolation fed.
- 33 The sheep, that once has straggled from the pen,
Will ne'er return, 'till carry'd back agen :
Nor will the sinner to his Lord return,
'Till, like the sheep, he to the fold is born.
- 34 No robber, of his own accord will e'er
('Till forc'd) before the magistrate appear :
Nor will a sinner, however bad his case,
'Till dragg'd, attempt to see his Saviour's face.
- 35 His nature, in his sins, the wretch detains,
His consciousness of guilt, his feet restrains,
His crimes cry out, that he's his Saviour's foe,
And must be damn'd—if he presumes to go.
- 36 The eyes of man, God needs must open wide,
To see how wretchedly his soul's supply'd—
To see it's shocking state, it's pains, it's woes,
E'er from his Saviour he will seek repose.
- 37 None to the Leach apply, their wounds to heal,
Until their throbs and rankling smart they feel :
So on their Saviour, sinners never wait,
'Till fully conscious of their fearful state.
- 38 We must our damnable condition see,
Our wretched case, our native poverty,
And the tremendous state wherein we live,
E'er we the want of Christ can well perceive.
- 39 The Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost, must light
A man, to view his miserable plight,
E'er he, for want of knowledge and of sense,
Can beg of Christ, to pardon his offence.

- 40 Like some stray'd sheep, our Father that's above,
Must haul each sinner with the hook of love,
E'er he will come, for comfort, to the Son;
Although, without him, he be quite undone.
- 41 God must to flesh convert the marble heart,
And make it soft, as wax, in ev'ry part;
'Till at it's woeful state it grieves full sore,
'Twill ne'er attempt a Saviour to adore.
- 42 The Father must display, before thy face,
His mercies, and the riches of his grace,
In giving thee his best-belov'd Son;
E'er thou canst venture to approach his throne.
- 43 The Father, first, his goodness must declare,
That it extends to all, both far and near——
That he with kindness each request receives——
That, to the contrite, he remission gives:
- 44 And, that he calls each vile offender in,
[However big, however black his sin]
To have a share in all his joys divine:
So he his sins does totally resign.
- 45 God unto thee must a commandment give,
"With perfect faith, in Jesus to believe,"
On pain of his displeasure and reproach;
E'er thou into his presence canst approach:
- 46 And when thou hast receiv'd his gracious call,
He must entreat and woo thee after all,
With Christ and with himself, to make thy peace;
E'er he will cause his burning wrath to cease.
- 47 Thou must be courted with persuasions kind,
(So obstinate, and so perverse thy mind!)
E'er he can thee, e'en by those methods, gain,
His proffer'd peace and pardon to obtain.
- 48 The rebel by his Sov'reign must be press'd,
The traitor must with mildness be address'd,
E'er he will deign to come for a reprieve,
And pardon, for his treason, to receive:

- 49 Though 'tis not fitting he to thee shou'd sue,
Who dost no sign of reformation shew,
Yet God still woos, and begs thee to receive
Thy pardon—if thou'lt ask it, he will give.
- 50 When thou hast thus been to repentance woo'd,
God's patience, and forbearance must be show'd,
How mildly-merciful he is! how kind,
Unto each listless, lazy, ling'ring mind!
- 51 How slow to punish thy repeated crimes,
How he forbears with thee a thousand times,
How long he's known th' impending stroke to stay,
'Till thou canst cast thy filthiness away.
- 52 Though God does thus thy sinful soul invite,
Though thus he goads thee on, and gives thee light,
Yet still thou wilt not quit thy sins, nor come
To Christ, 'till God has prick'd thy conscience home.
- 53 Though, by the faithful evidence within,
Thou art detected and convinc'd of sin,
And by it's just award condemn'd at last,
For thy vile morals and thy vices past.
- 54 Though self-condemn'd and wounded to the heart,
Thou never canst from thy lov'd errors part,
And never shalt before the Lord appear,
Until the Holy Spirit drags thee there.
- 55 God and his Spirit must eject each guest,
And fiend unclean, that revels in thy breast,
And all the sins that there triumphant reign,
E'er thou assistance canst from Christ obtain.
- 56 The Holy Ghost must give thee liberty,
And wholly from the Devil's toils set free,
And to the Son of God thy footsteps guide,
E'er thou, with him, for ever canst reside.
- 57 Thou must from ev'ry fav'rite vice depart,
Thou from all guilt must purify thy heart,
And keep thy soul from all pollution clear,
E'er thou in Christ canst ever have a share.

- 58 Corrupt in nature, we are all, alas !
The sons of wrath, a hell-devoted race !
'Till Christ the sons of wrath shall kindly take,
And them the sons of God and mercy, make.
- 59 So fierce, so hot, the wrath of God does rage
Against the numerous vices of the age,
That nought cou'd ever stop it's fi'ry flood, A
Was it not stopp'd by our Redeemer's blood.
- 60 Not all the waters, pendent in the sky,
Nor those that in the spacious Severn lie,
Or in the ocean's far more spacious flood,
Nor ought can quench it, but our SAVIOUR'S blood.
- 61 We all, alas ! are enemy's of God's—
We all are with our righteous Judge at odds—
And had been still, had Christ not laid the plan
Of peace, of lasting peace, 'twixt God and man.
- 62 Nor man, nor fiend, nor any pow'r above,
Nor ought on earth, can God's fierce wrath remove,
'Till JESUS CHRIST himself ('tis truth I teach)
'Twixt God and man makes up the fatal breach.
- 63 Beneath a grievous curse we lie oppress'd,
Because we all have willfully transgress'd
The law of righteousness, and from it none
Can set us free, but Jesus Christ alone.
- 64 We, one and all of us, are slaves to sin,
To which we, day by day, all tumble in,
And no one living can from it refrain,
'Tis he's renew'd by Christ, and born again.
- 65 We all of us by Satan are secur'd,
And in a dusky, dreary gaol immur'd,
'Till Jesus comes, and steals his arms away,
He from his gripe will never quit his prey.
- 66 We all of us by Satan are secur'd,
And closely in a dismal gaol immur'd;
'Till Jesus shall the captiv'd gaoler bind,
None thence a way to 'scape shall ever find.

- 67 Shou'd the archangel *Michael*, and his train,
With the fierce Dragon ever fight again—
He ne'er cou'd conquer him, until the LAMB—
The LAMB of GOD, to his assistance came.
- 68 We are obnoxious all of us, to death,
And to the dreadful pains of hell beneath—
And no one ever shall from thence get free,
'Till JESUS CHRIST shall gain his liberty.
- 69 We all of us, before we first drew breath,
Were doom'd for guilty *Adam's* sins to death,
And must from Christ get his assisting grace,
E'er one is sav'd of all the num'rous race.
- 70 Let him do what he can, no man shall e'er
In the celestial courts above appear,
'Till he a full and thorough change can boast
By Christ, by Water, and the Holy Ghost.
- 71 For Christ must, as it were, new-form the soul,
Create anew, and renovate the whole;
E'er carnal man can any happiness
In the celestial realms above, possess.
- 72 None ever cou'd have overcome the beast,
Who cheated *Eve*, nor low'r'd his scaly crest,
Nor free'd us from hell's deep and dark abode,
Besides the woman's Seed—the SON of GOD.
- 73 None else cou'd have insur'd the joys above,
None could the curse, which we deserv'd, remove,
But JESUS CHRIST, who was the sinless seed,
From *Abraham's* loins, erst promis'd to proceed.
- 74 No creature, how extraordinary soe'er,
Cou'd from the jaws of sin poor mortals fear,
And place them near their God, the saints among,
But Jesus Christ, the *Shiloh* promis'd long.
- 75 *Moses* led *Israel*, by divine command,
From *Pharaoh's* court to *Canaan's* fertile land:
So GOD, thro' Christ, shall lead us far away
From Satan's pow'r, unto the realms of day.

- 76 The brazen serpent in a moment cur'd :
 All, who the fiery serpent's wounds endur'd :
 Christ, by his blood, as speedily shall heal
 All, who the deadly shafts of Satan feel.
- 77 A Lambkin's blood, for their transgressions slain,
 From *Israel's* tents *Apollyon* did restrain :
 The blood of *JESUS* will keep out the fiend
 From ev'ry heart, that bears his death in mind.
- 78 As gallant *David* the fierce lion bray'd,
 And from his paw the tender lambkin sav'd :
 So Christ, our Shepherd, will protect his sheep,
 And from the fangs of Satan safely keep.
- 79 *Samson*, whose strength nought human cou'd oppose,
 Slew at his death the chiefest of his foes :
 So *JESUS*, by his suff'rings, overthrew
 Death, Satan, sin, and all th' infernal crew.
- 80 From Christ, each has receiv'd his mortal wound,
 Though in them still some signs of life are found ;
 Yet all the salves, in all the world, can't cure
 Their heart-felt anguish, or their lives assure.
- 81 As nought cou'd do the *Syrian* Leper good,
 Unless he bath'd in *Jordan's* limpid flood :
 So nought can cleanse man from each inky stain,
 But the Lamb's blood, that for our sin's was slain.
- 82 As God dispatch'd a messenger of yore,
 To rescue *Shadrach* from the fire's fierce pow'r :
 So he, as the inspir'd pages tell,
 Sent his own Son, to save our souls from hell.
- 83 *Jonah*, in great anxiety of mind,
 In the whale's belly, was three days confin'd :
 So deep in earth, our blessed Saviour lay,
 For us, until the third revolving day.
- 84 As *Abraham* offer'd up his son of yore
 On *Moriah's* top, to the ALMIGHTY pow'r ;
 So did our Saviour offer up his soul
 To his dread Sire—to save his flock from dole.

- 85 Who plung'd into *Bethesda's* pool, was heal'd;
However great his pains—whate'er he ail'd:
Whoe'er shall in the blood of Jesus lave,
A cure for all the wounds of sin shall have.
- 86 The Pelican relieves her tender brood,
When stung by some fly serpent, with her blood:
So the Lamb's blood relief to all imparts,
Whom sin has wounded with her deadly darts.
- 87 The Unicorn can, with his horn, 'tis said,
Those waters heal, where snakes have poison shed:
So Christ can, by his blood, those souls protect,
On which, the fiend his venom shall eject.
- 88 It therefore is more shameful, and more odd,
Shou'd we reject our spouse, the Son of God!
Than if some beggar shou'd refuse to wed,
And take a king of *England* to her bed.
- 89 No man alive can scale the heav'n's on high,
Which far above the lunar regions lie,
Unless he does the Patriarch's ladder take,
Jesus I mean, the bold attempt to make.
- 90 Cry then for Christ, with accents loud and sad,
'Till thou fast hold hast in thy Saviour had;
Then let not all the world, nor all in it,
Make thee the hold, which thou hast taken, quit.
- 91 Desire thou Christ, as harts the brooks desire;
For Christ of ey'ry traveller enquire:
Seek him with diligence, 'till you obtain;
But, when obtain'd, ne'er part with him again.
- 92 E'er thou canst Jesus earnestly desire,
To save thy soul from everlasting fire,
That he has pow'r and grace, thou first must see,
To keep thee safe, and buy thy liberty:
- 93 That Christ is gracious, thou must needs perceive,
That he is God and Man, thou must believe——
That he's more mighty, and of greater use,
Than ought the whole creation can produce.

- 94 Thou needs must see, that Christ's beyond compare,
 Much better, and more necessary far,
 Than all the world, and ev'ry transient joy,
 To save thy soul from danger and annoy.
- 95 For not the world, nor all the world contains,
 Can keep thy soul from hell's tremendous pains;
 But Christ to heav'n the precious charge can bear,
 And from the winged dragon's talons tear.
- 96 Christ, with his precious blood, can blot out quite
 Thy deep-grain'd sins, and make them lily-white;
 Though they like scarlet, now at present, glow,
 Yet he can bleach them, 'till they're white as snow.
- 97 Christ can repair, and mould a new thy soul,
 Though it shou'd be with various vices foul,
 And, whilst thou livest on the earth he can
 Make thee in favour grow with God and man.
- 98 Christ can supply thy sinful mind with grace
 And strength, on him thy confidence to place
 With learning, virtue, wisdom, and with worth,
 Fully to work thy own salvation forth.
- 99 Christ can to thee th' advantages restore,
 Which thy forefathers lost so long before,
 And give thee life, which never shall decay—
 A life, that Satan ne'er can take away.
- 100 The Son of God can save thy wand'ring soul,
 Tho' it shou'd stray, where wolves each ev'ning prowl,
 And carry thee in safety back again,
 On his own shoulders, to the faithful train.
- 101 Not all the spacious world, nor all therein,
 Can purify thy spotted soul from sin,
 Or it's lost native innocence recall;
 But, without Christ, thou to the pit must fall.
- 102 Collect thy utmost pow'rs, thy utmost might,
 Rely, confide, and lay, on Christ, thy weight;
 Search for him, love him, and with faith behold,
 And keep in him a sure and steady hold.

- 103 A Christian must be thoroughly inclin'd
To seek for Christ, with all his heart and mind;
For Christ will never a Protector prove
To such who study not to gain his love.
- 104 Unless one longs, unless one thirsts to have
The Son of God, his sinful soul to save—
The Deity will ne'er his suit regard,
Nor such faint efforts with success reward.
- 105 The Deity, his Son to none will give,
Who are not fully ready to receive
The gift divine, Christ must with zeal be sought,
Before he can within their reach be brought.
- 106 Who wish, who long, who pant with strong desire,
Christ and his gracious favour to acquire;
God will to such accord the blessing soon,
And give them readily the precious boon.
- 107 God nought expects from any that believe,
But that with ardour they wou'd Christ receive.
For he, that seeks him with a zeal, like fire,
Shall, without price, obtain his heart's desire.
- 108 Before, we Christ and his sweet Grace can gain,
We must the certain hold of faith attain;
For, without faith, no man on earth shall e'er
Before the Son of God in bliss appear.
- 109 No part, no share, no benefit, no gain,
The Christian, more than *Pagan*, shall obtain;
Of all that Jesus purchas'd for our sakes,
'Till he by faith a full possession takes.
- 110 Faith, is the noblest boon thou canst desire;
Without it, thou shalt never Christ acquire;
Tho' thou, in this thy day, each wish shou'dst have;
Yet, without faith, thy soul thou ne'er cou'dst save.
- 111 Without it, thou hast nought with Christ to do—
Without it, thy best works are mean and low—
Without it, thou to God no joy canst give—
But, "by his faith, the just shall ever live."
- 112 Tho'

- 112 Tho' hills of gold unto thy share shou'd fall,
And all the glories of this earthly ball;
What wou'd they profit thee, on the dread day,
Shou'dst throw, for want of faith, thy soul away?
- 113 Was thou as poor as *Lazarus* of yore;
Without goods, lands, or food, or any store;
Tho' thou nought else but faith alone shou'dst have,
By faith alone yet thou thy soul shou'dst save.
- 114 Tho' mines of gold cannot our Saviour move,
To save a single soul he does not love;
Yet faith, though little as the smallest grain,
Salvation, for it's owner, shall obtain:
- 115 Without it, no delight, no comfort, is,
No joy sincere, nor any perfect bliss,
In heav'n above, or on the earth below;
Who has not faith no happiness can know!
- 116 Without it, thou, in Christ, shalt have no room —
Without it, thou, in hell shalt have thy doom —
Without it, God himself is ne'er well-pleas'd —
Without it no man heaven e'er appeas'd.
- 117 No pardon is for sin to be obtain'd —
No favour from th' ALMIGHTY to be gain'd —
No real pleasure ever did appear —
Unless a lively faith was likewise there.
- 118 The rich have need of faith, as well as poor —
The learned sage, and the illit'rate boor:
Like need of faith the king and beggar have;
Nay, all have need of it, their souls to save.
- 119 And all must have their Own — their Own alone —
Another's faith cannot for thee atone:
Since no man can be sav'd — not even one —
But by his own belief and faith alone.
- 120 'Tis not thy mother's faith, nor yet thy fire's —
'Tis not the prince, or peer's — that God requires,
And can on thee the grace of God draw down —
Or any other's faith, besides thy own.

- 121 The father's faith, to save his son shall fail—
Nor shall the son's, to save the fire prevail;
Each shall be saved, by his own faith alone;
No other faith to save a soul was known!
- 122 Who, with attention, hear his blessed words,
To them, the Deity this faith affords:
On none, without the word, he e'er bestows
The sacred gift, or any favour shows.
- 123 Hear then the word, and, all it says, believe,
And to it's doctrines due attention give!
God will perform the thing which he has spoke!
God never yet has any promise broke!
- 124 'Tis not our temper, or our fire's deserts—
'Tis not our learning, study, or our parts—
But 'tis God's spirit, through the word possess'd,
That gives man faith, and plants it in his breast.
- 125 Seek then the word, the spirit seek to gain,
And, as for life, for grace cry out attain;
For they, who cry for grace, and hear his word,
To them faith's freely granted by the Lord.
- 126 'Tis not the word, heard by the ear, that can
Excite true faith within the heart of man;
But 'tis the Spirit, with the word combin'd,
That stirs up faith within the human mind,

P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 MY gracious God! compassion's sake!
Do not rebuke me in thine ire,
Nor let thy dreadful wrath extend
It's terrors to my latter end!
- 2 O LORD! each keenly-pointed dart
Of thine, has pierc'd my riven heart;
Like sudden storms thy hand descends;
Beneath the stroke my body bends.
- 3 My flesh is full of pain and woe;
So great, so furious was the blow!
No rest, my broken bones can find—
No peace, my conscience-wounded mind.

- 4 My sumless sins have soar'd so high
Above my head, they reach the sky;
The mountain-load I cannot bear,
The punishment is too severe!
- 5 No ease my batter'd body knows,
So very weighty are thy blows!
My wounds are of corruption full,
Because I was, ah me! so dull.
- 6 My back thou, like a bow hast bent—
Just to the grave thou hast me sent—
So very low I now am found,
That I am prostrate on the ground.
- 7 All days I am with grief oppress'd,
And all night long I cannot rest,
So much my woes and tears abound,
My couch is with the deluge drown'd.
- 8 Turn then to me, O LORD! thine eye—
See, how I weep—hark how I sigh!
Behold, how heavy on each part
Thy judgments lie! they overwhelm my heart.
- 9 To make my sorrows overflow,
And fill me with excess of woe,
My loins inflam'd, intensely smart,
My body's pain'd in ev'ry part.
- 10 I feeble am, and smitten sore,
For grief of heart I grunt and roar:
So num'rous my afflictions are,
O God, I'm ready to despair!
- 11 O lessen thou thy burning rage,
And part of my fierce pain assuage,
Nor let my life be quite suppress'd;
But grant that I at length may rest!
- 12 Thou knowest, LORD! what I require,
Thou knowest all my heart's desire:
My thoughts, my fears, my misery,
Were never hid, my GOD! from thee.

- 13 My heart within me hardly beats,
My spirits flag, my blood retreats,
My clouded eyes have lost their light,
And no kind friend appears in sight.
- 14 My neighbours and relations fly,
And view me with a distant eye
Of me, as of the plague, affraid,
They give me no advice, nor aid.
- 15 All those, that wou'd my soul betray,
Place snares and pitfalls in my way;
Like a mad dog, they wou'd oppress
Thy servant, in his dire distress.
- 16 Each, then, wou'd fain my life destroy,
Each told his tale with savage joy,
And each condemn'd me in his mind,
As the most vile of human kind.
- 17 Some did a thousand slanders say,
Some mock'd and scoff'd me all the day;
Some still meant nothing but deceit,
My woes and sorrows were so great!
- 18 But as one deaf I still appear'd,
Who none of all their railing heard,
Or like a mute, I stood alone,
And held my peace, and answer'd none.
- 19 I am, like one that cannot hear,
Or like an idiot I appear,
And let them, as they please, dispute,
Nor strive their scandals to refute.
- 20 But thou, O LORD! my cause wilt hear,
And to my plaint, I hope, give ear,
And make a due return to those,
Who without reason, are my foes.
- 21 O, let not them that wou'd destroy
Thy servant, their heart's wish enjoy,
Let them not triumph over me,
When they my vast distresses see,

- 22 Shou'd my foot, e'er so little, slide,
At the mishap themselves they pride,
They laugh aloud at all my woes,
And my infirmities expose.
- 23 To suffer misery and scorn,
I, hapless wretch! methinks was born;
My heart is overwhelm'd with pain,
Still in my fight my woes remain.
- 24 My sins I therefore do confess,
And do lament my wickedness;
But, LORD! I'm ready to despair,
To think how numerous they are.
- 25 Yet still my adversaries live,
They daily multiply and thrive,
And they that hated me the most,
Are now become a countless host.
- 26 All those that jumble wrong with right
And good, with evil turns, requite,
Still shew themselves my constant foes,
And still their ranc'rous thoughts disclose.
- 27 Because I ever have pursu'd
The things that honest are, and good,
I am the public butt of all,
Who for my virtue seek my fall.
- 28 Then from thy sight, LORD! do not cast
Thy servant, but, to help him, haste!
Make him still more and more thy care,
And do not from him wander far.
- 29 Speed, O my GOD!—to aid me speed—
To aid me in the time of need!
O, be not from me long away,
My GOD! my health, my trust, my stay!

Concerning the S A B B A T H.

- 1 **R**ISE with the cock, and clape each flutt'ring wing,
In grateful hymns exultingly rejoice—
Early to God, each Sunday morning, sing
With glowing heart, and with a tuneful voice.

DIVINE POEMS.

437

- 2 Put on thy best, at least a cleanly dress,
And sanctify thyself or dont presume
Into the temple of the LORD to press,
Unless prepar'd with decency to come.
- 3 Then to the temple, innocently gay,
With all thy family around thee, go
Thy homage to the LORD of hosts to pay;
As all the saints of old were wont to do.
- 4 GOD, likes with reverence to be ador'd,
Publicly in his courts, with open gates,
Tho' chiefly on the Sabbath of the LORD:
But all clandestine corner-worship hates.
- 5 His whole creation GOD compleated quite,
On the sixth day, before it yet was eve;
Do thou thy labour end that very night,
If thou dost in the Christian faith believe.
- 6 Be sanctify'd before the seventh day,
And cleanse thy vessel from each sinful stain,
Wash thou thyself in penitence—obey
Thy God—and strive his heart-felt peace to gain.
- 7 Before the sabbath comes, thy soul prepare,
And cast each worldly-minded thought away,
That thou may'st do the work of GOD with care,
And proper holiness—whilst yet 'tis day.
- 8 Let thou thy servants and thy cattle rest
From all their toil, upon that sacred day;
Let, then, no anxious cares torment thy breast,
No active exercise, or wanton play.
- 9 To sell provisions, or to bear a load,
To seek amusements, or else idly play,
To work thy trade, or travel on the road,
Are all forbidden on that hallow'd day,
- 10 Take heed, lest thou the sabbath shou'dst prophane,
At morn, at noon, or in the evening grey,
But, e'en at home, as if within his fane,
To GOD thy unremitted worship pay.

- 11 Greater attention, whilst thou breathest, pay,
Upon each sabbath, to the work divine,
Than thou wou'dst give on any other day,
To any worldly care, or task of thine.
- 12 It is a thing as requisite to seek
Upon that day, for manna to sustain
The hungry soul—as 'tis throughout the week,
To search for food, thy body to maintain.
- 13 E'er yet the dawn has streak'd the eastern skies,
E'er yet the lark has sung her morning lay,
Early, upon that sacred day, arise,
That thou may'st pass it in a pious way.
- 14 'Tis not a day, in listless sleep to waste,
'Tis not a day, to lie a-bed supine,
But 'tis a day, by Christians to be past,
In ev'ry act and exercise divine!
- 15 'Tis not a day, in saunt'ring to be past,
In drunkenness, or to some bad intent;
But 'tis a day, which long as it does last,
Shou'd be in holy works entirely spent.
- 16 A day—which in devotion we shou'd spend——
A day—to do the business of the LORD——
A day—we shou'd in pray'r and reading end——
A day—whereon our God shou'd be ador'd——
- 17 A day—from ev'ry worldly work to rest——
A day—to deeds of holiness assign'd——
A day—that is beyond all others blest——
And not a day—for idleness design'd.
- 18 Though God commands us all to keep that day
Holy—and thinks therein to be obey'd:
Yet less attention most of us ne'er pay
To any precept, than to that we've paid.
- 19 Of all the days, throughout the rolling year,
There's not a day we pass so much amiss——
There's not a day, whereon we all appear
So irreligious, so prophane, as this!

- 20 A day for drunkenness—a day for sport—
A day to dance—a day to lounge away,
A day for riot and excess too short,
Among most *Welshmen*, is the sabbath-day.
- 21 A day to sit—a day in chat to spend—
A day when fighting 'mongst us most prevails—
A day to do the errands of the fiend
Such is the sabbath in most parts of *Wales*!
- 22 The very day, which we shou'd most revere,
We, to defile it, still seem most inclin'd,
To the dishonour of our SAVIOUR dear,
And to the grief of ev'ry pious mind.
- 23 From early morn, unto the ev'ning gray,
Be still on thy religious task intent,
And let no portion of thy Saviour's day
Be, in the Devil's work or worship, spent.
- 24 Remember still to keep the sabbath day,
And keep it holy, with a pious mind;
For he that spends it in an idle way,
Will ne'er regard, whatever he's enjoind.
- 25 Whether at church, at home, or if abroad;
Observe the sabbath, thou and all thy race,
And make thy family adore their God,
As well at home, as in his holy place.
- 26 Three sorts of works, a man may safely do
Upon the seventh day, and not transgress—
The work of love—the work we're forc'd unto—
And the still pleasing work of holiness.
- 27 The work of holiness a man then does,
To hear God's word, and his due homage pay
When to the temple of the LORD he goes;
However bad the road, or far the way.
- 28 The work of love, or charity is show'd,
When man or beast's from certain death restrain'd—
When beasts are fodder'd with sufficient food,
And when the poor and needy are maintain'd.

29 Those

- 29 Those we, as necessary works, admit;
Which none could at another time require —
Such as to save a beast, fall'n to a pit,
A wife in labour, or a house on fire.
- 30 Worse than bad air, is an associate vile —
Take heed all evil company to shun —
'Tis a rank pest — 'tis pitch, and will defile
All those — nay, e'en the best, that to it run.

A PRAYER for the Church.

- 1 **S**UPPORT, O God! with thy Almighty aid
Thy glorious church, that fair wide-spreading vine;
Which thy right hand has in thy vineyard laid
(E'er since the birth of time) with art divine:
- 2 Let not the forest-boar the plant unroot —
Let not wild beasts, for our Redeemer's sake —
Let not the foe destroy it's cluster'd fruit,
Nor scathe and havock in thy vineyard make.
- 3 Be thou a wall of fire, by night and day,
This choice plantation closely to surround —
Still let thine eye the fav'rite spot survey,
And thy strong arm defend the sacred ground:
- 4 Hide it, as men from harm their eyes wou'd hide,
Feed it, as duly as the careful swain
His flock — adorn it gaily, like a bride,
And suffer not the foe it's fence to gain.
- 5 Rebuild it's walls, and ev'ry breach repair —
Watch at each gate, and make each inlet fast —
Strengthen it's turrets, ev'ry passage bar,
Permit no enemy to lay it waste.
- 6 Suffer nor Turk, nor Pope, nor Pagan — no!
Nor any pow'r, thy vineyard to annoy —
But still to all her foes be thou a foe,
And all her adversaries quite destroy.
- 7 Show'r thou thy blessings daily on her head;
'Till her luxuriant branches shall extend
From sea to sea, and be completely spread
O'er all the globe, unto creation's end:

- 8 O'erthrow the serpent's pow'r, and piecemeal tear
His sable throne, and crush his baleful head—
Erect our SAVIOUR'S kingdom ev'ry where,
And most triumphantly on Satan tread.
- 9 Slay thou the son of falsehood with thy breath,
Who elevates himself 'bove all that's good—
And put that old, that scarlet-whore to death,
Who flakes her thirst so oft, with Christian blood:
- 10 O'er all the world, LORD, let thy gospel ride,
That ev'ry realm the blessing may receive;
That it may conquer all, both far and wide,
And ev'ry soul it's doctrines may believe.
- 11 Extend, O LORD! thy righteous reign around,
To ev'ry nation, and to ev'ry place—
'Mongst *Greeks* and *Gentiles* let thy gifts abound,
And make them all partakers of thy grace.
- 12 Thy tender mercies to the *Jews* display—
To them thy righteousness and truth explain—
Take thou their callous unbelief away,
And to thy fold admit them back again.
- 13 Bless ev'ry realm where JESUS is ador'd,
And whose inhabitants devoutly live,
Preserve among them thy most holy word,
'Till CHRIST himself to judgment shall arrive.

Against S W E A R I N G.

- 1 HIS clothes were rent by each indignant *Jew*,
When any dar'd JEHOVAH'S name blaspheme;
But many Christians no emotion shew,
When any, now, revile the God supreme.
- 2 By *Pharaoh's* head, if an *Egyptian* swore,
And falsely swore, he certainly was slain:
If Christians swear by CHRIST'S flesh, wounds, and gore;
His cause, there's no avenger to maintain.
- 3 JESUS but once was wounded by the *Jews*,
Pierc'd in the side, as on the cross he lay:
But Christians by their shocking oath's abuse,
And wound their LORD, a thousand times a-day.

- 4 Be not all amaz'd to see the Great,
 Their lands and stately houses sell away :
 He'll soon dispose of his paternal seat,
 Who, to his God, does not due homage pay.
- 5 Survey the houses of the rich, and there
 'Thou many' a pack of painted cards may'st see,
 And dreadful oath's and imprecations hear :
 But scarce e'er find one book of piety.
- 6 This I aver, and as my creed maintain,
 That none, with more determin'd accents, swear
 Among the fiends in agonizing pain,
 Than we may often among Christians hear.
- 7 There are whole families, ne'er mention God,
 But when they slander, or revile his name,
 Nor talk of their blest SAVIOUR'S precious blood,
 But just whilst they are swearing by the same.
- 8 The curse of God, his house will never leave,
 Who falsely swears by God's tremendous name——
 But shall to ev'ry stone and timber cleave,
 'Till utter ruin shall consume the same.
- 9 More safe it is on powder-casks to stand
 Where kitchen chimnies blaze, and sparks are near,
 Than in the neatest parlour in the land,
 With those, who are accusom'd much to swear.
- 10 Full ninescore thousand, of th' *Affyrian* name,
 Were by an Angel slaughter'd on the plain,
 All in one night—because they dar'd defame
 The LORD of Hosts, and take his name in vain.
- 11 It was the Deity's command of old
 All shou'd be ston'd, who did his name blaspheme :
 E'en now, he will not such, as guiltless hold——
 But as determin'd sinners ever deem.
- 12 Although the greatest Judge, that ever was,
 Shou'd clear each perj'rer that before him came ;
 Yet God himself will sentence on them pass,
 Because they vilify'd his holy name.

The DUTY of CLERGYMEN.

- 1 **L**ET holiness upon thy front appear,
That all the people plainly may observe,
By the behaviour thou art wont to bear,
That thou dost a most holy Master serve,
- 2 Make thou the bells, that fringe thy robes around,
Where-e'er thou goest, make a pleasing noise,
That all may hear the Gospel's joyous sound,
And, in the words thou utterest, rejoice.
- 3 Make the pomegranates on thy sacred dress,
Like those of *Aaron*, shed a sweet perfume—
Make them the fragrance of good works express,
In ev'ry company, where thou shalt come.
- 4 Make thou thy conduct yield a grateful smell,
Make thou thy calling shine, as bright as day,
Make thou each word thy lips shall utter, tell,
That thou dost **JESUS CHRIST** alone obey.
- 5 Thou, by thy calling, art a man of God,
And to thy SAVIOUR's service dost belong :
That a King's servant shou'd appear abroad,
Like common menials, is absurdly wrong.
- 6 Thou art a herald from the King of heaven,
To teach his will unto the world, employ'd ;
Let not a word that to thy charge was giv'n,
Through thy neglect, become unheard, and void.
- 7 Thou art a Shepherd, call'd the flock to keep,
Which **JESUS**, with his precious blood, did buy ;
Then starve not, thro' neglect, a single sheep,
Lest on thy head it's blood shou'd heavy lie.
- 8 Righteousness, with the sacred *Urim*, bear—
Bear knowledge, with the *Thummim*, on thy breast,
Deep in thy bosom both those virtues wear :
It is the duty of each worthy Priest.
- 9 When once thy hand is put unto the plough,
Follow thy calling, and drive boldly on—
Nor, like a dog, back to thy vomit go :
The crown, by perseverance, must be won.

- 10 Because he, in the day of battle, fled,
Ephraim was long among the tribes disgrac'd;
 So, from thy duty shoudst thou now be led,
 Worse will thy end be, than thy life-time pass'd.
- 11 Like *James* and *Peter*, to thy Saviour cleave,
 Quitting thy bark, e'er thou'rt of life bereft;
 The votaries of Christ this world must leave,
 As *Levi* the receipt of custom left.
- 12 This world, and all it's wealth, renounce with scorn,
 Since for thy life thou startest on the course:
 A load of earth, by either of them borne,
 Will tire the strongest man, or fleetest horse.
- 13 Each cumb'ring passion, and affection base,
 With ev'ry sin that on thy conscience lies,
 Fling-off, and strive in the celestial race
 By patience to obtain the glorious prize.
- 14 Feed thou the flock of Christ with care and zeal,
 Not like a press'd, or mercenary slave—
 And then—when he his glory shall reveal—
 Thou shalt a crown, and envy'd honours have.
- 15 Woe to the Pastor! who does nothing say,
 Nor spreads the Christian doctrines—at his hands
 The blood of thousands shall be sought that day,
 When he, at God's tribunal, trembling stands.
- 16 Three sev'ral ways thou shoudst Christ's lambkins feed,
 And keep them from the fatal fiend, despair,
 1. By the pure Gospel whensoever they need,—
 2. By good example; and 3. by ardent pray'r.
- 17 Better than angels, are all Priests of worth,
 The bad, are worse than the infernal host,—
 The good, to realms of life will lead us forth—
 The bad, will let us all be wholly lost.
- 18 Dress thou thy vineyard, 'twill large clusters give—
 Sow thou thy land, green blades will clothe the field,
 Feed well thy flock, and it amain will thrive—
 Instruct thy Parish—it will virtue yield.

- 19 Your flocks, ye Pastors ! with good precepts teach,
And into *Canaan*, through the desert, lead :
In vain shall Doctors wholesome doctrines preach,
Unless their lives and language be agreed.
- 20 Be gentle to your tender flocks — but raise,
Whene'er the wolves approach, alarming cry :
The flocks, by gentle language cheer'd, will graze —
The wolves, discourag'd by your shouts, will fly.
- 21 Indulge the sportive lambkin with the tear,
But check the ram's perverseness with the crook —
Be mild unto the guileless folk, but treat
With sternness those that won't good doctrine brook.
- 22 Still in your hands your proper weapons wield,
As erst the Jews, when *Sion's* walls they rear'd,
A trowel — the grand edifice to build —
A sword, your people from their foes to guard.
- 23 Let each of you, his charge with manna feed,
And to the verdant pastures often call :
Shou'd any of them chance to die for need,
Their blood shall on the heedless shepherd fall.
- 24 Drive home each straggler, at the close of day,
And fold, at night, the bleating pris'ners all —
Permit not one, to lag behind, or stray :
God each bad shepherd to account will call !
- 25 You are the lamps, shou'd make the church of God,
And all your congregations, shine full bright —
O, let your lives, like torches, blaze abroad,
That men may walk in the refulgent light !
- 26 The lamp, it's oil and wick does freely spend,
To light each true believer with it's rays :
Do you your lives in that employment end,
That your parishioners may see the blaze.
- 27 You are the salt, to season ev'ry soul,
And to preserve them, from corruption, sweet —
Then season all, who in their vices roll,
Lest CHRIST shou'd trample you beneath his feet.

- 28 It is a shocking sight to see a sheep
Mangled within the wolf's blood-reeking jaws,
But one far worse to see a sinner weep,
(Thro' lack of knowledge) in the devil's paws.
- 29 'Tis bad, to see a field of ripen'd grain
Unreap'd, for want of hands sufficient, lie:
But worse, to see men's souls untaught remain,
For want of pastors, and by thousands die.
- 30 'Tis sad, to see a child upon the coals
(Only for want of due assistance) fry!—
But worse in hell to see unnumber'd souls;
Because no priest did timely aid supply.
- 31 Themselves, into a pool, to see men throw,
(For want of good advice is very sad!)
But worse, alas! to see a million go
To hell—because they no instruction had.
- 32 The herald of the morn first elaps his wings,
And wakes himself, before he wakes each spouse;
So ought the herald of the King of kings,
To rouse himself, e'er he his flock does rouse.
- 33 As *Aaron's* rod, leaves, flow'rs and almonds bore;
(To shew how much he was prefer'd by God)
But neither leaf, nor fruit, nor blooming flow'r,
Did once appear on any other rod.
- 34 So ought the Clergy, each in his degree,
With ev'ry virtue largely to abound,
Although the rest, whate'er their callings be,
Shou'd, without virtue, all their lives be found.
- 35 How can the blind, with safety lead the blind?
How can the dumb, at the grim wolf e'er growl?
How can the barren, any milk e'er find,
To nurse a child, or feed a famish'd soul?
- 36 The dog's worth nothing—that is still asleep—
And the bad servant—that is idle still—
And the spoil'd salt—that can't its savour keep,
And the vile shepherd—who his sheep does kill.

37 A horse

- 37 A horse, may a good stallion prove, when blind——
 A fallen roof, may to the fire be thrown——
 Some use, one for a broken pot may find——
 But nought can, with an idle priest, be done.
- 38 Who'll put the blind, to guide those without eyes?
 Who'll put the mute, to chide the wolf away?
 Who'll put a fool, the foolish to advise?
 Who'll put a dunce, to share an army's pay?
- 39 The fightless, on a tow'r---the foe to see——
 The stupid---to instruct a stupid race——
 Th' unskillful steersman, to the helm, at sea,
 By man are plac'd---God such did never place.
- 40 If thou art learn'd---th' unlearn'd instruct with care,
 If a good shepherd---guide thy flock with skill——
 If a wise steward---give to each his share,
 If a true Christian, do thy Master's will.
- 41 If thou'rt a faithful dog, the thief oppose——
 If thou'rt an angler---labour men to catch,
 If thou'rt a watchman, guard against thy foes,
 And tell, in time, what happens in thy watch.
- 42 Where no seed's cast, nought thence can e'er be mown,
 And where no trumpets sound, no armies move,
 From sheep unfed, no profit e'er was known
 Where no one's taught, none ever can improve.
- 43 If thou'rt a vine-dresser, thy vineyard till,
 And from the plants prune ev'ry useless shoot,
 Their roots, their trunks, their branches dress with skill,
 Lest they shou'd all be fell'd, for want of fruit.
- 44 If any love, O Peter! warms thy breast
 For CHRIST, thy Saviour, and sincerest friend,
 Let it be to his tender flock exprest,
 Feed well his lambs, and them from wolves defend.
- 45 Let not his sheep in the wild desert stray,
 Let not the forest beasts his younglings kill,
 Let not diseases on their bodies prey,
 For want of proper physic, care, and skill,

- 46 Ye Pastors all, whatever your degree,
Shine, like the stars upon a frosty night,
But be not like the moon, whose orb we see
Yield, when o'erspread with spots, a fainter light.
- 47 Make your voice ring, throughout the church, aloud,
So angels praise the Lord in Paradise!
Make yourselves known above the vulgar crowd,
And shine, like stars, when they illumine the skies.
- 48 Happy the Priest, who in his pulpit dies,
As he the Gospel to his flock displays,
Or in the temple, on his bended knees,
As for the people he devoutly prays.
- 49 The cloudy pillar, let each Pastor be,
Or that of fire—the narrow path to show,
How all (from their *Egyptian* bondage free)
May to the heav'nly *Canaan* safely go.
- 50 O! with what conscience can a shepherd shear
The flock, he never fed? nor be ashamed
To eat the off'ring without any fear,
Though, against vice, he never has exclaim'd!
- 51 Ah me! how many a moan, and piteous plaint,
Shall thousands make when they to doom are brought,
Who now, for lack of good instruction, faint,
Soul-starv'd, and ruin'd thro' their Pastor's fault?

Concerning the DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

- 1 GOD ne'er any good from those
With-holds, who fear Him here below;
On them He grace and fame bestows,
Nor loss, nor cross they e'er shall know,
- 2 Throw thou on him thy troubles all,
And He will thee with plenty feed
He will not let the righteous fall,
Nor ever suffer them to need.
- 3 God says (of that advantage make!)
"Open thy mouth, I will thee feed:"
Pains in some honest calling take,
And all thy labours shall succeed,

- 4 Though lions, and each brute beside,
Are oft distress'd for want of food;
Yet they, who in their God confide,
Shall never want for ought that's good.
- 5 God gives the very abjects food;
Supplies the *Turk* and *Pagan's* need,
His very foes He fills with good,
And shall he not his servants feed?
- 6 At too much riches never aim,
But be content with what is thine:
God never will those folks disclaim,
Who duly keep his laws divine.
- 7 Implore God's help in ev'ry ill
He is the Giver of all good:
But shou'dst thou trust thy net and skill,
Thou'dst lose the fish, that by thee stood.
- 8 Full many a man still lives in need,
Because on God he ne'er rely'd——
Full many a one still begs his bread,
Who did in his own strength confide.
- 9 Since God is always to them kind,
Why do they die for want of aid,
But 'cause they on their strength reclin'd
And ne'er for his assistance pray'd?
- 10 God never knows the least repose,
But for his servants still prepares;
Whilst at our ease we sweetly doze,
He daily for his household cares.
- 11 Say, can a mother e'er forget
Her charge, and sucking babe neglect?
But shou'd it be neglected——yet
God will his servants recollect.
- 12 E'er thou shalt woe or want behold,
(If thou dost truly God obey)
He'll tell a fish to fetch thee gold,
Thy just expences to defray,

13 Though,

- 13 Though, like the widow's meal, thy store
Shou'd be but small—yet in a trice
(If thou dost strictly God adore)
He'll make that little store suffice.
- 14 Do not on thy own arm rely,
Thy strength, or thy superior skill;
But on thy friend, the Lord most high!
If thou wou'dst be preserv'd from ill.
- 15 God feeds the warblers of the wood,
And clothes the lilies of the plain;
God gives to all things living food,
And will he not his sons sustain?
- 16 The ravens neither sow nor reap,
They have no barns to house their seed;
Yet God does ev'n the ravens keep,
And them, through ev'ry season, feed.
- 17 Observe the lily, and the rose,
To toil and spin they ne'er were known,
Yet God indulges them with clothes,
More gay than monarch e'er put on.
- 18 On God, each living creature's eyes
Are fix'd—He with a parent's care,
The wants of all the world supplies,
And gives to each it's proper share.
- 19 He opes his bounteous hand full wide,
And feeds each animal that lives,
And ne'er leaves any unsupply'd,
But to them all due measure gives.
- 20 He to the lion's whelps gives food—
To each fierce rambler of the wild—
To the black raven's glossy brood—
And shall he not to ev'ry child?
- 21 Thou dost not drop a single hair,
Without a Providence divine—
No sparrow tumbles from the air—
Nought haps, which God did not design.

- 22 Already has God's Providence
To thee, breath, being, strength allow'd—
Health, knowledge, reason, mem'ry, sense :
Will he not, think'st thou, give thee food?
- 23 Two sparrows, as they are so small,
Are purchas'd for a single mite ;
Tho' little, yet God feeds them all :
Art thou less precious in his sight ?
- 24 Though God, for all his creatures here,
With a most lib'ral hand provides ;
Yet is the soul of man more dear
To Him, than all His works besides,
- 25 On God, thy cares and troubles lay—
For thee, He always is in pain :
If CHRIST thou truly dost obey,
A sure reward thou shalt obtain,

Concerning PURGATORY.

- 1 **T**HERE's nought in nature that can purge a soul,
But the Lamb's blood, which for our sins was slain;
It cleanses ev'ry vice and habit foul,
And purifies the conscience from each stain,
- 2 Two roads there are, wherein all men must go ;
To ruin, one—to life, the other leads—
A third, no man can from the gospels show,
Which he that goes to purgatory treads,
- 3 Two places only, in the world unknown,
Those books point out for all men, when they die,
Heaven and Hell—nor can a third be shown :
For Purgatory's but a *Popish* lie.
- 4 Two sorts alone of men, on earth, are known,
The unbelievers, and the faithful train—
The former to perdition, shall be thrown,
The latter shall in endless bliss remain.
- 5 Fire can torment, 'tis true, and hurt a man—
Fire can all earthly substances devour—
But neither fire, nor ought created, can
Make pure one soul, besides our SAVIOUR's gore,

- 6 Fire may the gold from all it's dross refine,
 Fire may consume chaff, straw, or logs of wood,
 But neither fire, nor ought thou canst divine,
 Can purify thy soul, besides CHRIST's blood.
- 7 The man that does not go to paradise,
 Where our REDEEMER JESUS CHRIST remains,
 Shall down, to hell, be hurry'd, when he dies,
 With Satan, there to suffer ceaseless pains.
- 8 The man, that does not, at departing, fly
 Like happy *Lazarus*, to *Abraham's* breast,
 Must soon to hell's infernal furnace hie,
 Like *Dives*, by the fiend to be distress.
- 9 This purgatory is not in the sky,
 Nor in the earth, nor is it in the sea,
 Nor does it in the nether regions lie,
 Where then can this same purgatory be?
- 10 Since some assert, that in the roaring main,
 Some, in the earth—and some, in hell below,
 Others, that it in *Etna* lies, maintain:
 Which of them all, must I give credit to?
- 11 That, 'tis th' angelic host, some papists say,
 Others affirm, 'tis hell's old sable train,
 Punishes those, who there are doom'd to stay;
 Whilst others know not what they shall maintain:
- 12 Some say, that they shall be in water boil'd,
 Others, that they in penal fire shall fry:
 Since they can't tell, who shall be sod, who broil'd,
 We may conclude the whole to be a lie.
- 13 Small venial sins alone, as some maintain,
 Before the Purgatorial court appear,
 Others believe it, full as strong and plain,
 That deadly sins are only punish'd; there.
- 14 Some, those tremendous pains must undergo
 'Till doomsday, as it is by many said——
 Some, for a thousand years to come, or so——
 Some, 'till an off'ring, for their sins be paid.

- 15 But when this off'ring on the altar's plac'd,
Each priest, or prelate, can a pardon have,
Or else the *Pope*, with *Peter's* powers grac'd,
Can, whom he will, from Purgatory save.
- 16 The mony'd churl shall soon be loof'd from thence,
Entirely free from purgatorial pain;
Whilst the poor wretch, who has no stock of pence,
Shall long (what care such pastors?) there remain.
- 17 If Purgatory make the sinner pure,
For what was our REDEEMER's passion good?
Why did He pains ineffable endure?
Why did He offer up his precious blood?
- 18 If it be that, which washes sin away,
And all our filth — what do the scriptures mean,
When they so oft, and so expressly, say,
That 'tis the blood of CHRIST, which makes us clean?
- 19 In vain did CHRIST pour out his precious blood,
(His death and sufferings all entirely lost)
That we might wash in that all-cleansing flood;
If Purgatory such effects can boast.
- 20 O, let me wash my filthiness away,
And bleach my soul in CHRIST's abstergent gore!
Then let the *Pope* in Purgatory key
My soul: I value not his papal pow'r.
- 21 The bloody tenets, that the *Papists* hold,
The Christian blood that they so often spill,
Shew me, they are not of CHRIST's peaceful fold,
But wolves that take delight his sheep to kill.

Concerning Perseverance in a State of Grace.

- 1 **N**ONE e'er his MAKER's matchless might withstood,
He's ever steadfast, and supremely good,
He will fulfil, whate'er he did propose,
And none, whom he has chosen, will he lose.
- 2 It is impossible he shou'd neglect
A single soul amongst his own elect:
Although the world, the flesh, and fiend shou'd join,
They cou'd not one of all his flock purloin.

- 3 God is with wond'rous faithfulness replete,
Whate'er he once design'd, he will complete :
Our souls and bodies he will spotless keep,
'Till CHRIST shall come, and drive to heav'n his sheep:
- 4 God chose his saints, before their birth of old,
And in the book of life their names enroll'd :
Nor can the fiend; on any sly pretence,
Erase the name of any one from thence:
- 5 Whom God elected long before the fall,
Them will he, at a proper season, call,
They from their sins shall be entirely freed,
And them, he'll to celestial glories lead.
- 6 A sure foundation (as St. *Paul* has said)
Our gracious God for his elect has laid :
He knows full well all them, whom he e'er chose;
And will not one of all the number lose.
- 7 O, little flock; say, why art thou affraid?
E'er the foundations of the world were laid,
Thy bounteous God to thee for JESU's sake,
A kingdom gave, which none can from thee take.
- 8 The LORD his fear, (to ev'ry faithful heart
In his own flock) has promis'd to impart——
To which, if it does not at all times cleave,
Yet it the same shall ne'er entirely leave.
- 9 Our heav'nly SIRE has set his seal on those;
Whom he, through JESU's meditation chose,
And, as an earnest, with the HOLY GHOST
Has fill'd their hearts, that none of them be lost.
- 10 Eternal life our blessed SAVIOUR gives
To ev'ry one that faithfully believes,
Nor can a single soul of them be lost,
Since they have JESUS and the HOLY GHOST.
- 11 Th' Omnipotent preserves his children all,
Lest they into atrocious sins should fall,
And plenteously, through faith, on them bestows
Salvation, and in heav'n a blest repose.

- 12 GOD, will preserve them from a shameful fall ———
 GOD, from transgression will restrain them all ———
 GOD, will protect them, with a parent's care,
 'Till they to his tribunal summon'd are.
- 13 The sons of *Jacob* were not sav'd of old
 Because they never chang'd; but we are told,
 That they were sav'd, on this account alone,
 Because their GOD to change was never known.
- 14 A man can't be of his salvation sure,
 Because he is, in his own mind, secure,
 But from the promis'd covenant of heaven,
 Whereby his sins, through CHRIST, are all forgiven,
- 15 Though *Peter* his REDEEMER once disown'd,
 Though *David* fell, e'en to the very ground,
 Yet afterwards, the LORD his Spirit sent,
 And caus'd them both sincerely to repent.
- 16 Although the sons of GOD do oft transgress,
 And, through temptation, fall to some excess,
 Their fall is notwithstanding, ne'er so great,
 But they can stand again upon their feet.
- 17 Though *Peter's* tongue his Master did disown,
 For fear of being to a prison thrown,
 His heart no treachery at all design'd,
 But to his LORD was ever well-inclin'd.
- 18 Though sin shou'd chance to steal on the elect,
 And all the saints, at times their GOD neglect;
 Yet none of them e'er rove so far astray,
 But that, though lost, they can regain the way.
- 19 Shou'd it e'er chance that GOD's elected Son
 Shou'd err, the holy Spirit spurs him on,
 By true contrition, to amend his ways;
 Nor can he rest 'till he the call obeys.
- 20 If GOD once chooses thee for his elect,
 He never will again his choice reject:
 No change can e'er affect the GOD above;
 Whom He once lov'd, He will for ever love.

That

That a Woman ought to suckle her Child, unless
she be weak and sickly.

- 1 **W**ITH milk from thy own breasts thy children nurse,
And be not than the female-dragon worse;
For ev'ry animal, e'en ravenous beasts,
Suckle their young, if they have any breasts.
- 2 God form'd the teats thy tender young to rear,
As He prepar'd the womb it's load to bear;
The paps that give no suck are nothing more
Than the seal'd womb, which never children bore.
- 3 If thou hast milk sufficient; when a nurse;
With-hold it not, lest it shou'd prove a curse:
Sarah was ninety years of age, when first,
A joyful mother! she her *Isaac* nurs'd.
- 4 If, for this purpose, God thy milk prepar'd,
Why shou'd thy babe be of it's due debar'd?
'Tis hard, that thou shou'dst rob thy girl, or boy,
Of that which nature meant it shou'd enjoy!

ADVICE to a Woman, not to grieve too much
for the Death of her Child.

- 1 **O**! *Martha, Martha*, cease thy plaintive moan—
Take comfort—check thy over frequent sighs
For thy dear babe——whom God in mercy soon
Took from this vale of tears to Paradise.
- 2 This pungent grief, my sister dear, restrain,
And to lament thy darling infant cease,
Whom God snatch'd hence, from agonizing pain,
To live with **CHRIST** in everlasting peace.
- 3 A messenger was sent by God, in love,
To fetch him from amidst the vicious throng,
And bear him to the glorious realms above,
To chant forth hymns, the blessed saints among.
- 4 The very angels who convey'd of yore
The soul of *Lazarus*, to *Abraham's* breast,
Above the skies thy little infant bore
In their own arms, in endless joys to rest.

- 5 God took him to Himself, with meaning kind,
E'er sin had time his morals to defile,
Or evil converse cou'd corrupt his mind,
Or hurt his fame, by flanders dark and vile.
- 6 But now, no seeming friend, nor open foe,
Nor slanderous reports, nor wanton jests,
Can any harm to thy dear infant do,
Since he with CHRIST, in peace and safety rests—
- 7 With CHRIST he rests, from ev'ry sense of pain,
From ev'ry misery exempted quite—
With CHRIST, the Lamb, and his celestial train,
He sings the praises of the SIRE of light.
- 8 Take comfort then, thy spirits elevate
Above the tumults of this earthly sphere:
Didst thou but see, in what surprising state,
He sits with CHRIST, thou wou'dst not shed a tear.
- 9 Look up, and see thy child with raptur'd eyes,
Rank'd by his SAVIOUR with the virgin train,
Who were long since admitted to the skies,
Because they kept their bodies free from stain!
- 10 Behold the linen robes, so dazzling white,
The gift of CHRIST! which thy sweet infant wears,
E'er since he enter'd to the realms of light;
Not more refulgent the bright sun appears!
- 11 See there the gorgeous crown of burnish'd gold,
Which CHRIST upon thy infant's head has plac'd!
The sons of light in all their pomp behold,
And thy own babe with regal honours grac'd!
- 12 Behold him with the choir of angels vie,
Who paradise with countless numbers throng!
See, where his chair of state is rear'd on high,
And listen to his sweetly-vary'd song!
- 13 See, with his hands he sweeps the golden lyre,
And beats forth music from it's trembling strings,
To which the praises of th' eternal SIRE,
And to the Lamb, with tuneful voice he sings,

- 14 Lift to the sweet Hosannah's which he sings,
 (How holy, holy, holy, loud he cries!
 And Hallelujah's to the King of Kings,
 E'er since he first was taken to the skies!
- 15 Behold the manna, and the fruitage sweet,
 Which he among the saints of God enjoys!
 Without allowance, or restraint, they eat,
 And yet the plenteous banquet never cloy's!
- 16 Behold the fount, whence living waters flow,
 Where he his thirst may at his pleasure slake!
 Who tastes them once, no thirst again shall know,
 Nor never need a second draught to take!
- 17 See there the city, where he does reside,
 Whose spacious streets are pav'd with glitt'ring gold,
 And all those walls are fac'd on either side
 With precious stones, amazing to behold!
- 18 Look up, and see, who his companions are!
 Who but the saints, and the angelic train?
 For Devil, or for man, they need not care——
 Do all they can—they cannot give them pain.
- 19 The only labour he applies him to,
 Is the great sabbath to observe aright,
 Among the saints—with nothing else to do,
 But ever to applaud the Source of light.
- 20 Behold, no sorrow, lassitude, or pain,
 No hunger, thirst, disease, or darkness, there——
 But endless joys and happiness, remain,
 Where thy sweet babe does now in bliss appear!
- 21 Why then lamentest thou, my sister, so?
 Why stream the tears forth from thy blood-shot eyes
 For him, whom God took from this vale of woe,
 And plac'd in ceaseless bliss above the skies?
- 22 Why dost thou weep, so bitterly, to see
 Thy SAVIOUR snatch him from the dire distress,
 That mortals, here, o'erwhelm'd—to set him free,
 Among the bless'd, in endless happiness?

- 23 Why dost thou weep? whereas the righteous SIRE
Invites him to receive a glorious crown,
And pompous honours, in his sacred choir,
Though he was not as yet to manhood grown!
- 24 GOD takes the pious and the just in haste,
With all his fav'rites, to their heav'nly home,
E'er they shall any of the sorrows taste,
Which on the sinful certainly shall come.
- 25 GOD takes unto himself those He loves best,
And often makes them leave the world, abrupt,
Lest they shou'd through injustice be oppress'd,
Or wicked men their morals shou'd corrupt.
- 26 *Abel*, though guiltless as a Lamb, was slain—
Joseph, was sold a slave, though innocent—
Daniel, a night with lions did remain—
David, a thousand troubles underwent.
- 27 *Job*, was once depriv'd of all his care—
Rachel, erst mourn'd her sons in *Rama* slain—
Absalom died, suspended by his hair—
Who knows what death, fate shall for him ordain?
- 28 Fall'n on his sword—see, one a bleeding lies!
A halter, robs a second of his breath!
A third, o'erwhelm'd with liquor, drunken dies!
We can't too much bewail so vile a death!
- 29 'Tis sad, to see a fellow creature shot—
'Tis sad, to see him shorter by the head—
'Tis sad, to see him in a prison rot—
But 'tis not sad, to see him fairly dead.
- 30 Why shou'd a mother be o'erwhelm'd with woe,
To see her children snatch'd away with speed,
And from the pains that plague them here below,
By some well-tim'd, some kind distemper, freed?
- 31 Let us give thanks to our immortal SIRE,
When he vouchsafes so nat'ral a release,
Nor let us weep more than our hopes require,
Nor more than serves to give our nature ease.

- 32 But let us thank our Father ever-blest,
 When to himself, with tender pity mov'd,
 He takes, that they may find eternal rest,
 From this world's miseries, his best-belov'd.
- 33 To calm thy sorrows—consolation mild
 May God to thee, my sister, quickly send!
 May God himself console thee for thy child!
 May God to me vouchsafe so good an end!
-

A WARNING against Oppression, and a Recommendation of Restitution.

- 1 **T**O get some pounds, and thy good name abuse—
 To get, thro' loss of fame, meredung and dross—
 To get much wealth, and thy salvation lose,
 Is wretched gain, and miserable loss.
- 2 Better a mite, through justice to possess,
 Than minted gold, through fraud and guilt, obtain'd;
 One, will the way, wherein thou walkest, bless—
 T'other consume, e'en what was justly gain'd.
- 3 Better one field through a fair bargain bought,
 Than through oppression a whole realm to win,
 By which thy soul, to torment shall be brought,
 Thy wife, to poverty—thy sons, to sin.
- 4 With him thou hast oppress'd, in time agree—
 Zaccheus-like, whate'er thou took'st away,
 Restore:—e'er thou shalt from the gaol get free,
 Thou must the debt, to the last farthing, pay.
- 5 Do thou no wrong to any man alive,
 'Tis better suffer ten, than offer one;
 For ev'ry wrong thou an account must give:
 If wrong'd, to thee strict justice shall be done.
- 6 What wilt thou do with thy ill-gotten gain?
 'Twill eat through all thy substance in the end,
 It shall not in the house of God remain;
 And its vile favour will our LORD offend.

- 7 The lands it buys, shall quickly be re-sold—
The houses soon shall fall, it does erect—
If giv'n thy sons—in sin 'twill make them bold—
If to the poor—the Lord will it reject.
- 8 The wealth thou hast unjustly got, restore,
Or on thy house 'twill pull down Heaven's wrath;
The rest with it will not agree,—no more
Than erst the ark did with the men of Gath.

An Invitation to Sinners, to come and receive the good Things, which GOD offers them in the Gospel, thro' the Parable of the Great Supper.

- 1 **C**OME gentle, come simple, come all to the feast,
The feast of the Son of your King!
Let nothing impede each from being a guest.—
'Tis GOD that invites you all in.
- 2 There is in this supper most delicate cheer!
There's food that will comfort your souls!
There's honey and manna! the Bread of life's there,
Gifts sacred, and mystical bowls!
- 3 The Lamb that now lives, and the Lamb that was slain,
You there ready-drest shall all have!
To gladden your hearts, He arose up again,
And bilk'd for your safety, the grave.
- 4 The blood of the Lamb you shall quaff at this feast,
And eat of his flesh, that was slain —
In clothes of his wool, you above shall be drest:
His merits shall raise you again.
- 5 You there shall the peace of the Deity gain,
With pardon, for all that's amiss.—
You there, shall the spirit of comfort obtain,—
You CHRIST shall have there, with each bliss!
- 6 Come merrily therefore, come jovial and gay,
To this sumptuous treat, at his call—
Come all to the wedding, and make no delay—
Christ offers himself unto all.

- 7 Let nothing detain you, but come for your life,
Not the world, nor the flesh, nor the fiend,
Nor oxen, nor farm, nor a new-marry'd wife;
You to nothing besides shou'd attend.
- 8 But if, to this marriage, to come you are loth,
If you fail to be there as a guest,
The great King declares with a terrible oath,
You never shall taste of his feast.
- 9 The garment of Grace is, in hue, red and white,
Red within—white without—is the coat:
The white is a sign of a life good and right,
The red, the true faith does denote.
- 10 Come then, in this dress, to the glorious repast,
Without it, let none there be found;
Lest they to the bottomless pit shou'd be cast,
And there lye for ever fast bound,
- 11 In a garb, whereby virtue is rightly express'd,
In decent and proper array,
Let ev'ry one there, at his peril be dress'd,
That Jesus's heart may be gay.
- 12 If you to this sacred repast shall repair,
He'll grant you the favour, that He
(So you're clad with repentance, with faith, and with pray'r)
Your spouse and protector will be.

P S A L M C.

- 1 **C**OME all ye nations of the earth—
Come all with jollity and mirth,
And with gay heart the praises sing
Of God, your Saviour and your King!
- 2 Come ev'ry one, both great and small—
Come all, that tread this earthly ball—
Come all, and in your God rejoice
With cheerful heart, and tuneful voice.

- 3 This truth, let every creature know,
 " The LORD above, is God below,
 " That he is Sov'reign o'er all lands,
 " That he the universe commands."
- 4 Know, 'twas not you yourselves that made
 Those curious forms, without his aid;
 But, from the dust, his plastic hand
 His sheep, and little children, plann'd.
- 5 Then enter to his gates with praise,
 And in his courts your voices raise,
 At early morn, and evening late,
 Let all their MAKER celebrate,
- 6 With awe into his temple go,
 For it is decent so to do;
 'Tis right his praises to proclaim,
 And magnify his holy name.
- 7 For He, kind, merciful, and good,
 Has pity to his people shov'd:
 From age to age his word remains,
 And, to Eternity, He reigns!

Concerning the New Jerusalem.

- 1 YE Britons of the South come forth,
 With all your brethren of the North,
 And hearken to a Pastor's strains,
 Who'd lead you to heav'n's blissful plains,
- 2 There is a kingdom large on high
 (Above the empyreal sky)
 By God out of his grace prepar'd,
 And fraught with bliss, for man's reward.
- 3 This, our dear LORD, God's only SON,
 For us, his wretched brethren won,
 (His own heart's blood, the price it cost!)
 If not through our own folly lost.

- 4 For many lose the seat of bliss,
Because they know not what it is,
And oft, like dunces, as they are,
Forego, for trifles light as air.
- 5 One, for a belly-full of drink,
Can men of such a bargain think?
Another, not more wise than he,
That he may with a whore make free.
- 6 Heav'n, *Adam* for an apple sold—
Cain, for one murd'rous blow of old—
For pottage *Esau*—*Eli's* son,
For flesh:—and many, worse have done.
- 7 Some lose it, 'cause they give no ear
To truth; nor practise what they hear;
Others, because they do not use
Themselves to pray, the blessing lose.
- 8 But none of them, the more's their woe!
For want of faith and knowledge, know
How great the kingdom is they miss,
Nor dream of it's ecstatic bliss.
- 9 I therefore now, myself engage
To shew it, from each sacred page—
To try, if God, out of his grace,
Will make you long for that bless'd place.
- 10 'Tis so delightful, bright, and high,
That man, or angel, cannot fly
To such a pitch, nor e'er express
The title of his vast happiness.
- 11 Than sea and land, 'tis larger far,
The sun can't with it's light compare,
Nor summer's heats, nor winter's snows,
Nor rains, nor storm, it ever knows.
- 12 For ever, blooming it appears,
'Tis void of cares, and void of fears;
From death and revolutions free,
It lasts to all eternity.

- 13 No hunger, there, no thirst remains,
No sorrows, weariness, or pains;
No weakness, or no want, shall e'er
Approach the soul, that enters there.
- 14 The sky, that is above us plac'd,
With it's fix'd stars and planets grac'd,
(Though it so very lustrous is)
Is but the floor, as 'twere, of this.
- 15 As no one there can ought require,
Since all enjoy their heart's desire —
So nothing grows in that blest'd soil,
Whereat man's nature can recoil.
- 16 It is a kingdom, made by God
With his own hands, for his abode,
Where angels shall his might adore,
With all his saints for evermore.
- 17 Full in the midst, a city, fair
Beyond conception and compare,
Which *John* the new *Jerusalem* calls,
Lifts-up aloft it's tow'ring walls—
- 18 Walls, built with precious stones—for there
Berils, and topazes appear——
There jaspers, amethysts, combine,
And sapphires, join'd with sardines, shine.
- 19 This city is a perfect square —
For all it's sides quite equal are—
No artist can the figure blame,
It's length, and breadth, and heighth the same.
- 20 Twelve valves of pearl aloft are hung,
Thro' which God's fav'rite people throng,
At each of them an angel waits,
Lest ought impure shou'd pass the gates.
- 21 It's streets are wholly pav'd with gold,
For man, too dazzling to behold!
They are than polish'd glass more bright,
And flash, like chrystal, on the sight.

- 22 A fount, whose wave, like silver, gleams,
From under God's tribunal streams,
Whose current waters ev'ry street,
And is, than wine, by much more sweet,
- 23 To ev'ry street, through which it flows,
The Tree of Life projects it's boughs:
Twelve sorts of fruits, divinely good,
Each month it bears, celestial food!
- 24 Whoever on it's fruitage feed,
Shall never feel disease, or need;
Who quaff the stream, shall never know,
Or thirst, or any kind of woe.
- 25 None e'er shall to th' ALMIGHTY's fight
Approach, except the sons of light—
None, but the chosen and the good,
Whom CHRIST redeem'd with his own blood.
- 26 No murderer, no drunkards, there,
No vile idolaters, appear:
No whoremongers e'er make abode
In this, the city of our God!
- 27 No darkness, there, is ever seen,
No lie, nor falsehood, enters in,
But light, that never knows decay,
And makes an everlasting day.
- 28 This glorious city ne'er requires
The sun or moon's material fires—
The triune God, and CHRIST the Lamb,
With ceaseless light illumine the same.
- 29 There's no one e'er inhabits, there,
Whose face does not more bright appear,
Than is the sun's eye-dazzling ray,
Upon the fairest summer's-day!
- 30 All riches, there, they lightly hold,
Or precious stones, or pearls, or gold—
With gold, they make the pavements, there,
With precious stones, their walls they rear.

DIVINE POEMS.

457

- 31 And, in the midst of this abode,
Is plac'd the gorgeous throne of God,
On angel's shoulders rais'd on high,
The greatest pow'rs in all the sky!
- 32 A canopy, of em'rald green,
Is, like an arching rainbow, seen
To over-hang this glorious throne
Of God, the sacred Three-in-one!
- 33 Sev'n lamps, bright-gleaming, hung on high,
Which holy graces signify,
With wond'rous lustre, always shine
Before th' ALMIGHTY's throne divine.
- 34 The cherubim, (a fix'd wing'd band,
And full of eyes) around it stand,
And, to the TRINITY divine,
Incessant praises still assign.
- 35 Bedeck'd with might, with grace, and fire,
The seraphim conjoin the choir,
And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry
Unto the Deity, most high!
- 36 The white-rob'd elders, next to those,
On golden seats, in state repose;
But low'r their crowns, whene'er they bow
To laud him, with obeisance low.
- 37 A crown of gold, each elder wears—
Each, like a mighty King, appears—
And each in white array is drest,
Like an officiating priest.
- 38 There, all of them, thus richly crown'd,
The praises of the Lamb resound,
And, with their censers in their hand,
To give him grateful incense stand.

39 Who

- 39 Whoever enters there, may see
His vot'ries, each in his degree,
Applaud th' **ALMIGHTY**, and the **LAMB**,
Who, with such pow'r, to save us came.
- 40 The angels, first, to heaven's King
Their lou'd-voic'd Hallelujah's sing;
The saints then from their seats conjoin
Their notes, in symphony divine.
- 41 There is no faint, nor angel, there,
That does not with them chorus bear—
There is not one so idle found,
Which does not his just name resound!
- 42 With notes combin'd, alike they sing,
Responsive to the tuneful string,
Harmoniously alike thy laud
With harp and voice th' eternal God.
- 43 There, Hallelujah's sweet they sing
Unto th' **ALMIGHTY LORD** and King,
And, for his wond'rous goodness raise
Their voices, to their **SAVIOUR's** praise,
- 44 With pleasing notes aloud, they laud
The mercies of their high-thron'd God,
And praise the **Lamb**, their blessed **LORD**,
Who man from slavery restor'd:
- 45 And so much pleasure they receive,
Whilst to the **TRINITY** they give
Due honours—that, to cease, is pain,
And from the task they can't refrain.
- 46 There ev'ry one alike, is free
The glorious *Shekinah* to see;
For, in God's presence, still there is
A never-failing fund of bliss.

- 47 Myriads of saints, from ev'ry land,
Around the white-rob'd elders stand,
Countless as sands upon the shore,
The LORD of heaven to adore.
- 48 The face of GOD appears so fair
Unto his chosen saints, who are
Indulg'd to see it — they'll scarce deign
To look on ought besides again.
- 49 Before the GODHEAD, void of dread,
Within his hallow'd courts they tread;
And neither fiend, nor any foe,
Can further mischief to them do.
- 50 No emperor, beneath the sky,
Has courtiers like the LORD's on high;
For e'en his worst's of nobler birth
Than any potentate on earth.
- 51 They all a royal lineage own,
By blood ally'd unto a crown —
They're a King's sons, without dispute,
And come, like princes, in his suit.
- 52 They, the MESSIAH's brethren are,
And each of them with him coheir —
They're equal to th' angelic host —
They all a princely rank can boast.
- 53 None of them all, a moment sleep,
But everlasting vigils keep,
Yet none of them e'er fails to last:
So pleasingly their time is past!
- 54 Like sov'reign monarchs they appear,
For they their crowns, like monarchs, wear;
And all, without exception, reign
With JESUS CHRIST, a glorious train!

- 55 Each's seated on a glorious throne,
And each a milk-white vest has on,
Like priests, at sacrifice, they pay
To CHRIST due homage, night and day.
- 56 They all with palm-boughs in their hand,
Like victors in a triumph, stand,
Who have in conflict fierce and rude,
The world, the flesh, and fiend subdu'd.
- 57 Not *Solomon*, nor e'en the rose,
Was ever deck'd like one of those,—
The plainest-clad, the meanest, there,
Does a more gaudy vesture, wear.
- 58 The saints above, more beauteous are
Than *Absalom*, though wond'rous fair;
They all with radiant lustre shine,
Fram'd in their Saviour's form divine!
- 59 And as like *Absalom* they're fair,
Than *Samson*, they much stronger are:
They more than match *Asabel*'s flight:
They all are, as God's angels, bright.
- 60 Secure they live, without annoy,
In perfect happiness and joy—
A joy, that shall for ever flow,
Exempt from pain—exempt from woe.
- 61 There, all their labour is to sing
Loud Hallelujah's to heav'n's King,
And the Lamb's praises to sustain—
The Lamb, that for their sins was slain!
- 62 Delicious manna is their meat,
Or from the Tree of Life they eat:
Who on it's fruit but once shall feed,
Another meal shall never need.

- 63 Their drink is from the living spring,
The fountain of th' eternal King,
Which bursts in torrents all abroad
From underneath the throne of God:
- 64 Their chief amusement is to walk
Together with the Lamb—and talk
Along the borders of the stream,—
His glorious praise their constant theme
- 65 And when they are return'd again;
To welcome Him, and all his train,
They ready on the table find
A banquet for their use design'd:
- 66 No *Persian* monarch ever knew,
Nor cou'd, at a collation, shew
Such costly cates, such curious cheer,
As at our SAVIOUR's board appear.
- 67 No eye e'er saw—no ear e'er heard—
No mind conceiv'd—all that's prepar'd
For our reception at this feast:
It's dainties cannot be exprest!
- 68 No food, than manna worse, is eat,
By any, at this sumptuous treat:
The worst of liquors at the board,
The sacred streams of Life afford.
- 69 This supper is at God's expense—
His Son the liquors does dispense—
Authorities the feast controul—
Archangels, hand about the bowl.
- 70 There youthful Cherubs entertain,
Upon their harps, the happy train,
Along with which, each Seraph sings,
And joins his voice unto the strings.

71 *Hosannas* dwell on ev'ry tongue,
And this the burden of their song—
“All praise, and pow'r, and glory be
“For ever to the TRINITY.”

72 There ev'ry want shall be supply'd—
There ev'ry wish be satisfy'd—
There ev'ry ravish'd sense shall find
Enjoyments of a proper kind.

73 The eye shall there, with sights be cloy'd;
(Sights ne'er on earth by man enjoy'd!)
The ear be fated with sweet sounds,
With which the vault of heav'n rebounds.

74 The mouth with manna shall be fill'd,
And water from life's fount distill'd—
The tongue shall be employ'd, to sing
The praises of our Saviour-King.

75 Their bodies there, like souls shall fly
Without incumbrance, o'er the sky,
And all throughout, from head to heel,
Like thought, no weight or hindrance feel.

76 There's not a member, that they have,
Which unto God due glory gave,
That shall not, for that service, rise
To honours great, in Paradise.

77 Nay, the whole body there shall blaze,
Bright as the sun's meridian rays:—
If then the body shines thus, there;
How lustrous must the soul appear?

T H E E N D.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A N Epistle to the Reader	10
An Epistle from the Author to a noble Lord, &c.	11
Advice to hear, and to read the Word of God	12
The Sons of Brute	22
The wretched Condition of Man by Nature	31
The Life and Death of Christ	35
A Rehearsal of Christ's Love towards the World	43
Let's to Bethlehem	46
Christ all in all	49
Adam's Race, &c.	58
Advice to a Sinner to come to Christ	63
Another Piece of Advice to Sinners, &c.	68
An Exhortation to worship Christ	75
Another	78
An Exhortation to give God Thanks for our Redemption	81
Advice to such as are desirous of seeking God's Favour, &c.	86
Advice to believe in Christ	90
Advice to avoid bad Company	93
The Lamentation of a Sinner	95
Godly Exhortations to a Child	100
Advice to a Youth	106
Advice to serve God	114
Concerning Prayer and it's proper Requisites	125
Advice before Prayer	136
Admonition to think of God in the Morning, and thank him &c.	138
A Morning Thanksgiving	140
Thanks to Christ for Protection and Rest	141
An Admonition to a Person when he dresses, &c.	142
A Prayer to beg the Armour of God, &c.	ibid.
Another on the same Occasion	143
An Admonition to a Person when he washes himself, &c.	144
A short Prayer on the same Occasion	ibid.
A Morning Prayer to be used when a Person is up, &c.	145
A Warning against the Assaults of the World, Flesh and the Devil	148
A Prayer against the Assaults of the Devil	150
Advice to guard against the Temptations of the Devil	152
Advice to pray earnestly	155
Advice to the Farmer	158
The Farmer's Prayer	159
Advice to a Traveller	160
The Traveller's Prayer	161

CONTENTS.

Advice to a Soldier	163
The Soldier's Prayer	165
Advice to a Dealer	168
Advice to a young Man before he goes a wooing	169
The Praise of a good Woman	172
Advice and Warning to the Adulterer	173
Advice to the Drunkard	177
The Devil and the Drunkards	182
Advice concerning the Government of our Thoughts	184
Advice how to govern our Words, &c.	189
A Prayer concerning the Government of our Words, &c.	191
Advice how to have our Conversation according to the Gospel	192
Advice concerning eating and drinking	195
Graces before and after Meat	198
A Rebuke for neglecting to ask a Blessing on our Food, &c.	206
A Prayer on the same Occasion	207
Advice to distribute to the Poor, &c.	ibid.
Advice to every Master of a Family	213
The Duty of Children to their Parents	223
Things to be meditated upon, by going to Church, &c.	227
Advice to prepare, before public Worship	229
A Prayer for them who go to worship God in public	232
A Preparation for the Holy Communion	234
A Prayer before receiving	241
Stanzas concerning Persons, &c. mentioned in Scriptures	242
The Author's Letter to a Clergyman, &c.	255
The Church-Catechism in Verse	256
Things to be considered, &c. when Night comes	270
A Hymn to be sung before one goes to sleep	272
A Thanksgiving for Fire, &c.	273
A Prayer to be said when going to Bed	ibid.
A Midnight Meditation	276
Thanks for Election and several spiritual Gifts	280
A Prayer against Oppression	282
A Thanksgiving for Relief from one's Enemies	285
Another on the same Account	286
Part of the 69th Psalm	287
The 30th Psalm	290
Concerning the End of the World	291
Remember Death	297
A Poem on the Year 1629, &c.	305
Another on the same	312
A Warning to the Welsh, when a Plague raged in London	315
Another on the same Occasion	323
A Prayer for a Clergyman, when going to visit the Sick	330
A short Prayer on the Shortness of Human Life	331

CONTENTS.

Advice to the Sick	332
A Prayer for a Sick Person	335
An Admonition to the Sick to send for a Clergyman, &c.	339
A Prayer for a Sick Person before he takes Physic	343
Another on the same Occasion	344
An Admonition to a sick Person to make his Will	346
A Letter from Sir Lewis Mánfel to the Author	350
The Author's Answer	351
Reasons to persuade the Sick to be patient	357
A Conference between a pious Sick Man and his Soul	360
Another	363
A short Dissertation against the Fear of Death	365
A Prayer directing the Sick what things are necessary, &c.	368
An excellent Encouragement against Despair	369
An earnest Prayer for Pardon of Sins	370
A short Prayer to be used at one's last Hour	374
A short Meditation on Life and Death	ibid.
The unhappy State of the Ungodly after Death	ibid.
The Complaint and Advice of Dives to his Brethren	383
A second Part, or a Description of Hell and its Torments	391
That Prayers for the Dead are vain and useless	395
The Author's Advice to his Son	399
A Prayer for his Use	402
Another Piece of Advice to a Youth	405
The Author's Complaint of the Town of Llandovery	406
The Pastor's Complaint	409
That we should all cleave to Christ	411
That Christ is the Tree of Life	412
That Christ was typified by the Paschal Lamb	413
That Christ was typified by the Brazen Serpent	ibid.
A Hymn, or Carol, for Christmas-Day	414
Advice to search for the Lord Jesus	419
Psalms 38.	433
Concerning the Sabbath	436
A Prayer for the Church	440
Against Swearing	441
The Duty of Clergymen	443
Concerning Divine Providence	448
Concerning Purgatory	451
Concerning Perseverance in a State of Grace	453
That a Woman ought to suckle her own Child, unless, &c.	456
Advice to a Mother not to grieve for the Death of her Child	ibid.
A Warning against Oppression, Restitution recommended	460
An Invitation to Sinners	461
Psalms 100.	462
Concerning the New Jerusalem	463

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

A
CAPT. Ashington, *Stepney Causeway.*
 William Arnold, *Old Gravel-lane, St. George's*
 James Alton, *the Butcher-Row, Aldgate.*

B
The Right Rev. the Lord *Bishop of Bangor.*
Rev. Mr. Bethel, A.M. *Curate of Christ-Church, Mid*
Hutchinson Brown, Esq; *Stepney Causeway.*
 Major Bailie, *- - Basingstoke, Hants.*
 Thomas Brin *- - Robin-hood-lane, Blackwal*
 John Brown, *- - the Minories.*
 William Baker *- - Whitechapel-Road.*
 Jacob Bunnett *- - Whitechapel.*
 William Baylis *- - Bond-street.*

C
 Mrs. Combe, *Queenhithe, Thames-street.*
 John Coster, *Enfield, Middlesex.*
 William Conger, *Edmonton, Middlesex.*
 John Cartwright, *Ratcliff-Highway.*

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

John Cole,	-	-	-	Whitechapel-Road.
Mrs. Cole,	-	-	-	Ditto.
William Curling,	-	-	-	St. Matthew, Bethnal-Green
William Colevell,	-	-	-	White-Friars.

Robert Day,	-	-	-	Charterhouse-str. Char.-squ.
Andrew Davidson	-	-	-	Enfield.
Mr. ——— Dyer,	-	-	-	the Minories,

E

Rev. Mr Eccles,	-	-	-	Rector of Stratford, Bow.
Edward Evans, Esq;	-	-	-	Hingham, Norfolk.
William Evans,	-	-	-	Whitechapel-Road.
James Earley,	-	-	-	Kensington.
Richard Elland,	-	-	-	Enfield.

F

Rev. Mr. French,	-	-	-	Rector of Vange, Essex.
William Felton,	-	-	-	Greenfield-street Whitechapel

G

Rev. Mr. Griffith,	-	-	-	Curate of St. Paul, Shadwell.
Richard Groome,	-	-	-	Maze-pond, Southwark.

H

John Hales,	-	-	-	Mile-End-Green.
Mrs. Hollis,	-	-	-	Shorter-str. Wellclose-square
James Holmes,	-	-	-	Edmonton,
Thomas Hill,	-	-	-	Enfield.
John Hobbs,	-	-	-	Ditto.

David

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

David Jones, Esq. - - - near Whitehall.
 Richard Jones, - - - Leadenhall-street.
 James Jackson, - - - Salisbury-court, Fleet-street.

The Right Honble. and
Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.

Rev. Mr. Littleton, - - - St. Ann's, Limehouse.
 Robert Laremonth, - - - Enfield.
 Francis Layton, - - - Ditto.

Miss Elizabeth Mudge, Wanstead.
 Mr. ——— Martin, facing Whitechapel Church.
 Henry Mears, - - - Leadenhall-street.
 Robert Mills, - - - Ratcliff-highway.
 James Meddison, - - - Enfield.
 Joseph Matthews, - - - Ditto.
 Chamberlain Matthews, Ditto.
 William Mitchel, Jun. Ditto.
 Thomas Montague - - - Ditto.

Dr. Nolton, - - - Boston, in Lincolnshire.
 Miss North, - - - Enfield.
 John Nutting, - - - Edmonton.
 Mrs. Nixon, - - - Redman's-Row, Stepney.

Charles

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

O

Charles O'Brien, - Stratford, Essex.

Capt. John Pundeston, - Bethnal-Green-Road.

Lawrence Pateman, - Enfield.

John Pugh, - Gloucester-street, Queen-squ.

Daniel Price, - Mile-End, Old-Town.

Mr. ——— Pridmore, - Ditto.

James Plumley, - Dog-Row, Bethnal-Green.

Charles Palmer, Esq. - Wanstead.

Mr. ——— Piety, - White-horse-lane, Stepney.

John Plummer, - Cree-Church-Lane, Leaden-
hall-Street.

John Pridden - Fleet-street. 12

R

Rev. E. R. - Union-street.

Mrs. Anne Ridley, - Ingham.

Joseph Raddan, - Enfield.

William Robertson, - Ditto.

Mrs. Robinson, - Mark-lane.

S

Miss Stevens, - Poplar.

Mrs. Smyth, - Yorkshire.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sadler, - Kensington.

Thomas South, - Silver-street, Wood-street

Robert Stevens, - Trinity Minories.

William Swan, - Whitechapel-Road.

Thomas Spackman, Jun. - Ditto

Sinclair

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S

Sinclair Suter,	-	-	-	Enfield.
John Smalley,	-	-	-	Mile-End Old-Town.
Joseph Smyth,	-	-	-	Romford, Essex.
Joseph Sweeting	-	-	-	Butler's-buildin. East-Smith.

T

Mrs. Judith Tashmaker,	-	-	-	Edmonton.
Mrs. Thomas,	-	-	-	at Lord Cadogan's, St. James's-square.
Mr. ——— Townsend,				Heraldry-Office, Doctors Com
Mr. ——— Taylor,	-			Little Ratcliff - Row, St. Luke's, Middlesex.
Wilford Tiffin,	-	-	-	Addle-Hill, Doctors Commons
Henry Turnbull,	-	-	-	Enfield.

V

Charles Vyse,	-	-	-	Lant-street, Borough.
James Vizitelly,	-	-	-	Water-lane, Fleet-street.

W

Rev. Mr. Watkins,	-	-	-	Ocean-street, Stepney. 6
Robert Williamson,	-	-	-	Old-street-road.
John Watts,	-	-	-	Stationers-Court.
John Ward,	-	-	-	Tower-street.
James Woolsey,	-	-	-	Whitechapel.
William Worrall,	-	-	-	Enfield.
William Wallan,	-	-	-	Ditto.
James Worm,	-	-	-	Tottenham.
John Ward,	-	-	-	Whitechapel-Road.
William Welfstead	-	-	-	Stepney-Green.
Mrs. White,	-	-	-	Stepney-Green.
John Williams,	-	-	-	Poplar.
Mr. ——— Williams	-	-	-	Borough High-street.

